THE

Dramatic Works

OF

BEN JONSON,

AND

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER:

THE FIRST

Printed from the Text,

AND

WITH THE NOTES OF PETER WHALLEY;

THE LATTER,

From the Text, and with the Notes

OF

THE LATE GEORGE COLMAN, Esq.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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Bands of passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth!
Have ye souls in heaven too
Double-lived in regions new?
~~With the earth once I was talking~~
Yes - and those of heaven commune
With the Spheres of Sun and Moon;
With the noise of fountains wondrous
And the parle of voices thunderous;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on elysian lawns
Browsed by none but Dian's fawns:
Where underneath large blue bells tented
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not -
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless tranced thing;
But melodious truth divine
Philosophic numbers fine,
Tales and golden Histories
Of Heaven and its mysteries -
Thus ye live on high and then
On the earth ye live again,
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us here the way to find you
Where your other souls are joying
Never slumbered, never cloying.
Here your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals of the little week

THE FAIR MAID OF THE INN.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verses of Gardiner ascribe this Play to Fletcher alone. It was first published in the folio of 1647; and has not been acted many years, nor, we believe, ever altered.

PROLOGUE.

Plays have their fates, not as in their true sense
They're understood, but as the influence
Of idle custom madly works upon
The dross of many-tongu'd opinion.
A worthy story, howsoever writ,
For language, modest mirth, conceit or wit,
Meets oftentimes with the sweet commendation
Of 'hang't! 'tis scurvy!' when for approbation
A jig shall be clapt at, and every rhime
Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.
Let ignorance and laughter dwell together!
They are beneath the muses' pity: hither
Come nobler judgments, and to those the strain
Of our invention is not bent in vain:
The Fair Maid of the Inn to you commends
Her hopes and welcomes; and withal intends
In th' entertains to which she doth invite ye,
All things to please, and some things to delight ye.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Men.

Duke *of Florence.*
Albertus, *Admiral of Florence.*
Baptista, *a brave Sea Commander, ancient Friend to Albertus.*
Cesario, *a young Gentleman of a fiery nature, Son to Albertus.*
Mentivole, *Son to Baptista, Lover of Clarissa.*
Prospero, *a noble Friend to Baptista.*
Host, *the supposed Father of Biancha.*
Forobosco, *a cheating Mountebank.*
Clown, *the Mountebank's Man, and Setter.*
Dancer,
Taylor,
Mulettеer,
Pedant,
Clerk,
Coxcomb,
} *Six Fools and Knaves, who pretend love to Biancha.*
Secretary *to the Duke.*
Two Magistrates *of Florence.*
Physician.
Surgeon.
Three Gentlemen.
Sailors.

Women.

Mariana, *Wife to Albertus, a virtuous Lady.*
Clarissa, *Mariana's Daughter, in love with Mentivole.*
Juliana, *Niece to the Duke of Genoa, Baptista's second Wife.*
Biancha, *the Fair Maid of the Inn, beloved of Cesario, and Daughter to Baptista and Juliana.*
Hostess, *the supposed Mother of Biancha.*

SCENE, *Florence.*

ACT I.

Enter Cesario and Clarissa.

Cesario. INTERPRET not, Clarissa, my true zeal
In giving you counsel, to transcend the bounds
That should confine a brother! 'tis your honour,
And peace of mind (which, honour lost[1], will leave you)
I labour to preserve: and tho' you yet are
Pure and untainted, and resolve to be so,
Having a father's eye, and mother's care,
In all your ways to keep you fair and upright,
In which respects my best advices must
Appear superfluous; yet since love, dear sister,
Will sometimes tender things unnecessary,
Misconstrue not my purpose!

Clar. Sir, I dare not;
But still receive it as a large addition
To the much that I already stand engag'd for.
Yet, pardon me tho' I profess, upon
A true examination of myself,
Even to my private thoughts, I cannot find
(Having such strong supporters to uphold me)
On what slight ground the least doubt can be rais'd,
To render me suspected I can fall
Or from my fame or virtue.

Ces. Far be't from me,
To nourish such a thought! and yet excuse me,
As you would do a lapidary, whose whole fortunes
Depend upon the safety of one jewel:
If he think no case precious enough
To keep it in full lustre, nor no locks,
Tho' lending strength to iron doors, sufficient
To guard it, and secure him! You to me are
A gem of more esteem, and prized higher,
Than usurers do their muck, or great men title;
And any flaw (which Heav'n avert!) in you,
(Whose reputation, like a diamond
Cut newly from the rock, women with envy,
And men with covetous desires, look up at)
By prying eyes discover'd, in a moment
Would render what the braveries of Florence,
For want of counterpoise, forbear to cheapen,
Of little or no value.

Clar. I see, brother,
The mark you shoot at, and much thank your love:
But for my virgin jewel, which is brought
In comparison with your diamond, rest assur'd
It shall not fall in such a workman's hands,
Whose ignorance or malice shall have power
To cast one cloud upon it, but still keep
Her native splendor.

Ces. 'Tis well; I commend you;
And study your advancement with that care
As I would do a sister's, whom I love
With more than common ardor[2].

Clar. That from me
I hope's return'd to you.

Ces. I do confess it.
Yet let me tell you, (but still with that love
I wish t'encrease between us) that you are
Observ'd, against the gravity long maintain'd
In Italy (where to see a maid unmask'd
Is held a blemish), to be over-frequent
In giving or receiving visits.

Clar. How?

Ces. Whereas the custom's here to wooe by picture,
And never see the substance. You are fair,
And beauty draws temptations on, you know it:
I would not live to see a willing grant
From you, to one unworthy of your birth,
Feature or fortune; yet there have been ladies
Of rank, proportion, and of means beyond you,
That have prov'd this no miracle.

Clar. One unworthy?
Why, pray you, gentle brother, who are they
That I vouchsafe these bounties to? I hope,
In your strict criticism of me, and my manners,
That you will not deny they are your equals.

Ces. Angry?

Clar. I've reason! But, in cold blood, tell me,
Had we not one father?

Ces. Yes, and mother too.

Clar. And he a soldier?

Ces. True.

Clar. If I then borrow
A little of the boldness of his temper,
Imparting it to such as may deserve it,
(Howe'er indulgent to yourselves, you brothers
Allow no part of freedom to your sisters)
I hope 'twill not pass for a crime in me,
To grant access and speech to noble suitors,
And you escape for innocent, that descend
To a thing so far beneath you? Are you touch'd?
Why, did you think that you had Giges' ring?
Or th' herb that gives invisibility?
Or that Biancha's name had ne'er been mention'd?
The Fair Maid of the grand Osteria, brother?

Ces. No more!

Clar. A little, brother. Your night-walks,
And offer'd presents, which coy she contemn'd;
Your combats in disguises with your rivals,

[1] *Which honour* last *will leave you.*] Amended by Seward.
[2] *Common* order.] Corrected in 1750.

Brave muletteers, scullions perfum'd with grease,
And such as cry meat for cats[3], must be remember'd:
And all this pother for a common trull!
A tempting sign, and curiously set forth,
To draw in riotous guests! a thing expos'd
To every ruffian's rude assault! and subject,
For a poor salary, to a rich man's lust,
Tho' made up of diseases!

Ces. Will you end yet?

Clar. And this a mistress for Albertus' son?
One that I should call sister?

Ces. Part not with
Your modesty in this violent heat! The truth is,
(For you shall be my confessor) I love her;
But virtuously: report, that gives her out
Only for fair, and adds not she is chaste,
Detracts much from her; for indeed she is,
Tho' of a low condition, compos'd
Of all the graces dames of highest birth,
Tho' rich in nature's bounties, should be proud of.
But leave her! and to you, my nearest care,
My dearest, best Clarissa! Do not think
(For then you wrong me) I wish you should live
A barren virgin life! I rather aim at
A noble husband, that may make you mother
Of many children; one that, when I know him
Worth your embraces, I may serve and sue to:
And therefore scorn not to acquaint me with
That man, that happy man, you please to favour!

Clar. I ever purpos'd it; for I will like
With your allowance.

Ces. As a pawn of this,
Receive this ring; but, ere you part with it
On any terms, be certain of your choice,
And make it known to me!

Enter Alberto, Baptista, Mariana, Mentivole, and Servants with lights.

Clar. You have my hand for't.

Ces. Which, were it not my sister's, I should kiss
With too much heat.

Clar. My father and his guests, sir!

Alb. Oh, my old friend, my tried friend, my Baptista!
These days of rest and feasting suit not with
Our tougher natures: those were golden ones,
Which were enjoy'd at sea! that's our true mother;
The land's to us a step-dame: there we sought
Honour and wealth thro' dangers; yet those dangers
Delighted more than their rewards, tho' great ones,
And worth the undertakers: here we study
The kitchen arts, to sharpen appetite,
Dull'd with abundance; and dispute with Heav'n,
If that the least puff of the rough north-wind
Blast our vine's burden[3], rendring to our palates [there,
The charming juice less pleasing; whereas
If we had biscuit, powder'd flesh, fresh water,
We thought them Persian delicates; and for music,
If a strong gale but made the main-yard crack,
We danc'd to the loud minstrel.

Bapt. And fear'd less
(So far we were in love with noble action)
A tempest than a calm.

Alb. 'Tis true, Baptista: [other,
There, there, from mutual aids lent to each
And virtuous emulation to exceed
In manly daring, the true school of friendship,
We learnt those principles, which confirm'd us friends
Never to be forgot.

Bapt. Never, I hope. [roaring cannon

Alb. We were married there: for bells, the
Aloud proclaim'd it lawful, and a prize
Then newly ta'en, and equally divided,
Serv'd as a dowry to you, then stil'd my wife;
And did enable me to be a husband
Fit to encounter so much wealth, tho' got
With blood and horror.

Mar. If so got, 'tis fit, sir,
Now you possess it, that you should enjoy it
In peace and quiet: I, your son, and daughter,
That reap the harvest of your winter's labour,
Tho' debtors for it, yet have often trembled,
When, in way of discourse, you have related
How you came by it.

Alb. Trembled? How the softness
Of your sex may excuse you, I'll not argue;
But to the world, howe'er I hold thee noble,
I should proclaim this boy some coward's bastard,
And not the image of Albertus' youth,
If when some wish'd occasion calls him forth
To a brave trial, one weak artery
Of his should shew a fever, tho' grim death
Put on a thousand dreadful shapes to fright him.
The elements, the sea, and all the winds
We number on our compass, then conspiring
To make the scene more ghastly! I must have thee,
Sirrah, I must, if once you grapple with
An enemy's ship, to board her, tho' you see

[3] *And such as* cry *meat for cats.*] The second folio reads *want*; but we apprehend the text to be right. In Massinger's Maid of Honour, act iii. sc. 1, *Gasparo*, in mentioning the most ignoble employments, says,

'I will *cry* brooms or *cats' meat* in Palermo,
'Turn porter, carry burdens, any thing,
'Rather than live a soldier!' *R.*

[4] *Blast our* time's *burden.*] The correction by Seward.

The desperate gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up; or, like Cæsar's soldier,
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,
And die undaunted.
Mar. I even die to hear you!
My son, my lov'd Cesario, run such hazards?
Bless'd saints forbid it! You have done enough
Already for one family, that rude way.
I'll keep him safe at home, and train him up
A complete courtier: may I live to see him,
By sweet discourse and gracious demeanor,
Win and bring home a fair wife, and a rich,
'Tis all I rest ambitious of.
Alb. A wife?
As if there were a course to purchase one
Prevailing more than honourable action!
Or any intercessors move so far,
To take a mistress of a noble spirit,
As the true fame of glorious victories,
Atchiev'd by sweat and blood! Oh, the brave dames
Of warlike Genoa! they had eyes to see
The inward man, and only from his worth,
Courage, and conquests, the blind archer knew [torch;
To head his shafts, or light his quenched
They were proof against them else: no carpet knight[4], [bowers,
That spent his youth in groves or pleasant
Or, stretching on a couch his lazy limbs,
Sung to his lute such soft and melting notes,
As Ovid nor Anacreon ever knew,
Could work on them; nor once bewitch'd their sense,
Tho' he came so perfum'd as he had robb'd
Sabæa or Arabia of their wealth,
And stor'd it in one suit. I still remember,
And still remember it with joy, Baptista,
When from the rescue of the Genoa fleet,
Almost surpriz'd by the Venetian gallies,
Thou didst return, and wert receiv'd in triumph,
How lovely in thy honour'd wounds and scars
Thou didst appear; what worlds of amorous glances
The beauties of the city, where they stood,
Fix'd like so many of the fairest stars, [fir'd
Shot from their windows at thee! How it
Their bloods to see the enemies' captive streamers[5] [liana,
Borne thro' the streets! nor could chaste Ju-
The duke's fair niece, tho' guarded with her greatness,
Resist this gallant charge, but, laying by
Disparity of fortune from the object,
Yielded herself thy prisoner.
Bapt. Pray you chuse
Some other theme.
Mar. Can there be one more pleasing?
Bapt. That triumph drew on me a greater torture,
And 'tis in the remembrance little less,
Than ever captive suffer'd.
Mar. How! To gain
The favour of so great a lady?

[4] *Carpet knight.*] *Carpet knights* are frequently mentioned with great contempt by our ancient writers. The learned Sir James Burrows gives the following account of them:

'There was an order of knighthood of the appellation of KNIGHTS of the CARPET, though 'few, or no persons (at least among those whom I have consulted) seem to know any thing 'about it, or even to have heard of it. I have taken some memoranda concerning the insti-'tution, and know that William lord Burgh (of Starborough castle, in the county of Surry, 'father to Thomas lord Burgh, deputy of Ireland, and to sir John Burgh who took the great 'Caracca ship in 1592) was made a *knight of the carpet*, at Westminster, on the 2d of Oc-'tober, 1553, the day after queen Mary's coronation: and I met with a list of all who were 'made so at the same time, in Strype's Memorials, vol. iii. Appendix, p. 11.

'See Anstis's Observations on the Knighthood of the Bath, (Lond. 1725) p. 50, 'Upon "the accession of queen Mary to the throne, a commission was granted to the earl of Arun-"del, empowering him to make knights, but WITHOUT *any additional title*, within two days "after the date of that patent: which were the two days preceding her coronation. In "pursuance hereof, we find the names of the knights created by him, according to the stated "form of creating knights of the Bath; and the variety of the ceremonies used, so distinctly "related, that it particularly deserves to be consulted in the appendix."

'So that Mr. Anstis plainly considers them as being only a species of knights of the Bath, 'though *without* any additional title.

'If so, the appellation of *knights of the carpet* might be only *popular*; not their strict or 'proper title. This, however, was sufficient to induce Shakespeare (who wrote whilst they 'were commonly spoken of by such an appellation) to *use that term*, in *contrast* to a knight-'hood conferred upon a real soldier, as a reward of military valour.'

In addition to this note, and in confirmation of it, Mr. Steevens produces the following example from The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntingdon, 1601:

'———— soldiers, come away;
'This *carpet knight* sits carping at our scars.'

They are mentioned also by Taylor the Water Poet, in The Praise of Hempseed;

'Castles for ladies, and for *carpet knights*,
'Unmercifully spoil'd at feasting fights. R.

[5] *Captive* streames.] Corrected in 1750.

Bapt.

Bapt. Yes, [madam,
Since it prov'd fatal[6]: to have been happy,
Adds to calamity; and the heavy loss
Of her I durst not hope for, once enjoy'd,
Turns what you think a blessing to a curse,
Which grief would have forgotten.
Alb. I am sorry
I touch'd upon it.
Mar. I burn rather, sir,
With a desire to hear the story of
Your loves; and shall receive it as a favour,
Which you may grant.
Bapt. You must not be denied;
Yet with all brevity I must report it.
'Tis true, fair Juliana, (Genoa's pride)
Enamour'd of my actions, lik'd my person;
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection,
Since it was lawful; for, my first wife dead,
We were closely married, and for some few months
Tasted the fruits of't: but malicious fate,
Envying our too-much happiness, wrought upon
A faithless servant, privy to our plot,
And cabinet counsellor to Juliana,
Who, either for hope, or reward, or fear,
Discover'd us to the incensed duke,
Whose rage made her close prisoner, and pronounc'd [years
On me perpetual banishment. Some three
I wander'd on the seas, since entertain'd
By the great duke of Florence; but what fate
Attended her, or Prospero my friend,
That stay'd at Genoa to expect the issue,
Is yet uncertain.

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. From the Duke?
Bapt. He's welcome.
To end my forc'd relation!
Alb. Signor Baptista, [care.
The great Duke's will commands your present
Gent. It points indeed at both of you.
Bapt. I wait it.
Alb. In, Mariana; to your rest!
Bapt. Nay, leave us;
We must be private.
Mar. Stay not long, Cesario.
[*Exeunt. Manent Cesario & Mentivole.*
Ment. So! these old men vanish'd, 'tis allow'd
That we may speak; and howsoe'er they take
Delight in the discourse of former dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treat a little
Of present pleasures.
Ces. Which, if well enjoy'd,
Will not alone continue, but encrease,
In us their friendship.
Ment. How shall we spend the night?
To snore it out, like drunken Dutchmen, would
Sort ill with us Italians: we are made
Of other metal, fiery, quick, and active.
Shall we take our fortune? and, while our cold fathers [dead)
(In whom long since their youthful heats were
Talk much of Mars, serve under Venus' en-
And seek a mistress? [signs,
Ces. That's a game, dear friend,
That does admit no rival in chase of it?
And either to be undertook alone
Or not to be attempted.
Ment. I'll not press you:
What other sports to entertain the time with
The following morning?
Ces. Any that may become us. [sent you,
Ment. Is the Neapolitan horse the viceroy
In a fit plight to run?
Ces. So my groom tells me.
I can boast little of my horsemanship;
Yet, upon his assurance, I dare wager
A thousand crowns, 'gainst any horse in Florence,
For an eight-mile course.
Ment. I would not win of you,
In respect you are impatient of loss;
Else I durst match him with my Barbary
For twice the sum.
Ces. You do well to excuse it,
Being certain to be beaten.
Ment. Tush, you know
The contrary.
Ces. To end the controversy,
Put it to trial; by my life, I'll meet you

Enter Clarissa.

With the next rising sun.
Ment. A match! But here
Appears a Cynthia, that scorns to borrow
A beam of light from the great eye of Heav'n,
She being herself all brightness: how I envy
Those amorous smiles, those kisses, but sure chaste ones,
Which she vouchsafes her brother!
Clar. You are wanton:
Pray you think me not Biancha; leave, I pray you!
My mother will not sleep before she see you;
And since you know her tenderness, nay fondness, [safety,
In every circumstance that concerns your
You are not equal[7] to her.
Ces. I must leave you;
But will not fail to meet you,
Ment. Soft sleeps to you!
Mar. [*within*] Cesario!
Clar. You're call'd again,
Ces. Some sons

[6] *Yes, since it prov'd fatal.*] The particle inserted in the text improving both sense and measure, was most probably in the original. *Seward.*
Seward reads, Since it prov'd *so* fatal;
thereby *destroying* 'both sense and measure.'
[7] *Equal.*] i. e. *Just.* The word frequently occurs in that sense.

Complain

Complain of too much rigour in their mothers;
I of too much indulgence. You will follow? [*Exit.*
Clar. You are her first care; therefore lead the way! [stays
Ment. She stays; blest opportunity! she
As she invited conference! she was ever
Noble and free; but thus to tempt my frailty,
Argues a yielding in her; or, contempt
Of all that I dare offer. Stand I now
Consulting? No; I'll put it home.
Clar. Who waits there?
More lights! [useless
Ment. You need them not; they are as
As at noon-day: can there be darkness where
Nature, then wisely liberal, vouchsaf'd
To lend two suns?
Clar. Hyperboles!
Ment. No; truths, [heart
Truths, beauteous virgin; so my love-sick
Assures me, and my understanding tells me
I must approach them wisely: should I rashly
Press near their scorching beams, they would consume me;
And, on the contrary, should your disdain
Keep me at too much distance, and I want
Their comfortable heat, the frost of death
Would seize on all my faculties.
Clar. Pray you pause, sir! [tire you:
This vehemency of discourse must else needs
These gay words take not me; 'tis simple faith,
Honest integrity, and lawful flames,
I am delighted with.
Ment. Such I bring with me;
And therefore, lady—
Clar. But that you took me off
Ere I came to a period, I had added
A long experience must be requir'd
Both of his faith and trust, with whom a virgin
Trafficks for what is dearest in this life,
Her liberty and honour. I confess
I oft have view'd you with an eye of favour;
And, with your generous parts, the many tenders
Of doing me all fair offices, have won
A good opinion from me—
Ment. Oh, speak ever!
I never heard such music.
Clar. A plain tune, sir,
But 'tis a hearty one. When I perceive,
By evident proofs, your aims are truly noble,
And that you bring the engines of fair love,
Not of foul lust, to shake and undermine
My maiden fortress, I may then make good
What now I dare not promise.
Ment. You already,
In taking notice of my poor deservings,
Have been magnificent, and 'twill appear
A frontless impudence to ask beyond this:
Yet qualify, tho' not excuse, my error,
Tho' now I am ambitious to desire
A confirmation of it!
Clar. So it wrong not
My modesty to grant it.
Ment. 'Tis far from me;
I only am a suitor you would grace me
With some toy, but made rich in that you wore it,
To warrant to the world that I usurp not,
When I presume to stile myself your servant!
A ribbon from your shoe.
Clar. You are too humble;
I'll think upon't, and something of more value
Shall witness how I prize you. It grows late;
I'll bring you to the door.
Ment. You still more bind me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Albertus, Baptista, Magistrates and Attendants.

Duke. You find, by this assur'd intelligence,
The preparation of the Turk against us.
We've met him oft and beat him; now to fear him
Would argue want of courage; and I hold it
A safer policy for us and our signiories,
To charge him in his passage o'er the sea,
Than to expect him here.
Alb. May it please your highness,
Since you vouchsafe to think me worthy of
This great employment, if I may deliver
My judgment freely, 'tis not flattery
Tho' I say my opinion waits on you[8];
Nor would I give my suffrage and consent
To what you have propos'd, but that I know it
Worth the great speaker, tho' that the denial
Call'd on your heavy anger. For myself
I do profess thus much, if a blunt soldier
May borrow so much from the oil'd-tongu'd courtier,
(That echoes whatsoe'er the prince allows of)
All that my long experience hath taught me,
That have spent three parts of my life at sea,
(Let it not taste of arrogance that I say it)
Could not have added reasons of more weight
To fortify your affections, than such
As your grace out of observation merely
Already have propounded.
Bapt. With the honour
To give the daring enemy an affront
In being the first opposer, it will teach
Your soldiers boldness, and strike fear in them
That durst attempt you.
1 *Magis.* Victuals and ammunition,
And money too, the sinews of the war,
Are stor'd up in the magazine.
2 *Magis.* And the gallics

[8] *My opinion waits on* you.] The small change of *you* to *yours*, takes all obscurity from this expression. *Seward.*

We think the old reading more suitable to the context, more in our authors' style, and at least as free from obscurity.

New

New rigg'd and train'd up, and at two days' warning
Fit for the service.

Duke. We commend your care;
Nor will we e'er be wanting in our counsels,
As we doubt not your action. You, Baptista,
Shall stay with us; that merchant is not wise,
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottom.
Albertus, be our admiral! spare your thanks;
'Tis merit in you that invites this honour;
Preserve it such! Ere long you shall hear more.
Things rashly undertaken end as ill;
But great acts thrive when reason guides the will.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* No question, 'twas not well done in Cesario
To cross the horse of young Mentivole
In the midst of this course.

2 *Gent.* That was not all;
The switching him dull'd him.

3 *Gent.* 'Would that both the jades
Had broke their necks, when they first started! 'Slight,
We stand here prating; give them leave to whisper,
And, when they have cut one another's throats,

Enter Mentivole and Cesario.

Make in to part 'em!

2 *Gent.* There is no such hazard; their fathers' friendship and their love forbid it:
See where they come!

1 *Gent.* With fury in their looks.

Ment. You have the wager; with what I'll not dispute.

Ces. Foul play?

Ment. I cannot speak it
In a fairer language; and if some respects
Familiar to myself chain'd not my tongue,
I should say—no more[9]!—I should—but I'll sit down
With this disgrace; howe'er, press me no further!
For, if once more provok'd, you'll understand
I dare no more suffer an injury,
Than I dare do one.

Ces. Why, sir, are you injur'd
In that I take my right, which I would force,
Should you detain it?

Ment. Put it to judgment!

Ces. No; my will in this shall carry it.

Ment. Your will? Nay, farewell softness then!

3 *Gent.* This I foresaw.
[*They suddenly draw.*

2 *Gent.* Hold, hold!

Ces. I'm hurt.

2 *Gent.* Shift for yourself; 'tis death.

Ment. As you respect me, bear him off with care!
If he miscarry, since he did the wrong,
I'll stand the shock of 't.

2 *Gent.* Gently! he will faint else—
[*Exeunt Gentlemen with Cesario.*

Ment. And speedily, I beseech you! My rage over,
That pour'd upon my reason clouds of error,
I see my folly, and at what dear loss
I have exchang'd a real innocence
To gain a mere fantastical report,
Transported only by vain popular wind,
To be a daring, nay, fool-hardy man.

Enter Baptista.

But, could I satisfy myself within here,
How should I bear my father's frowns? They meet me;
My guilt conjures him hither.

Bapt. Sirrah!

Ment. Sir.

Bapt. I've met the trophies of your ruffian sword:
Was there no other anvil to make trial
How far thou durst be wicked, but the bosom
Of him, which under the adulterate name
Of friendship thou hast murder'd?

Ment. Murder'd, sir?
My dreams abhor so base a fact: true valour,
Employ'd to keep my reputation fair,
From the austerest judge can never merit
To be branded with that title. You begot me
A man, no coward: and but call your youth
To memory! when injur'd, you could never
Boast of the ass's fortitude, slave-like patience;
And you might justly doubt I were your son,
If I should entertain it. If Cesario
Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortal,
A second trial of what I dare do
In a just cause, shall give strong witness for me
I am the true heir to Baptista's courage,
As to his other fortunes.

Bapt. Boy, to neither,
But on this strict condition, which entreaties
From saints, nay angels, shall not make me alter.
A friendship so began, and so continu'd
Between me and Alberto, my best friend,
Your brawls shall not dissolve: it is my will,
And as I am thy father I command thee,
That instantly, on any terms, how poor
Soe'er it skills not, thou desire his pardon,
And bring assurance to me he has sign'd it,
Or by my father's soul I'll never know thee,
But as a stranger to my blood: perform it,
And suddenly, without reply! I've said it.

Ment. And in it given a heavier sentence on me
Than the most cruel death: you are my father,
And your will to be serv'd, and not disputed
By me, that am your son: but I'll obey,
And tho' my heart-strings crack for 't, make it known,
When you command, my faculties are your own.
[*Exeunt.*

[9] *I should say* no *more.*] Seward, tacitly and arbitrarily, reads, *I should say more.* The present punctuation gives a spirit to the old text.

ACT II.

Enter Albertus, Physician, and a Surgeon.

Phys. HAVE patience, noble sir! your son Cesario
Will recover, without question.
Surg. A slight wound! [vitals.
Though't pierc'd his body, it hath miss'd the
Phys. My life for't, he shall take the air
Within these ten days! [again
Alb. Oh, but from a friend!
To receive this bloody measure from a friend!
If that a man should meet a violent death,
In a place where he had taken sanctuary,
Would it not grieve him? Such all Florence held [plies
Their friendship; and 'tis that which multi-
The injury.
Phys. Have patience, worthy signor!
Alb. I do protest, as I am man and soldier,
If I had buried him in a wave at sea,
(Lost in some honourable action)
I would not to the saltness of his grave
Have added the least tear: but these quarrels,

Enter Mariana and Clarissa.

Bred out of game and wine! I had as lief
He should have died of a surfeit.
Mar. Oh, what comfort?
How is it with our son, sir?
Alb. His work-masters
Bear me in hand here, (as my lawyer does,
When I've a crack'd title, or bad suit in law)
All shall go well.
Mar. I pray you, gentlemen,
What think you of his wound?
Phys. 'Tis but a scratch; nothing
To danger.
Clar. But he receiv'd it from a friend;
And the unkindness ta'en at that may kill him.
Mar. Let me see him.
Phys. By no means; he slumbers.
Mar. Then I cannot believe you, when
There is hope of him. [you tell me
Alb. Yet many ladies
Do give more faith to their physician,
Than to their confessor.
Clar. Oh, my poor lost brother!
And friend, more dear than brother!
Alb. More loud instruments
To disturb his slumbers? Go, go, take caroch!
And as you love me, you and the girl retire
T' our summer-house i' th' country: I'll be
Within these two days. [with you
Mar. I am yours in all things,
Tho' with much sorrow to leave him.
Alb. I pray you, gentlemen,
[*Exeunt Mar. and Clar.*
With best observance tend your patient:
The loss of my heir male lies now a-bleeding;

Enter Mentivole.

And think what payment his recovery
Shall shower upon you.—Of all men breathing,
[*Exeunt Physician and Surgeon.*
Wherefore do you arrive here? are you mad?:
My injury begins to bleed afresh
At sight of you. Why, this affront of yours
I receive more malicious than the other.
Your hurt was only danger to my son; but
Your sight to me is death! Why come you hither? [have made,
D' you come to view the wounds which you
And glory in them?
Ment. Rather, worthy sir,
To pour oil into them.
Alb. I am a soldier,
Sir, least part of a courtier: and understand
By your smooth oil, your present flattery—
Ment. Sir, for my father's sake, acknowledge me
To be born a gentleman, no slave; I ever
Held flatterers of that breed: do not misconstrue,
In your distaste of me, the true intent
Of my coming hither, for I do protest
I do not come to tell you I am sorry
For your son's hurt.
Alb. Not sorry?
Ment. No, not sorry:
I have to the lowest ebb lost all my fury,
But I must not lose my honesty. 'Twas he
Gave heat unto the injury, which return'd,
Like a petard[10] ill lighted, into th' bosom
Of him gave fire to't: yet, I hope his hurt
Is not so dangerous but he may recover;
When, if it please him call me to account
For th' loss of so much blood, I shall be ready
To do him noble reason.
Alb. You are arm'd
Methinks with wondrous confidence.
Ment. Oh, with the best, sir;
For I bring penitence and satisfaction.
Alb. Satisfaction? Why, I heard you say but now;
You were not sorry for his wounds.
Ment. Nor am I;
The satisfaction which I bring, sir, is to you.
You are a gentleman ne'er injur'd me;
One ever lov'd my father, the right way,
And most approv'd of noble amity;

[10] *Petar.*] A *petard* or *petarre*, an engine (made like a bell or mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open. *Cotgrave's Dictionary.* R.

Yet

Yet I have run my sword quite thro' your heart,
And slightly hurt your son; for't may be
A grief ta'en at these years, for your son's loss,
May hazard yours: and therefore I am sent
By him that has most interest in your sorrow,
Who having chid me almost to the ruin
Of a disheritance[11], for violating
So continued and so sacred a friendship
Of fifty winters' standing[12]; such a friendship
That ever did continue like the spring,
Ne'er saw the fall o' th' leaf; by him I am sent
To say the wrong I've done, sir, is to you,
And that I have quite lost him for a father,
Until I find your pardon. Nay, there follows
A weightier deprivation: his estate
I could with a less number of sighs part with;
Fortune might attend my youth and my deservings
In any climate; but a father's blessing,
To settle and confirm that fortune, no where,
But only here. Your pardon! give me that;
And when you have done, kill me; for 'tis that
Takes from me the effect of excommunication,
A father's heavy curse.

Alb. Nay, may that curse
Light on himself, for sending thee in this minute,
When I am grown as deaf to all compassion,
As the cruellest sea-fight, or most horrid tempest!
That I had drown'd i' th' sea a thousandducats,
Thou hadst not made this visit! Rash young man,
Thou tak'st me in an ill planet, and hast cause
To curse thy father; for I do protest,
If I had met thee in any part o' th' world,
But under my own roof, I would have kill'd thee.
Within there!—Look you! Here's a triumph sent for

Enter Physician, Surgeon, and Servants.

The death of your young master.

Serv. Shall we kill him?

Alb. No;
I'll not be so unhospitable. But, sir,
By my life, I vow to take assurance from you,
That right-hand never more shall strike my son.

Ment. That will be easily protested.

Alb. Not easily,
When it must be exacted, and a bloody seal to't.
Bind him, and cut off's right-hand presently:
Fair words shall never satisfy foul deeds.
Chop his hand off!

Ment. You cannot be so unrighteous
To your own honour.

Phys. Oh, sir, collect yourself,
And recall your bloody purpose!

Alb. My intents
Of this nature do ever come to action.

Surg. Then I
Must fetch another stickler. [*Exit.*

Alb. Yet I do grieve at heart;
And I do curse thy father heartily,
That's the cause of my dishonour, sending thee
In such an hour, when I am apt for mischief,
Apt as a Dutchman after a sea-fight,
When his enemy kneels afore him. Come, dispatch!

Phys. Entreat him, noble sir.

Ment. You shall excuse me;
Whatsoever he dares do, that I dare suffer.

Enter Cesario and Surgeon.

Ces. Oh, sir, for honour's sake, stay your foul purpose;
For if you do proceed thus cruelly, him,
There is no question, in the wound you give
I shall bleed to death for't!

Alb. Thou art not of
My temper; what I purpose, can't be alter'd.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Duke with all speed expects you: you must instantly
Ship all your followers, and to sea.

Alb. My blessing
Stay with thee upon this condition,
Take away his use of fighting; as thou hop'st
To be accounted for my son, perform it! [*Exit.*

Ces. You hear what I'm enjoin'd to.

Ment. Pray thee, take it!
Only this ring, this best-esteemed jewel,
I will not giv't to th' hangman chops it off;
It is too dear a relic: I'll remove it
Nearer my heart.

Ces. Ha! that ring's my sister's;
The ring I enjoin'd her never part withal
Without my knowledge.—Come, sir, we are friends.
Pardon my father's heat, and melancholy;
Two violent fevers which he caught at sea,
And cannot yet shake off: only one promise I must

[11] *Who having chid me almost to* the *ruin*
Of *a disheritance.*] Seward arbitrarily reads,
——— to *my* ruin,
To a disheritance, &c.

[12] So continued *and so sacred a friendship*
Of fifty winters standing; such a friendship,
That ever did continue, &c.] 'Here,' says Seward, 'seems a reiterated tautology in these 'lines, very unlike and unworthy of our authors.' For *continued*, therefore, he substitutes *constant*, 'which,' continues he, 'in the sense of *firm* and *unshaken* by accidents, keeps clear 'of the tautology complained of.' But changes should not be arbitrarily made, only because the critic *supposes* them for the better!

I must enjoin you to, and seriously;
Hereafter you shall never draw a sword
To th' prejudice of my life.
Ment. By my best hopes,
I shall not!
Ces. I pray deliver me your sword,
On that condition.
Ment. I shall, sir: may it hereafter
Ever fight on your part!
Ces. Noble sir, I thank you:
But, for performance of your vow, I entreat
Some gage from you.
Ment. Any, sir.
Ces. Deliver me that ring. [binds me,
Ment. Ha! this ring? indeed this jewel
If you knew the virtue of it, never more
To draw my sword against you.
Ces. Therefore I
Will have it.
Ment. You may not.
Ces. Come, you must:
I that by violence could take your hand,
Can enforce this from you. This is a token, sir, [you well!
That we may prove friends hereafter. Fare
Phys. Why did you seize his sword, sir?
Ces. To perform [sent
What my father bad me; I have for the pre-
Ta'en away his use of fighting.
Phys. Better so,
Than take that which your father meant!
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Mentivole.

Ment. Was ever the like usage? Oh, that ring,
Dearer than life! whither is honour fled?
Cesario, thou'rt unmanly in each part,
To seize my sword first, and then split my heart. [*Exit.*

Enter Host and Clown.

Host. Thy master
That lodges here in my Osteria,
Is a rare man of art; they say he's a witch.
Clown. A witch? nay, he's one step of the ladder to
Preferment higher; he's a conjurer.
Host. Is that his higher title?
Clown. Yes, I assure you; [mands him;
For a conjurer's th' devil's master, and com-
Whereas a witch is the devil's prentice,
And obeys him.
Host. Bound prentice to the devil!
Clown. Bound and enroll'd, I assure you, he can't start; [tleman
And therefore I would never wish any gen-
To turn witch.
Host. Why, man?
Clown. Oh, he loses his [help him;
Gentility by it; the devil in this case cannot
He must go to the herald for new arms, believe it. [man born,
Host. As I'm true innkeeper, yet a gentle-
I'll ne'er turn witch for that trick! And thou
Been a great traveller? [hast
Clown. No, indeed, not I, sir.
Host. Come, you are modest.
Clown. No, I am not modest;
For I told you a lie, that you might the better
Understand I had been a traveller.
Host. So, sir!
They say your master's a great physician too?
Clown. He was no fool told you that, I assure you. [But they say,
Host. And you have been in England?
Ladies in England take a great deal of physic.
Clown. Both ways, on my reputation.
Host. So 'tis to be understood: [fashion.
But they say ladies there take physic for
Clown. Yes, sir, and many times die to
Host. How! [keep fashion.
Die to keep fashion?
Clown. Yes; I have known a lady
Sick of the small-pox, only to keep her face
From pit-holes, take cold, strike them in
Kick up the heels, and vanish. [again,
Host. There was kicking up
The heels with a witness!
Clown. No, sir; I confess [tive to
A good face has many times been the mo-
The kicking up of the heels with a witness; but this was not.

Enter Hostess and Biancha.

Host. Here come my wife and daughter.
Clown. You have
A pretty commodity of this nightworm.
Host. Why, man?
Clown. She is a pretty lure to draw
Custom to your ordinary. [pose?
Host. Dost think I keep her to that pur-
Clown. When a dove-house is empty, there is cumin-seed [bours;
Used to purloin from the rest of the neigh-
In England you have several adamants[12],
To draw in spurs and rapiers[13]; one keeps silk-worms
In a gallery; a milliner has choice
O' monkies and paraketoes; another shews
Bawdy East-Indian pictures, worse than ever
Were Aretine's; a goldsmith keeps his wife
Wedg'd into his shop like a mermaid, nothing of her
To be seen (that's woman) but her upper part.
Host. Nothing but her upper part?
Clown. Nothing but her upper bodice,
And he lives at the more heart's ease,

[12] *Adamants.*] i. e. *Loadstones.* See Skinner on the word. *Seward.*
[13] *To draw in* spurs *and* rapiers.] In Ben Jonson's Alchemist is the same idea; Subtle says to Abel Drugger,

'Beneath your threshold bury me a *loadstone*,
'To draw in gallants that wear *spurs*.'

Host.

Host. What's the reason? [no temptation.
Clown. Because her nether part can give
By your leave, sir, I'll tend my master, and instantly
Be with you for a cup of cherally this hot weather. [*Exit.*
Host. A nimble-pated rascal! Come hither, When was Cesario here? [daughter;
Bian. Sir, not this fortnight.
Host. I do not like his visits; commonly He comes by owl light; both the time and Suspicious; I don't like it. [manner is
Bian. Sir, the gentleman
Is every-way so noble, that you need not Question his intent of coming: tho' you did, Pray, sir, preserve that good opinion of me, That tho' the custom of the place I was born in
Makes me familiar to every guest,
I shall in all things keep myself a stranger To th' vices they bring with them!
Hostess. Right, my daughter!
She has the right strain of her mother.
Host. Of her mother? [took it.
An I would speak, I know from whence she When I was as young, I was as honest[14]—
Hostess. Leave your prating,
And study to be drunk, and abuse your guests over and over!

Enter Forobosco and Clown.

Host. Peace, wife; my honourable guest!
For. My endear'd landlord,
And the rest of the compliments of the house!
Host. Breakfast is ready, sir; it waiteth The tide of your stomach. [only
Clown. And mine gapes for't,
Like a stale oyster.
Host. Ere you go to bed[15],
Fail not of that, I pray.
[*Exeunt all but For. and Clown.*
For. We'll instantly be with you.—
Now we're all fellows: nine o'clock, and no clients come yet?
Sure thou dost not set up bills enough.
Clown. I've set up
Bills in abundance.
For. What bills?
Clown. Marry, [goods,
For curing of all diseases, recovery of stol'n And a thousand such impossibilities.
For. The place is unlucky.
Clown. No, certain 'tis scarcity of money;
Do not you hear the lawyers complain of it?
Men have as much malice as e'er they had to wrangle, [money
But they've no money.—Whither should this Be travell'd?
For. To the devil, I think.
Clown. 'Tis with
His cofferer I'm certain, that's the usurer.
For. Our cheating does not prosper so 'Twas wont to do. [well as
Clown. No, sure. Why, in England we Could cozen 'em as familiarly, as if
We'd travell'd with a brief, or a lottery.
For. In the Low-Countries we did pretty well.
Clown. So, so, as long as we kept the mop-headed
Butter-boxes sober; marry, when they were drunk,
Then they grew buzzards: you should have them reel
Their heads together, and deliberate!
Your Dutchman, indeed, when he's foxt, is like a fox; [a man's thinking,
For when he's sunk in drink, quite earth to 'Tis full exchange-time with him, then he's subtlest.
But your Switzer, 'twas nothing to cheat him.
For. Nothing. [it; for since
Clown. No, nor conscience to be made of Nature aforehand cozen'd him of his wit,
'Twas the less sin for us to cozen him of his money. [pated;
For. But these Italians are more nimble-We must have some new trick for them. I protest,
But that our Hostess' daughter's a sweet lass, And draws great resort to th' house, we were Draw teeth a-horseback. [as good
Clown. I told 'em in the market-place you could conjure,
And nobody would believe me; but ere long I'll make 'em believe you can conjure with such a figuary!
For. What language shall's conjure in? High-Dutch
I think, that's full in the mouth.
Clown. No, no, Spanish; [dreadful.
That roareth best, and will appear more
For. Prithee tell me thy conceit thou hast to gull them.

[14] *When I was as young, I was as honest.*] This has been hitherto made the conclusion of the *Host*'s speech, by which it seems to have lost all its humour. It evidently belongs to the *Hostess*, who stops her husband from giving further hints concerning *Biancha;* and this is artfully contriv'd with regard to the audience, whose curiosities are heightened by a glimmering of the plot, but not too soon satisfied by a full view of it. To do this judiciously, is one of the greatest difficulties in almost every species of writing. *Seward.*

We think Seward totally mistaken here, and that the *Host* (instead of alluding to *Biancha*'s real parentage) whimsically insinuates that her virtuous principles are derived from him.

[15] *Ere you go to bed, fail not of that, I pray.*] These words have hitherto been made a continuation of the *Clown*'s speech; but from him they seem devoid of meaning. If spoken by the *Host, aside,* we may very well understand by them, that the Clown *gapes for his breakfast even before he goes to bed.*

Clown. No, no, I will not stale it[16]; but, my dear jews-trump,
For thou art but my instrument, I'm the plotter,
And when we have cozen'd 'em most tightly, thou
Shalt steal away the innkeeper's daughter, I'll
Provide myself of another moveable;
And we will most purely retire ourselves
To Geneva.

For. Thou art the compass I sail by.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Bapt. Was ever expectation of so noble
A requital answered with such contumely!
A wild Numidian, that had suck'd a tigress,
Would not have been so barbarous: did he
To cut thy hand off? [threat

Ment. Yes, sir; and his slaves
Were ready to perform't.

Bapt. What hinder'd it?

Ment. Only his son's entreaty.

Bapt. Noble youth!
I wish thou wert not of his blood; thy pity
Gives me a hope thou art not.

Ment. You mistake, sir;
The injury that follow'd from the son
Was worse than the father's: he did first disarm,
And took from me a jewel, which I prize
Above my hand or life.

Bapt. Take thy sword from thee?
He stole it like a thief rather; he could not
I' th' field deprive thee of it.

Ment. He took it from me,
And sent me forth so thin, and so unmade-up,
As if I'd been a footboy.

Bapt. Oh, my fury! [rashness,
I must now ask thee forgiveness, that my
Bred out of too much friendship, did expose thee
To so imminent a danger; which I vow
I will revenge on the whole family.
All the calamities of my whole life,
My banishment from Genoa, my wife's loss,
Compar'd to this indignity, is nothing;
Their family shall repair't; it shall be to them
Like a plague, when the dog-star reigns most hot!
An Italian's revenge may pause, but's ne'er forgot.
[*Exit.*

Ment. I would I had conceal'd this from my father,
For my interest in Clarissa! My care now
Must be to untangle this division,
That our most equal flames may be united;
And from these various and perturbed streams,
Rise, like a sweet morn, after terrible dreams.
[*Exit.*

Enter Clarissa and Cesario.

Clar. Brother, I'm happy in your recovery.

Ces. And I, sister,
Am ever best pleas'd in your happiness.
But I miss a toy should be on your finger.

Clar. My ring!
This morning when I wash'd I put it off;
'Tis in my window.

Ces. Where's your looking-glass?

Clar. Here, sir.

Ces. 'Tis a fair one.

Clar. 'Tis pure crystal. [me see;

Ces. Can a diamond cut in crystal? Let
I'll grave my name in't.

Clar. Oh, you'll spoil my glass[17].

Ces. Would you not have your brother in your eye?
I'd thought he had been planted in your heart.
Look you; the diamond cuts quaintly; you are cozen'd,
Your crystal is too brittle.

Clar. 'Tis the ring
I gave unto Mentivole! sure, the same!—
You put me to amazement, sir, and horror:
How came you by that ring?

Ces. Does the blood rise? [do)

Clar. Pray, sir, resolve me, (oh, for pity
And take from me a trembling at the heart,
That else will kill me! for I too much fear
Nothing but death could ravish it from his hand
That wore it.

Ces. Was it given to Mentivole
On that condition?

Clar. Tell me of his health first,
And then I'll tell you any thing.

Ces. By my life, he's well;
In better health than I am.

Clar. Then, it was, sir. [false one!

Ces. Then shall I ever hate thee, oh, thou
Hast thou a faith to give unto a friend,
And break it to a brother? Did I not,
By all the ties of blood, importune thee
Never to part with it without my knowledge?
Thou might'st have given it to a muletteer,
And made a contract with him in a stable,
At as cheap a price of my vengeance! Never more
Shall a woman's trust beguile me: you are all
Like relicks; you may well be look'd upon,
But come a man to th' handling of you once,
You fall in pieces!

Clar. Dear sir, I've no way
Look'd either beneath reason, or myself,

[16] *No, no, I will not* stael it.] Corrected in 1750.

[17] Clar. *Oh, you'll spoil my glass.*
Would you not have your brother in your eye?
Ces. *I'd thought*, &c.] This second line evidently belongs to *Cesario*, though given in the former editions to *Clarissa*. Mr. Sympson and Mr. Theobald concurred in this correction. *Seward.*

In

In my election: there's parity in our blood,
And in our fortunes; ancient amity [but
Betwixt our parents; to which wants nothing,
The fruit of blessed marriage between us,
To add to their posterities. Nor does now
Any impeachment rise, except the sad
And unexpected quarrel, which divided
So noble and so excellent a friendship,
Which, as I ne'er had magick to foresee,
So I could not prevent.

Ces. Well, you must give me leave
To have a hand in your disposing; I shall,
In th' absence of my father, be your guardian;
His suit must pass thro' my office. Mentivole?
He has too much o' my blood already; he has,
And he gets no more of't.—Wherefore weep you, mother?

Enter Mariana and a Sailor.

Mar. 'Tis occasioned by a sorrow
Wherein you have a child's part, and the [mainest;
Your father's dead.

Ces. Dead?

Mar. There is one can
Relate the rest.

Sailor. I can, sir; your father's drown'd,
Most unfortunately drown'd.

Ces. How? in a tempest?

Sailor. No, sir, in a calm,
Calm as this evening: the gunner, being drunk,
Forgot to fasten the ordnance to their ports,
When came a sudden gust, which tumbled them
All to the starboard side, o'erturn'd the ship,
And sunk her in a moment; some six men
That were upon the deck, were sav'd; the rest
Perish'd wi' your father.

Clar. Oh, my dearest father!

Ces. I pray thee, leave us. [*Exit Sailor.*

Mar. I have a sorrow of another nature,
Equal to th' former.

Ces. And most commonly
They come together.

Mar. The family of the Baptisti
Are grown to faction, and upon distaste
Of th' injury late offer'd in my house,
Have vow'd a most severe and fell revenge
'Gainst all our family, but especially
'Gainst you, my dear Cesario.

Ces. Let them threat;
I am prepar'd t' oppose them.

Mar. And is your loss then
Of so easy an estimation? What comfort
Have I but in your life? and your late danger
Presents before me what I am to suffer,
Should you miscarry: therefore I'll advise you,
When th' funeral is over, you would travel;
Both to prevent their fury, and wear out
The injury.

Ces. No, mother, I'll not travel—
So in my absence he may marry my sister—
I will not travel, certain.

Mar. Oh, my Cesario,
Whom I respect and love 'bove my own life,
Indeed with a kind of dotage! he shall never
Go forth o' doors, but the contrary faction
Will endanger his life; and then am I most wretched!
I'm thinking of a strange prevention,
Which I shall witness with a bleeding eye;
Fondness sometimes is worse than cruelty.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Host, Hostess, and Biancha.

Host. HAUNTED, my house is haunted wi' goblins! I shall
Be frighted out o' my wits, and set up a sign
Only t' invite carriers and foot-posts, scarecrows [rank.
To keep off th' cavalry, and gentry of the best
I will nail up my doors, and wall up my girl,
Wife, like an anchoress; or she will be ravish'd
Before our faces by rascals and cacafugo's,
Wife, cacafugo's!

Hostess. These are your incomes!
Remember your own proverb, The savour
Of every gain smelt sweet: thank nobody
For this trouble! [but yourself

Host. No galling, dear spouse, no galling!
Every day's new vexation abates me
Two inches in the waist; terrible penance
For an host! Girl, girl, girl, which of all this
Gallimaufry of man's flesh appears tolerable
To thy choice? speak shortly, and speak truly! I [you that?
Must and will know, must and will! hear

Bian. Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty!
I am so far from entertaining thoughts
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects
Than any of such coarse contents as these are,
Could not betray mine eye to force mine heart
Conceive a wish, of any dearer happiness
Than your direction warrants. I am yours, sir. [this strange

Hostess. What thinks the man now? Is not
At thirteen? ['em,

Host. Very good words; there's a tang in
And a sweet one; 'tis music, wife; and now
I come t'ye. Let us a little examine
The several conditions of our
Paragraphistical suitors! The first
A trav'ling taylor, who by the mystery

Of's

Of's needle and thimble hath survey'd the fashions [gerbread,
Of th' French, and English; this signor Gin-
Stitch'd up in the shreds of a gaudy outside,
Sows linings with his cross-leg'd compliment,
Like an ape doing tricks over a staff,
Cringes, and crouches, and kisses his fore-finger.

Hostess. Out upon him!

Host. A second, a lavoltere, a saltatory,
A dancer with a kit at's bum; one that,
By teaching great madonnas to foot it, has
Miraculously purchas'd a ribanded [fellow
Waistcoat, and four clean pair of socks; a
That skippeth as he walketh, and instead
Of sensible discourse, venteth the curious
Conceit of some new tune stol'n from a masque,
Or a bawdy ditty, elevated for
The pole arctick of a lady's chamber;
In that file stands another of your inamoratoes. [he ne'er fiddles

Hostess. Hang him and his fiddle together!
Any child of ours.

Host. The third, a mongrel,
Got by a Switzer on an Italian; this puppy,
Being left well estated, comes to Florence,
That the world may take notice, how impossible
It is for experience to alter [deed,
The course of nature; a fool, wife! and, in-
A clown turn'd gallant seldom or never proves
Other than a gallant fool; this toy prates
To little purpose other than—*What's o'clock? Shall's go drink? D'ye forsooth?* and *Thank ye heartily.*
I fear no art in him to catch thee; and
Yet we must be tormented with this buzzard
Amongst the rest.

Hostess. 'Tis your own folly; forbid him the house. [and a harsh knave;

Host. The fourth, a mule-driver, a stubborn
The fifth, a schoolmaster, a very amorous pedant,
Run almost mad with study of sonnets[18], and
Compliments out of old play-ends; the last,
An advocate's clerk, that speaks pure fustian in law-terms[19]:
Excellent courtiers all, and all as neat
As a magnifico's post new painted, at
His entrance to an office! Thou shalt have
None of 'em. Laugh at 'em, do! I say,
Thou shalt have none of 'em.

Bian. Still your command to me shall stand a law. [coursers

Host. Now they throng like so many horse-
At a fair, in clusters 'bout the man of art,
For love-powders, ingredients, potions, counsels,
Postures, compliments, philters, the devil [*Clown cries within.*
And the—How now? tumults, batteries, noise?

For. [*within*] Ha, get from my sight[20]!

Enter Forobosco, and Clown with his head bloody.

Clown. Murder me, do!
Pound me to mummy, do! see what will come on't. [tongue out!

For. Dog, leave thy snarling, or I'll cut thy
Thou unlick'd bear, dar'st thou yet stand my fury, [damps
My generous rage? yet? By the sulphureous
That feed the hungry and incessant darkness,
Which curls around the grim Alastor's back,
Mutter again, and with one powerful word,
I'll call an host up from the Stygian lakes,
Shall waft thee to the Acherontick fens;
Where choak'd with mists as black as thy im-
Thou shalt live still a-dying! postures,

Clown. Conjure me to
The devil, an you can! I live in hell
Upon earth already: an you had any mercy,
You would not practise upon a kind heart thus.

Host. You have drawn blood from him;
Signor, is his offence unpardonable?

[18] *Run almost mad with study of sonnets.*] All the *Host*'s part in this scene, as the conjurer's in others, has been hitherto printed as prose; but the reader will see that without any strain (for I have scarce added or struck out a single expletive) it runs into an affected hobbling verse; which to me seems to add great humour to almost every sentiment, giving a comic dignity to the whole, which is of all drollery the most laudable. In this line a monosyllable seems evidently dropt, for the epithet *new* not only fills the measure, but makes a proper antithesis to the *old* in the next line, which is a proof of its having been originally a verse. *Seward.*

Though this note is just in the main, yet there are two things in it which call for animadversion. In the first place, the word *new* is not necessary to the measure, nor have we a right to CREATE *an antithesis.* In the second, though Mr. Seward says he has not used *any strain*, he has here (as in all other parts of his edition) *interpolated, omitted,* and *slaughtered* words (similar instances see at the end of Wit Without Money) in a manner unprecedented and unparalleled.

[19] *An advocate's clerk, that speaks pure fustian* in *law-terms.*] The particle *in*, here, equally hurts the sense as the measure, which is another proof of the measure's being genuine. *Seward.*

The word *in* neither hurts the sense, nor mars such licentious measure.

[20] *Ha, get from my sight.*] This has been made the conclusion of the *Host*'s speech, which evidently belongs to *Forobosco* as he enters. *Seward.*

For.

For. A lump of ignorance, (pray speak not for him) doms,
A drowsy grossness! In all Christian king-
The mention of my art, my name, my practice,
Merit and glory, hath begot at once
Delight and wonder.—I'll not be entreated;
Spare intercession for him!—Oh, thou scorn
Of learning, shame of duty, must thy sloth
Draw my just fame in question? I discharge thee
From my service; see me no more henceforth!

Clown. Discharge me? [swer'd.
Is that my year's wages? I will not be so an-

For. Not, camel? sirrah, I am liberal to
Thou hast thy life; be gone! [thee

Clown. Vengeance, sweet vengeance!

For. D'ye mumble? [denly, and

Clown. I'll be reveng'd, monstrously, sud-
Insatiably: my bulk begins to swell.

For. Homotolenton, pragmatophoros, heliostycorax! [Well,

Clown. Call up your spirits! I defy 'em!
I'll have law for my broken pate, (twelve ounces
Of pure blood, Troy-weight) in despite of thee
My master, and thy master the grand devil
Himself: *Vindicta, vindicta!* [*Exit.*

Host. Signor, you are exceeding mov'd.

Hostess. Mercy upon us, what terrible words thou talk'st! [frighted,

For. A slave, a cur!—But be not you af-
Young virgin! 'twere an injury to sweetness,
Should any rougher sound draw from your cheeks [proud
The precious tincture[21], which makes Nature
Of her own workmanship.

Host. Wife, mark; mark that, wife!

Bian. Shake then your anger off, sir.

For. You command it, [leaves,
Fair one. Mine Host and Hostess, with your
I have a motion jointly to you all.

Hostess. An honest one, I hope.

Host. Well put in, wife!

For. A very necessary one: the mess
And half of suitors, that attend to usher
Their love's sir-reverence to your daughter, wait [eye
With one consent, which can best please her
In offering at a dance: I have provided
Music; and 'twill be something, I dare promise, [mittance?
Worthy your laughter. Shall they have ad-

Host. By any means; for I'm persuaded the manner
Will be so ridiculous, that it will confirm
The assurance of their miserable fooleries: but
No longer trouble with 'em here, than they
Are in these may-games!

For. So I am resolv'd.

Hostess. Nor any wise word of senseless love! [you see

For. Not any; I have charm'd them. Did
How they prepar'd themselves, how they stroke up [ing-glass,
Their foretops, how they justle for the look-
To set their faces by it (see, they muster!)
You would look for some most impossible antic.

Enter Taylor, Dancer, Muletteer, Schoolmaster, Clerk[22]*, Coxcomb; all with several Papers, and present them to Forobosco.*

Host. So, so, so, so! here flutter the nest of hornets, [now!
The hotch-potch of rascality: now, now, now,
The dunghill of corruption hath yawn'd forth
The burden of abomination. I am
Vex'd, vexed to the soul; will rid my house
Of this unchristen'd fry, and never open
My doors again.

For. Some other time; I'll give no answer now, [cunning.
But have preferr'd your suits; here shew your
First, every one in order do his honour
To the fair mark you shoot at; courtly, courtly,
Convey your several loves in lively measure:
Come, let us take our seats. Some sprightly music!

Host. Dance all and part: 'tis a very necessary farewell.

They all make ridiculous congees to Biancha, rank themselves, and dance in several postures; during the dance, enter Cesario, and stands off.

Host. Well done, my lusty bloods, preciously well done! [all sides!
One lusty rouse of wine, and take leave on

Ces. Thanks for your revels, gentlemen! accept
This gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.

Host. My noble lord Cesario? Clear the rooms, sirs!

[21] *Should any* rough *sound draw from your cheeks*
The precious tincture, &c.] Mr. Sympson concurs with me in reading, *any* rougher *sound*. 'Tis necessary to the verse, and every man of the least taste knows how much more elegant the comparative degree renders the expression. The compliment here is so extremely beautiful, that I could have wished it had been put in the mouth of a *Cesario* or *Mentivole*.

[22] *Schoolmaster, Clerk.*] I have added the *Coxcomb* to the number, Mr. Sympson having justly observ'd that the *mess and half of suitors* were evidently six, and as the *Coxcomb* is one of them in the next scene in which they appear, and is the second in *Forobosco*'s list, he ought evidently to have a place here. The reader will see how much more humorous my *Host*'s next speech is when printed in its true order, as verse, than it was when the metre was disregarded. *Seward.*

For. Away; attend your answers.
[*Exeunt Forobosco and Suitors.*
Ces. With your favour,
Rolando, I would change a word or two
With your fair daughter.
Host. At your lordship's pleasure.
Come, wife, no muttering! Have a care, girl! My love,
Service, and duty to your good lordship!
[*Exeunt Host and Hostess.*
Ces. My often visits, sweet Biancha, cannot
But constantly inform thy judgment wherein
Thy happiness consists: for to steal minutes
From great employments, to converse with beauty,
Lodg'd in so mean a fortune; to lay by
Consideration of the unequal distance
Between my blood and thine: to shun occasions
Of courtship with the ladies of the time,
Noble and fair, only for love to thee;
Must of necessity invite a tenderness,
As low as Nature could have stamp'd a bondwoman's,
To entertain quick motions of rare gratitude
For my uncommon favours.
Bian. 'Deed, my lord,
As far as my simplicity can lead me,
I freely thank your courtesies.
Ces. To thank them
Is to reward them, pretty one.
Bian. Then teach me
How I may give them back again: in truth
I never yet receiv'd a pair of gloves,
A trifling ring, from any that expected
An equal satisfaction, but as willingly
I parted with the gift unto the owner,
As he bestow'd it.
Ces. But I pour before thee
Such plenties, as it lies not in the ability
Of thy whole kindred to return proportionable
One for a thousand.
Bian. You, my lord, conclude
For my instruction: to engage a debt
Beyond a possibility of payment,
I ever thought a sin; and therefore justly
Without conceit of scorn, or curious rudeness,
I must refuse your bounty.
Ces. Canst thou love? [language
Bian. Love? is there such a word in any
That carries honest sense?
Ces. Never dwelt ignorance [cha,
In so sweet-shap'd a building!—Love, Bian-
Is that firm knot which ties two hearts in one:
Shall ours be tied so?
Bian. Use a plainer word,
My lord; instead of *ties*, say *marries* hearts;
Then I may understand.
Ces. Their hearts are married, [braces,
Whose interchange of pleasures and em-
Soft kisses, and the privacies of sweets,
Keeps constant league together; when temptation [tempt,
Of great men's oaths and gifts shall urge con-
Rather than batter resolution: novelty
Of sights, or taste of new delights in wantonness,
Breeds surfeit more than appetite in any
Reserv'd to noble vows: my excellent maid,
Live thou but true to me, and my contents,
Mine only, that no partner may partake
The treasure of those sweets thy youth yet glories in,
And I will raise thy lowness to abundance
Of all varieties; and more triumph
In such a mistress, than great princes doting
On truth-betraying wives.
Bian. Thus to yield up then
The cottage of my virtue, to be swallow'd
By some hard-neighbouring landlord, such as you are,
Is in effect to love? A lord so vicious?
Oh, where shall innocence find some poor dwelling,
Free from temptation's tyranny?
Ces. Nay, prithee! [of lust,
Bian. Gay cloaths, high feeding, easy beds
Change of unseemly sights, with base discourse,
Draw curses on your palaces: for my part,
This I will be confirm'd in; I will eat
The bread of labour, know no other rest
Than what is earn'd from honest pains, ere once more [you were
Lend ear to your vile toils[23]! Sir, 'would
As noble in desires, as I could be
In knowing virtue! Pray do not afflict
A poor soul thus.

Enter a Gentleman.

Ces. I swear—to me? [*Biancha steals off.*
Gent. The Duke, my lord, commands your speedy presence,
For answering aggrievances late urg'd
Against you by your mother.
Ces. By my mother?
Gent. The court is near on sitting.
Ces. I wait on it, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Duke, Magistrates, Secretary, and Baptista, discovered sitting; Mentivole standing by, with Attendants.

Duke. What waste of blood, what tumults, what divisions,
What outrages, what uproars in a state,
Factions, tho' issuing from mean springs at first, [ample
Have (not restrain'd) flow'd to, the sad exAt Rome, between the Ursins and Colonnas,
Nay, here at home, in Florence, 'twixt the Neri
And the Bianchi, can too mainly witness.

[23] *To your vile* toils.] Mr. Sympson would read *tales* for *toils*, which I cannot assent to; for small inconsistencies in metaphor are too common with all nervous writers, to be supposed corruptions of the press. *Seward.*

I sit

I sit not at the helm, my lords, of sovereignty,
Deputed pilot for the commonwealth, [cies
To sleep while others steer, as their wild fan-
Shall counsel, by the compass of disorders.
Baptista, this short preface is directed
Chiefly to you: the petty brawls and quarrels
Late urg'd betwixt th' Alberti and your family,
Must (yes, and shall) like tender unknit joints,
Fasten again together of themselves;
Or, like an angry surgeon, we will use
The roughness of our justice, to cut off
The stubborn rancour of the limbs offending!
Bapt. Most gracious Florence—
Duke. Our command was signified,
That neither of the followers of each party
Should appear here with weapons.
Bapt. 'Tis obey'd, sir,
On my side.
Duke. We must leave the general cause
Of state employments, to give ear to brawls
Of some particular grudges; politic govern-
ment
For tutor'd princes! But no more! henceforth

Enter Mariana and Clarissa at one Door, Cesario at the other.

Our frown shall check presumption, not our
clemency. [princes
Mar. All blessings due unto impartial
Crown Florence with eternity of happiness!
Ces. If double prayers can double blessings,
great sir, [ther's.
Mine join for your prosperity with my mo-
Duke. Rise both! Now briefly, lady, with-
out circumstance,
Deliver those aggrievances, which lately
Your importunity possess'd our counsel
Were fit for audience, wherein you petition'd
You might be heard without an advocate,
Which boon you find is granted.
Mar. Tho' divided [desty[24];
I stand between the laws of truth and mo-
Yet let my griefs have vent! yet the clearness
Of strange necessity requires obedience
To Nature and your mercy! In my weeds
Of mourning, emblems of too-dear misfor-
tunes,
Badges of griefs, and widowhood, the burden
Of my charg'd soul must be laid down before
you;
Wherein, if strict opinion cancel shame,
My frailty is my plea. Stand forth, young
man,
And hear a story that will strike all reason
Into amazement!
Ces. I attend.
Mar. Alberto,
(Peace dwell upon his ashes! still the husband
Of my remembrance and unchanging vows)
Was, by his death, left to his heir possession
Of fair revenue, which this young man claims
As his inheritance. I urg'd him gently,
Friendly, and privately, to grant a partage
Of this estate to her who owns it all,
This his supposed sister.
Bapt. How! supposed?
Ces. Pray, madam, recollect yourself.
Mar. The relish
Of a strange truth begins to work like physic
Already: I have bitterness to mingle
With these preparatives, so deadly loathsome
It will quite choak digestion; shortly hear it:
Cesario (for I dare not rob unjustly
The poor soul of his name), this, this Cesario,
Neither for father had Alberto, me
For mother, nor Clarissa for his sister.
Clar. Mother, oh, mother!
Ment. I am in a dream sure!
Duke. No interruptions! Lady, on.
Mar. Mistake not,
Great duke of Tuscany, or the beginning
Or process of this novelty: my husband,
The now deceas'd Alberto, from his youth
Inur'd to an impatiency and roughness
Of disposition, when not many months
After our marriage were worn out, repin'd
At the unfruitful barrenness of youth,
Which, as he pleas'd to term it, cut our
hopes off
From blessings of some issue: to prevent it,
I grew ambitious of no fairer honour
Than to preserve his love; and as occasions
Still call'd him from me, studied in his ab-
sence [comfort.
How I might frame his welcome home with
At last I feign'd myself with-child: the mes-
sage
Of freedom, or relief, to one half starv'd
In prison, is not utter'd with such greediness
Of expectation and delight, as this was to
My much-affected lord: his care, his good-
ness,
(Pardon me, that I use the word) exceeded
All former fears. The hour of my deliverance,
As I pretended, drawing near, I fashion'd
My birth-rites[25] at a country garden house,
Where then my falconer's wife was brought
a-bed
Of this Cesario: him I own'd for mine,
Presented him unto a joyful father—
Duke. Can you prove this true?
Mar. Proofs I have most evident.
But oh, the curse of my impatience! shortly,
Ere three new moons had spent their bor-
row'd lights,
I grew with-child indeed; so just is Heav'n!
The issue of which burden was this daughter.
Judge now, most gracious prince, my lords,
and you, [dur'd,
What combats then, and since, I have en-

[24] Mar. *Though divided*, &c.] *Mariana*'s disowning *Cesario* for her son, and the *Duke*'s injunction to marry him, is related by Causin in his Holy Court, and is transcribed by Wanley in his History of Man, fol. book iii. chap. 26. *Seward.*

[25] *My birth*-rights.] The spelling rectified by Seward.

Between a mother's piety, and weakness
Of a soul-trembling wife! To have reveal'd
This secret to Alberto, had been danger
Of ruin to my fame, besides the conflict
Of his distractions; now to have suppress'd it,
Were to defeat my child, my only child,
Of her most lawful honours, and inheritance.
Cesario, thou'rt a man still; education
Hath moulded thee a gentleman; continue so!
Let not this fall from greatness sink thee lower
Than worthy thoughts may warrant! yet disclaim
All interest in Alberto's blood; thou hast not
One drop of his or mine.

Duke. Produce your witness!

Mar. The falconer's wife his mother,
And such women as waited then upon me,
Sworn to the privacy of this great secret.

Duke. Give them all their oaths. [sir!

Ces. Oh, let me crave forbearance, gracious
Vouchsafe me hearing!

Duke. Speak, Cesario.

Ces. Thus long
I have stood silent, and with no unwillingness
Attended the relation of my fall
From a fair expectation: what I fear'd
(Since the first syllable this lady utter'd
Of my not being hers) benevolent fates
Have eas'd me of: for to be basely born,
If not base-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of nature's freedom, or an honest birth.
Nobility claimed by the right of blood,
Shews chiefly, that our ancestors deserv'd[26]
What we inherit; but that man whose actions
Purchase a real merit to himself,
And ranks him in the file of praise and honour,
Creates his own advancement: let me want
The fuel which best feeds the fires of greatness, [tude,
Lordly possessions! yet shall still my grati-
By some attempts, of mention not unworthy,
Endeavour to return a fit acquittance
To that large debt I owe your favours, madam,
And great Alberto's memory and goodness.
Oh, that I could as gently shake off passion
For th' loss of that great brave man[27], as I can shake off
Remembrance of what once I was reputed!
I have not much to say; this princely presence
Needs not too strictly to examine further
The truth of this acknowledgment: a mother
Dares never disavow her only son;
And any woman must come short of piety,
That can or disinherit her own issue,
Or fears the voice of rumour for a stranger.
Madam, you have confess'd my father was servant to your lord and you: by interest being his son, I cannot but claim justly
The honour of continuing still my service
To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave
I may for this time be dismiss'd.

Duke. Bold spirit!

Bapt. I love thee now with pity.

Duke. Go not yet!—
A sudden tempest that might shake a rock,
Yet he stands firm against it; much it moves me!—
He not Alberto's son, and she a widow?
And she a widow? Lords, your ear!

Omnes. Your pleasure? [*Whisper.*

Duke. So, lady; what you have avouch'd is truth?

Mar. Truth only, gracious sir.

Duke. Hear then our sentence:
Since from his cradle you have fed and foster'd
Cesario as your son, and train'd him up
To hopes of greatness, which now in a moment
You utterly again have ruin'd, this way
We with our counsel are resolv'd; you being
A widow, shall accept him for a husband.

Mar. Husband to me, sir?

Duke. 'Tis in us to raise him
To honours; and his virtues will deserve 'em.

Mar. But, sir, 'tis in no prince, nor his prerogative,
To force a woman's choice against her heart.

Duke. True; if then you appeal to higher justice,
Our doom includes this clause upon refusal:
Out of your lord's revenues shall Cesario
Assure to any, whom he takes for wife,
Th' inheritance of three parts; the less remainder
Is dowry large enough to marry a daughter;
And we, by our prerogative, which you question,
Will publicly adopt him into th' name
Of your deceas'd Alberto, that the memory
Of so approv'd a peer may live in him
That can preserve his memory: 'less you find out
Some other means, which may as amply satisfy
His wrong, our sentence stands irrevocable.
What think you, lords?

Omnes. The duke is just and honourable.

Bapt. Let me embrace Cesario! henceforth ever
I vow a constant friendship.

Ment. I remit
All former difference.

Ces. I am too poor [ways
In words to thank this justice—Madam, al-
My studies shall be love to you, and duty.

Duke. Replies we admit none. Cesario, wait on us! [*Exeunt.*

[26] *That our ancestors* desir'd.] Amended in 1750.

[27] ——— *of* what *great brave* ———
——— *of* that *once I* ———] Corrected by Seward.

Manent

Manent Mentivole, Baptista, Mariana, and Clarissa.

Bapt. Mentivole!
Ment. My lord.
Bapt. Look on Clarissa;
She's noble, rich, young, fair.
Ment. My lord, and virtuous.
Bapt. Mentivole, and virtuous.—Madam!
Mar. Tyranny
Of justice! I shall live report's derision,
That am compell'd exchange a graceful widowhood
For a continual martyrdom in marriage,
With one so much beneath me.
Bapt. I'll plead for ye
Boldly and constantly, let your daughter only
Admit my son her servant: at next visit,
Madam, I'll be a messenger of comfort!
Mentivole, be confident and earnest! [*Exit.*
Mar. Married again? to him too? better it had been [honours
The young man should have still retain'd the
Of old Alberto's son, than I the shame
Of making him successor of his bed:
I was to blame.
Ment. Indeed, without offence,
Madam, I think you were.
Clar. You urge it fairly,
And like a worthy friend.
Mar. Can you say any thing
In commendation of a mushroom, wither'd
As soon as started up?
Ment. You scorn an innocent
Of noble growth; for whiles your husband liv'd
I've heard you boast, Cesario in all actions
Gave matter of report, of imitation,
Wonder, and envy; let not discontinuance
Of some few days estrange a sweet opinion
Of virtue, chiefly when in such extremity!
Your pity, not contempt, will argue goodness.
Mar. Oh, sir!
Clar. If you would use a thriving courtship,
You cannot utter a more powerful language,
That I shall listen to with greater greediness,
Than th'argument you prosecute: this speaks you
A man complete and excellent. [
Ment. I speak not;
They are his own deserts.
Mar. Good sir, forbear!
I am now fully sensible of running
Into a violent lethargy, whose deadliness
Locks up all reason: I shall never hencefort h
Remember my past happiness!
Ment. These clouds
May be dispers'd.
Mar. I fear continual night
Will overshroud me! Yet, poor youth, his trespass
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty
Of the duke's sentence.
Clar. I dare think it does.
Mar. If all fail, I will learn then to conquer
Adversity with sufferance.
Ment. You resolve nobly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Cesario and a Servant.

Ces. LET any friend have entrance.
Serv. Sir, a' shall.
Ces. Any; I except none.
Serv. We know your mind, sir. [*Exit.*
Ces. Pleasures admit no bounds. I'm pitch'd so high,
To such a growth of full prosperities,
That to conceal my fortunes were an injury
To gratefulness, and those more liberal favours
By whom my glories prosper. He that flows
In gracious and swoln tides of blest abundance[28],
Yet will be ignorant of his own fortunes,
Deserves to live contemn'd, and die forgotten:
The harvest of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd; I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts;
My fate springs in my own hand, and I' use it.

Enter two Servants and Biancha.

1 *Serv.* 'Tis my place.
2 *Serv.* Yours? Here, fair one; I'll acquain
My lord.
1 *Serv.* He's here; go to him boldly.
2 *Serv.* Please you
To let him understand how readily
I waited on your errand!
1 *Serv.* Saucy fellow!
You must excuse his breeding.
Ces. What's the matter?
Biancha? my Biancha?—To your offices!—
[*Exeunt Serv.*
This visit, sweet, from thee, my pretty dear,
By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: witness this free welcome,
Whate'er occasion led thee!

[28] *Tides of* best *abundance.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympson concurred with me in the correction. *Seward.*

Bian. You may guess, sir;
Yet indeed 'tis a rare one.
Ces. Prithee speak it,
My honest virtuous maid.
Bian. Sir, I have heard
Of your misfortunes; and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cause of joy or sadness,
To know they are a truth.
Ces. What truth, Biancha?
Misfortunes? how? wherein?
Bian. You are disclaim'd
For being the lord Alberto's son, and publicly
Acknowledg'd of as mean a birth as mine is:
It cannot chuse but grieve you.
Ces. Grieve me? Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Is this all?
Bian. This all?
Ces. Thou art sorry for't,
I warrant thee: alas, good soul, Biancha!
That which thou call'st misfortune, is my happiness;
My happiness, Biancha! [happiness;
Bian. If you love me,
It may prove mine too.
Ces. May it? I will love thee, [happy,
My good, good maid, if that can make thee
Better and better love thee.
Bian. Without breach then
Of modesty, I come to claim the interest
Your protestations, both by vows and letters,
Have made me owner of: from the first hour
I saw you, I confess I wish'd I had been
Or not so much below your rank and greatness,
Or not so much above those humble flames
That should have warm'd my bosom with a temperate
Equality of desires in equal fortunes.
Still as you utter'd language of affection,
I courted time to pass more slowly on,
That I might turn more fool to lend attention
To what I durst not credit, nor yet hope for;
Yet still as more I heard, I wish'd to hear more.
Ces. Didst thou in troth, wench?
Bian. Willingly betray'd
Myself to hopeless bondage.
Ces. A good girl! [answer was.
I thought I should not miss, whate'er thy
Bian. But as I am a maid, sir, (and i'faith
You may believe me, for I am a maid)
So dearly I respected both your fame
And quality, that I would first have perish'd
In my sick thoughts, than e'er have given consent
To have undone your fortunes, by inviting
A marriage with so mean a one as I am:
I should have died sure, and no creature
The sickness that had kill'd me. [known
Ces. Pretty heart!
Good soul, alas, alas!
Bian. Now since I know
There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,
Not much 'twixt our estates (if any be,
The advantage is on my side) I come willingly
To tender you the first-fruits of my heart,
And am content t' accept you for my husband,
Now when you are at lowest.
Ces. For a husband?
Speak sadly[29]; dost thou mean so?
Bian. In good deed, sir,
'Tis pure love makes this proffer.
Ces. I believe thee.
What counsel urg'd thee on? tell me; thy father? [wench?
My worshipful smug Host? Was't not he,
Or mother Hostess? ha?
Bian. D'you mock my parentage? [thy
I do not scorn yours: mean folks are as wor-
To be well spoken of, if they deserve well,
As some whose only fame lies in their blood.
Oh, you're a proud poor man! all your oaths falshood, [wicked!
Your vows deceit, your letters forg'd and
Ces. Thoud'st be my wife, I dare swear.
Bian. Had your heart, [puted
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had re-
This courtesy a benefit.
Ces. Simplicity,
How prettily thou mov'st me! Why, Biancha,
Report has cozen'd thee; I am not fallen
From my expected honours or possessions,
Tho' from the hope of birth-right.
Bian. Are you not?
Then I am lost again! I have a suit too;
You'll grant it, if you be a good man.
Ces. Any thing. [said t'ye.
Bian. Pray do not talk of aught what I have
Ces. As I wish health, I will not!
Bian. Pity me;
But never love me more!
Ces. Nay, now you're cruel:
Why all these tears?—Thou shalt not go.
Bian. I'll pray for you,
That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one;
And when I'm dead—
Ces. Fy, fy!
Bian. Think on me sometimes,
With mercy for this trespass!
Ces. Let us kiss
At parting, as at coming!
Bian. This I have
As a free dower to a virgin's grave,
All goodness dwell with you! [*Exit.*
Ces. Harmless Biancha! [play with!
Unskill'd! what handsome toys are maids to

Enter Mariana and Clarissa.

How innocent!—But I have other thoughts
Of nobler meditation.—My felicity,

[29] *Speak* sadly.] i. e. *Seriously*. So in Much Ado about Nothing, act ii. scene 3, 'This can 'be no trick: the conference was *sadly* borne.' Again, in Promos and Cassandra, 1578, quoted by Mr Steevens, 'The king feigneth to talk *sadly* with some of his counsel.' *R.*

Thou

Thou com'st as I could wish: lend me a lip
As soft, as melting, as when old Alberto,
After his first night's trial, taking farewell
Of thy youth's conquest, tasted!
Mar. You're uncivil!
Ces. I will be lord of my own pleasures, madam; [pering, henceforth!
You're mine, mine freely: come, no whim-
New con the lessons of love's best experience,
That our delights may meet in equal measure
Of resolutions and desires! this sullenness
Is scurvy; I like it not.
Mar. Be modest;
And do not learn, Cesario, how to prostitute
The riot of thy hopes to common folly.
Take a sad woman's word! howe'er thou dot'st
Upon the present graces of thy greatness,
Yet I'm not fallen so below my constancy
To virtue, nor the care which I once tender'd
For thy behoof, that I prefer a sentence
Of cruelty before my honour.
Ces. Honour? [the comfort
Mar. Hear me: thou seest this girl, now
Of my last days! she is the only pledge
Of a bed truly noble: she had a father
(I need not speak him more than thou remem-berst)
Whom to dishonour by a meaner choice
Were injury and infamy.
Clar. To goodness,
To time, and virtuous mention.
Mar. I have vow'd,
(Observe me now, Cesario!) that howe'er
I may be forc'd to marry, yet no tyranny,
Persuasions, flattery, gifts, entreats, or tor-
Shall draw me to a second bed. [tures,
Clar. 'Tis just too.
Mar. Yes, and 'tis just, Clarissa. I allow
The duke's late sentence, am resolv'd, young man,
To be thy wife; but when the ceremony
Of marriage is perform'd, in life I will be,
Tho' not in name, a widow.
Ces. Pray a word t' you!
Shall I in earnest never be your bedfellow?
Mar. Never, oh, never! and 'tis for your good too.
Ces. Prove that.
Mar. Alas, too many years are number'd
In my account, to entertain the benefit
Which youth in thee, Cesario, and ability
Might hope for and require: it were injustice
To rob a gentleman deserving memory,
Of issue to preserve it.
Ces. No more! Herein
You are an excellent pattern of true piety.
Let me now turn your advocate. Pray look into
The order of the duke enjoin'd; admit
I satisfy the sentence, without marriage
With you! how then?
Mar. Cesario!
Ces. If I know
How to acquit your fears, yet keep th' injunc-tion
In every clause whole and entire, your charity
Will call me still your servant?
Mar. Still my son. [your son:
Ces. Right, madam, now you have it, still
The genius of your blessings hath instructed
Your tongue oraculously: we'll forget
How once I and Clarissa interchang'd
The ties of brother and of sister; henceforth
New stile us man and wife.
Clar. By what authority?
Ces. Heav'n's great appointment. Yet in all my dotage
On thy perfections, when I thought, Clarissa,
We had been pledges of one womb, no loose,
No wanton heat of youth desir'd to claim
Priority in thy affections, other [tender'd
Than Nature might commend; chastely I
Thy welfare as a brother ought: but since
Our bloods are strangers, let our hearts con-tract
A long life-lasting unity! for this way
The sentence is to be observ'd, or no way.
Mar. Then no way!
Ces. I expected other answer,
Madam, from you.
Mar. No; every age shall curse me,
The monster and the prodigy of nature!
Horrors beyond extremity—
Clar. Pray, mother,
Confine the violence of grief!
Ces. Yes, mother,
Pray do! [nour
Mar. Thus some catch at a matron's ho-
By flying lust, to plot incestuous witchcrafts,
More terrible than whoredoms: cruel mercy!
When to preserve the body from a death
The soul is strangled!
Ces. This is more than passion;
It comes near to distraction.
Mar. I am quieted.
Cesario, thou mayst tell the duke securely,
Alberto's titles, honours, and revenues,
The duke may give away; enjoy them thou!
Clarissa's birth-right, Mariana's dower,
Thou shalt be lord of; turn us to the world
Unpitied and unfriended; yet my bed
Thou never sleep'st in. As for her, (she hears me)
If she as much as in a thought consent,
That thou mayst call her wife, a mother's curse
Shall never leave her. [curse
Clar. As a brother once
I lov'd you, as a noble friend yet honour you;
But for a husband, sir, I dare not own you:
My faith is giv'n already.
Ces. To a villain;
I'll cut his throat.
Mar. 'Why this is more than passion;
'It comes near a distraction.'
Clar. Call to mind, sir,
How much you have abated of that goodness
Which once reign'd in you, which appear'd so lovely,
That such as friendship led to observation,

Enter

Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Courted the great example!
Ces. Left, and flatter'd
Into a broad derision?
Mar. Why d'ye think so?
My lord Baptista, is your son grown cold
In hasting on the marriage, which his vows
Have seal'd to my wrong'd daughter?
Bapt. We come, lady,
To consummate the contract.
Ces. With Mentivole?
Is he the man?
Ment. Clarissa's troth and mine,
Cesario, are recorded in a character
So plain and certain, that except the hand
Of Heav'n, which writ it first, would blot it out again,
No human power can raze it.
Ces. But say you
So too, young lady?
Clar. I should else betray [jury.
My heart to falshood, and my tongue to per-
Ces. Madam, you know the sentence.
Bapt. From the duke
I have particular comforts, which require
A private ear.
Mar. I shall approve it gladly,
We are resolv'd, Cesario.
Bapt. Be not insolent
Upon a prince's favour!
Clar. Lose no glory,
Your younger years have purchas'd!
Ment. And deserv'd too;
You've many worthy friends.
Bapt. Preserve and use them!
[*Exeunt. Manet Ces.*
Ces. Good, very good! why here's a compliment
Of mirth in desperation! I could curse
My fate: oh, with what speed men tumble down
From hopes that soar too high! Biancha now
May scorn me justly too; Clarissa married,
Alberto's widow resolute, Biancha
Refus'd, and I forsaken. Let me study!
I can but die a batchelor, that's the worst on't. [*Exit.*

Enter Host, Taylor, Muletteer, Dancer, Pedant, Coxcomb.

Host. Come, gentlemen;
This is the day that our great artist hath
Promis'd to give all your several suits satis-
Dancer. Is he stirring? [faction.
Host. He hath been at his book
These two hours.
Pedant. He's a rare physician.
Host. Why, I'll tell you; were Paracelsus the German now
Living, he would take up his single rapier
Against his terrible long sword: he makes it
A matter o' nothing to cure the gout; sore eyes
He takes out as familiarly, washes them,
And puts them in again, as you'd blanch almonds.
Taylor. They say he can make gold.
Host. Ay, ay, he learnt it
Of Kelly in Germany[30]. There's not a chemist
In Christendom can go beyond him
For multiplying.
Pedant. Take heed then he get not
Up your daughter's belly, my host!
Host. You are
A merry gentleman, and the man of art
Will love you the better.
Dancer. Does he love mirth and crotchets?
Host. Oh, he's the most courteous physician! you [better
May drink or drab in's company freely; the
He knows how your disease grows, the better
Knows how to cure it. [he
Dancer. But I wonder, my host,
He has no more resort of ladies to him.
Host. Why, sir?
Dancer. Oh, divers of 'em have great belief
In conjurers: lechery is a great help
To th' quality.
Host. He's scarce known to be
In town yet! ere long we shall have 'em come
Hurrying hither in feather-beds.
Dancer. How! bedridden? [upon
Host. No, sir; in feather-beds that move
Four wheels, in Spanish caroches.
Pedant. Pray acquaint him
We give attendance.
Host. I shall, gentlemen.—
I'd fain be rid o' these rascals, but that they
Raise profit to my wine-cellar. When I have
Made use of them sufficiently, I'll entreat
The conjurer to tie crackers to their tails,
And send them packing.

Enter Forobosco as in his study.

For. Come hither, mine host!
Look here.
Host. What's that?
For. A challenge from my man.
Host. For breaking's pate?

[30] Kelly.] *Edward Kelly*, otherwise *Talbot*, an intimate friend of the famous Dr. John Dee, and concerned with him in his chemical processes and experiments. It is said they were in possession of the elixir, and actually made projection upon several metals, and converted them into gold. His History may be met with in Wood's Athenæ Oxon. vol. i. p. 279, and in Weaver's Funeral Monuments, p. 45, where are some incredible stories about him. He is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in the Alchemist, act iv. sc. 1.

'——— A man the emp'ror
'Has courted above *Kelly*; sent his medals
'And chains t'invite him.' *R.*

For.

For. He writes here, if I meet him not i'th' field
Within this half-hour, I shall hear more from him.
Host. Oh, sir, mind your profit; [men.
Ne'er think of the rascal: here are the gentle-
For. 'Morrow, my worthy clients!
What, are you all prepared of your questions,
That I may give my resolution upon them?
Omnes. We are, sir.
Pedant. And have brought our money.
For. Each then
In order! and differ not for precedency.
Dancer. I'm buying of an office, sir, and to that purpose
I would fain learn to dissemble cunningly.
For. Do you come to me for that? you should rather have gone
To a cunning woman.
Dancer. Ay, sir, but their instructions
Are but like women; pretty well, but not
To th' depth, as I would have it: you're a conjurer,
The devil's master, and I would learn it from
You so exactly—
For. That the devil himself
Might not go beyond you?
Dancer. You are i'th' right, sir.
For. And so your money for your purchase might
Come in again within a twelvemonth?
Dancer. I
Would be a graduate, sir, no fresh-man.
For. Here's my hand, sir:
I'll make you dissemble so methodically,
As if the devil should be sent from the
Great Turk, i'th' shape of an ambassador,
To set all the Christian princes at variance.
Dancer. I can't with any modesty desire
There's your money, sir! [any more.
For. For the art of dissembling.
Corc. My suit, sir, will be news to you
For. Pray, on! [when I tell it.
Corc. I would set up a press here in Italy,
To write all the coranto's for Christendom.
For. That's news indeed;
And how would you employ me in it?
Corc. Marry, sir, from you I would gain my intelligence.
For. I conceive you: you would have me
Furnish you with a spirit to inform you.
Corc. But as quiet a devil as the woman
The first day and a half after she's married;
I can by no means endure a terrible one.
For. No, no, I'll qualify him; he sha'n't fright you: [a spirit
It shall be the ghost of some lying stationer,
Shall look as if butter would not melt in's mouth;
A new *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*[31]!
Corc. Oh, there was a captain was rare at it.
For. Ne'er think of him.
Tho' that captain writ a full hand-gallop, and
Wasted indeed more harmless paper than
Ever did laxative physic, yet will I [what
Make you t'out-scribble him; and set down
You please, the world shall better believe you.
Corc. Worthy sir, I thank you; there is money! [coranto's.
For. A new office for writing pragmatical
Pedant. I am a schoolmaster, sir, and would fain
Confer with you about erecting four
New sects of religion at Amsterdam[32].
For. What the devil should new sects of
Do there? [religion
Pedant. I assure you I'd get a great deal
Of money by it.
For. And what are the four
New sects o' religion you would plant there?
Pedant. Why, that's it I come about, sir; 'tis a devil
Of your raising must invent 'em; I confess
I am too weak to compass it.
For. So, sir!
Then you make it a matter of no difficulty
To have them tolerated?
Pedant. Trouble not
Yourself for that; let but your devil set them
Afoot once, I have weavers, and gingerbread-makers,
And mighty aquavitæ-men, shall set them
A-going.
For. This is somewhat difficult;
And will ask some conference with the devil.
Pedant. Take [siness too,
Your own leisure, sir. I have another bu-
Because I mean to leave Italy, and bury myself in
Those nether parts the Low-Countries[33].
For. What's that, sir? [to th' week,
Pedant. Marry, I would fain make nine days
For the more ample benefit of the captain.
For. You have a shrewd pate, sir!
Pedant. But how this might
Be compass'd—
For. Compass'd easily; it is but making
A new almanack, and dividing the compass

[31] *Mercurius Gallo Belgicus.*] This was one of the first newspapers which appeared in England. It is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers; among others, by Thomas May, in act i. sc. 1, of his comedy of the Heir, 1633:

'——— 'Tis believ'd,
'And told for news, with as much confidence
'As if 'twere writ in *Gallo Belgicus*.' *R.*

[32] *Amsterdam.*] At the time our authors wrote, *Amsterdam* appears to have been the place of refuge for sectaries of all denominations. See Ben Jonson's Alchemist. *R.*

[33] *Those nether parts* of *the Low-Countries.*] Former editions. The poets meant to call the *Low-Countries* the nether parts of the world. *Seward.*

Of

Of the year into larger penny-worths,
As a chandler with his compass makes
A geometric proportion of the Holland cheese
He retails by stivers. But for getting of it licens'd?
Pedant. Trouble not yourself with that, sir; there's your money.
For. For four new sects of religions,
And nine days to the week.
Pedant. To be brought in
At general pay-days, write, I beseech you.
For. At general pay-days.
Taylor. I am by profession
A taylor; you have heard of me.
For. Yes, sir,
And will not steal from you the least part of
That commendation I've heard utter'd.
Taylor. I
Take measure of your worth, sir; and because
I will not afflict you with any large bill
Of circumstances, I'll snip off particulars:
I'd fain invent some strange and exquisite
New fashions.
For. Are you not travell'd, sir?
Taylor. Yes, sir,
But have observ'd all we can see, or invent,
Are but old ones with new names to 'em; now
I would some way or other grow more curious.
For. Let me see; to devise new fashions!
—Were you
Ne'er in the moon?
Taylor. In the Moon-tavern? Yes, sir,
Often.
For. No, I do mean in the new world,
In th' world that's in the moon yonder.
Taylor. How!
A new world i' th' moon?
For. Yes, I assure you.
Taylor. And peopled?
For. Oh, most fantastically peopled.
Taylor. Nay, certain then there's work for taylors?
For. That
There is, I assure you.
Taylor. Yet I have talked
With a Scotch taylor that never discover'd
So much to me, tho' he has travell'd far,
And was a pedlar in Poland.
For. That
Was out of his way; this lies beyond China.
You'd study new fashions, you say? Take
My counsel, make a voyage, and
Discover that new world.
Taylor. Shall I be a moon-man? [world,
For. I'm of opinion, the people of that
If they be like the nature of that climate
They live in, do vary the fashion of their cloaths
Oft'ner than any quick-silver'd nation
In Europe. [that be
Taylor. Not unlikely; but what should
We call the man i'th' moon then?
For. Why, it is
Nothing but an Englishman that stands there
Stark-naked, with a pair of sheers in one hand,
And a great bundle of broad-cloth in t'other,
(Which resembles the bush of thorns) cutting
New fashions[34]. [out of
Taylor. I have heard somewhat like
This: but how shall I get thither?
For. I will
Make a new compass shall direct you.
Taylor. Certain?
For. Count me else for no man of direction.
Taylor. There's twenty ducats in hand; I'll give you a hundred. [at my return
For. A new voyage to discover
New fashions.
Mulet. I've been a traveller too, sir;
That have shew'd strange beasts in Christendom,
And got money by them; but I find the trade to decay:
Your camelion, or East-Indian hedgehog,
Gets very little money; and your elephant
Devours so much bread, brings in so little profit,
His keeper were better every morning
Cram fifteen taylors with white manchet:
I would have some new spectacle, and one
That might be more attractive.
For. Let me see!
Were you ever in Spain?
Mulet. Not yet, sir.
For. I would have you [val,
Go to Madrid; and against some great festi-
When the court lieth there, provide a great
And spacious English ox, and roast him whole,
Wi' a pudding in's belly; that would be the eighth

[34] *An Englishman that standeth there stark-naked, with,* &c.] Andrew Borde, a physician, in the reign of Henry VIII. published a book intitled, 'The Introduction of Knowledge, the 'whiche doth teache a Man to Speake Part of all Maner of Languages, and to know the 'Usage and Fashion of all Maner of Countries. Dedycated to the Right Honourable and 'Gracious Lady Mary, Daughter of King Henry the Eyght.' B.L. printed by W. Coplande. No date. Before the first chapter, in which he has characterized an Englishman, is a wooden print of a naked man, with a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of sheers in his left hand: under the print is an inscription in verse, of which the following are the first four lines:

'I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
'Musying in my mynde what rayment I shall were;
'For now I were thys, and now I will were that,
'And now I will were I cannot tell what, &c.'

This is evidently the print alluded to by our author. *R.*

Wonder

Wonder of the world in those parts, I assure you.

Mulet. A rare project without question!

For. Go beyond all their garlick *olla podridas*,
Tho' you sod one in Garguantua's cauldron[35]!
Bring in more money than all the monsters of Africk; [o' my acquaintance,

Host. Good sir, do your best for him; he's
And one, if you knew him—

For. What is he?

Host. He was once
A man of infinite letters.

For. A scholar?

Host. No, sir,
A packet-carrier, which is always a man
Of many letters, you know; then he was
A mule-driver; now he's a gentleman,
And feeds monsters.

For. A most ungrateful calling!

Mulet. There's money for your direction!
The price of the ox, sir? [must be

For. A hundred French crowns, for it
A Lincolnshire ox, and a prime one. For
A rare and monstrous spectacle, to be seen
At Madrid.

Enter Clown, Hostess, and Biancha.

Hostess. Pray forbear, sir! We shall have a new quarrel.

Clown. You durst not
Meet me in the field! I am therefore come
To spoil your market.

For. What's the news with you, sir?

Clown. Gentlemen, you that come hither to be
Most abominably cheated, listen, and be as wise [money,
As your planet will suffer you: keep your
Be not gull'd, be not laugh'd at!

Pedant. What means this?
'Would I had my money again in my pocket!

Host. The fellow's full of malice; do not mind him.

Clown. This profess'd cheating rogue was my master, and I confess myself
A more preternotorious rogue than himself,
In so long keeping his villainous counsel.

For. Come, come, I'll not hear you.

Clown. No, coz'ner, thou'st not hear me; I do but
Dare thee to suffer me to speak, and then thou
And all thy devils spit fire, and spout aqua-fortis!

For. Speak on; I freely permit thee.

Clown. Why then,
Know, all you simple animals, you whose purses
Are ready to cast the calf, if they have not
Cast it already, if you give any credit
To this juggling rascal, you are worse
Than simple widgeons, and will be drawn into
The net by this decoy-duck, this tame cheater.

For. Ha, ha, ha! Pray mark him! [ing;

Clown. He does profess physic and conjur-
For his physic, he has but two medicines
For all manner of diseases: when he was
In the Low-Countries, he us'd nothing
But butter'd-beer, colour'd with allegant,
For all kind of maladies, and that he call'd
His Catholic med'cine: sure the Dutch smelt out [have
'Twas butter'd beer[36], else they would never
Endur'd it for the name's sake! Then does he minister [times
A grated dog's turd 'stead of rhubarb, many
Of unicorn's horn, which working strongly with [them bescummer
The conceit of the patient, would make
To th' height of a mighty purgation.

For. The rogue has studied this invective.

Clown. Now
For his conjuring, the witches of Lapland are
The devil's chairwomen to him, for they
Will sell a man a wind to some purpose; he
Sells wind, and tells you forty lies over
And over. [him.

Hostess. I thought what we should find of

Host. Hold your prating; be not you an heretick! [names he calls upon are

Clown. Conjure? I'll tell you; all th' devils'
But fustian names, gather'd out of Welsh heraldry;
In brief, he is a rogue of six reprieves,
Four pardons o' course, thrice pilloried, twice sung *Lacrymæ*
To th' virginals of a cart's tail, h' has five times
Been in the gallies, and will never truly
Run himself out of breath, 'till he comes to th' gallows. [what this

For. You have heard, worthy gentlemen,
Lying, detracting rascal has vomited.

Taylor. Yes, certain; but we've a better trust in you;
For you have ta'en our money.

For. I have so. [chastisement
Truth is, he was my servant, and for some
I gave him, he does practise thus upon me.
Speak truly, sirrah, are you certain I can't conjure?

Clown. Conjure? Ha, ha, ha!

For. Nay, nay, but be very sure of it.

[35] *In Garguantua's cauldron.*] See Rabelais.

[36] ——— *smelt out*
'Twas butter'd beer.] Mr. Sympson seems to have mistaken the drollery of this passage. He says, that the reason given requires us to read—*smelt not out*. But the true intent of the passage seems plainly this. The Dutch would never have endur'd a medicine called *Catholick*, for the antipathy they bore to the most *Catholick King*, as well as the religion falsely so call'd, had not they by some instinct smelt our the *butter'd beer* which they are so fond of. *Seward.*

Host. Yes, and her birth in any herald's
In Christendom. [office
Hostess. It may prove so; when you'll say,
You've leap'd a whiting. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Cesario. Enter Baptista and Mentivole.

Ces How far am I
Grown behind-hand with fortune!
Bapt. Here's Cesario.
My son, sir, is to morrow to be married
Unto the fair Clarissa.
Ces. So!
Ment. We hope
You'll be a guest there.
Ces. No; I will not grace
Your triumph so much.
Bapt. I'll not tax your breeding,
But it alters not your birth, sir; fare you well!
Ment. Oh, sir, do not grieve him;
He has too much affliction already.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Sailor.

Ces. Every way scorn'd and lost! Shame follow you!
For I am grown most miserable.
Sailor. Sir, do you know
A lady's son in town here they call Cesario?
Ces. There's none such, I assure thee.
Sailor. I was told
You were the man.
Ces. What's that to thee?
Sailor. A pox on't!
You're melancholy; will you drink, sir?
Ces. With whom?
Sailor. With me, sir; despise not this pitch'd canvas! [Spanish
The time was, we have know them lin'd with Ducats. I've news for you.
Ces. For me?
Sailor. Not unless
You'll drink: we are like our sea provision,
Once out of pickle, we require abundance
Of drink. I've news to tell you, that were you prince,
Would make you send your mandate
To have a thousand bonfires made i' th' city,
And piss'd out again with nothing but Greek wine.
Ces. Come, I will drink with thee howsoever.
Sailor. And upon these terms I will utter my mind to you.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Albertus, Prospero, Juliana, and Sailors.

Sailor. SHALL we bring your necessaries ashore, my lord?
Alb. Do what you please; I'm land-sick worse by far
Than e'er I was at sea.
Pros. Collect yourself. [friend,
Alb. Oh, my most worthy Prospero, my best
The noble favour I receiv'd from thee,
In freeing me from the Turks, I now account
Worse than my death; for I shall never live
To make requital.—What do you attend for?
Sailor. To understand your pleasure.
Alb. They do mock me!—
I do protest I have no kind of pleasure
In any thing i'th' world, but in thy friendship;
I must ever except that.
Pros. Pray leave him, leave him!
[*Exeunt Sailors.*
Alb. The news I heard related since my landing,
Of the division of my family,
How is it possible for any man
To bear't with a set patience?
Pros. You have suffer'd, [rows.
Since your imprisonment, more weighty sor-
Alb. Ay, then I was a man of flesh and blood;
Now I'm made up of fire, to the full height
Of a deadly calenture! oh, these vile women,
That are so ill preservers of men's honours,
They cannot govern their own honesties!
That I should thirty and odd winters feed
My expectation of a noble heir,
And by a woman's falshood find him now
A fiction, a mere dream of what he was!
And yet I love him still.
Pros. In my opinion
The sentence on this trial, from the duke
Was noble, to repair Cesario's loss
With th' marriage of your wife, had you been dead.
Alb. By your favour, but it was not! I conceive 'twas
Disparagement to my name, to have my widow [liev't,
Match with a falconer's son: and yet, be-
I love the youth still, and much pity him.
I do remember, at my going to sea,
Upon a quarrel, and a hurt receiv'd
From young Mentivole, my rage so far
O'er-topt my nobler temper, I gave charge
To have his hand cut off; which since I heard,
And to my comfort, brave Cesario
Worthily prevented.
Pros. And 'twas nobly done.
Alb. Yet the revenge for this intent of mine
Hath bred much slaughter in our families;

And yet my wife (which infinitely moans me[41])
Intends to marry my sole heir, Clarissa,
To the head branch of the other faction.
Pros. It is the mean to work reconcilement.
Alb. 'Tween whom?
Pros. Yourself and the worthy Baptista.
Alb. Never. [markable friendship;
Pros. Oh, you have been of a noble and re-
And by this match 'tis generally in Florence
Hop'd, will fully be reconcil'd; to me
'Twould be absolute content.
Jul. And to myself;
I have main interest in it.
Alb. Noble sir,
You may command my heart to break for you,
But never to bend that way. Poor Cesario,
When thou put'st on thy mournful willow garland,
Thy enemy shall be suited, I do vow,
In the same livery! My Cesario,
Lov'd as my foster-child, tho' not my son,
Which in some countries formerly not barbarous[42], [art lost,
Was the name held most affectionate; thou
Unfortunate young man! not only slighted
Where thou receiv'dst thy breeding, but since scorn'd
I'th' way of marriage, by the poor Biancha,
The innkeeper's daughter.
Pros. I have heard of that too;
But let not that afflict you! for this lady
May happily deliver at more leisure
A circumstance may draw a fair event,
Better than you can hope for. For this present,
We must leave you, and shall visit you again
Within these two hours.

Enter Cesario.

Alb. Ever to me most welcome!—
Oh, my Cesario!
Ces. I am none of yours, sir,
So 'tis protested; and I humbly beg,
Since 'tis not in your power to preserve me
Any longer in a noble course of life,
Give me a worthy death!
Alb. The youth is mad.
Ces. Nay, sir, I will instruct you in a way
To kill me honourably.
Alb. That were most strange. [ploy'd
Ces. I'm turning pirate; you may be em-
By th' duke to fetch me in, and in a sea-fight
Give me a noble grave.
Alb. Questionless he's mad!
I would give any doctor a thousand crowns
To free him from this sorrow.
Ces. Here's the physician. [*Shews a poniard.*
Alb. Hold, sir; I did say
To free you from the sorrow, not from life.
Ces. Why, life and sorrow are unseparable.
Alb. Be comforted, Cesario! Mentivole
Marry Clarissa. [shall not
Ces. No, sir; ere he shall,
I'll kill him.
Alb. But you forfeit your own life then.
Ces. That's worth nothing.
Alb. Cesario, be thyself; be mine, Cesario!
Make not thyself uncapable of that portion
I have full purpose to confer upon thee,
By falling into madness; bear thy wrongs
With noble patience, the afflicted's friend,
Which ever in all actions crowns the end!
Ces. You've well awak'd me, nay, recover'd me
Both to sense and full life. Oh, most noble sir,
Tho' I have lost my fortune, and lost you
For a worthy father; yet I will not lose
My former virtue; my integrity
Shall not yet forsake me: but as the wild ivy
Spreads and thrives better in some piteous ruin
Of tower, or defac'd temple, than it does
Planted by a new building, so shall I
Make my adversity my instrument
To wind me up into a full content.
Alb. 'Tis worthily resolv'd! Our first adventure's
To stop the marriage: for thy other losses,
Practis'd by a woman's malice, but account them
Like conjurers' winds, rais'd to a fearful blast,
And do some mischief, but do never last!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Forobosco and Clown.

Clown. Now, sir, won't you acknowledge that I have
Mightily advanc'd your practice?
For. 'Tis confess'd;
And I will make thee a great man for it.
Clown. I take a course to do that myself, for I drink sack in abundance.
For. Oh, my rare rascal!
We must remove.
Clown. Whither?
For. Any whither;
Europe's too little to be cozen'd by us:
I am ambitious to go to the East-Indies,

[41] *(Which infinitely* moans *me).*] *Moans* here is used actively, *causes me to moan*, as *grieves*,—a word of the like import, often is; but perhaps this is a single instance of using *moans* in this manner; for which reason Mr. Sympson proposes to read, *moves me.* *Seward.*

[42] *Which in some countries formerly* were *barbarous,*
Was a name held most affectionate.] It would be a poor reason for *Alberto*'s love of *Cesario* as a *foster child*, because barbarous nations held adopted children in the most affectionate esteem. Neither is the fact true. The adoption of children was a thing extremely usual in ancient Rome, but I don't at least remember any instance of it recorded amongst barbarians. *Seward.*

Thou

Duke. Hear the motives,
That did induce us.
Alb. I have heard them all; [abus'd,
Your highness' sentence, the whole court
By th' perjuries and practice of this woman;
(Weepest thou[44], crocodile?) my hopeful son,
Whom I dare swear mine own, degraded of
The honours that descend to him from me;
And from that, in his love scorn'd by a creature [beauty,
Whose base birth, tho' made eminent by her
Might well have mark'd her out Cesario's servant!
All this I could have pardon'd and forgot:
But that my daughter, with my whole estate
(So hardly purchas'd), is assign'd a dower,
To one whose father and whose family
I so detest, that I would lose my essence,
And be transformed to a basilisk
To look them dead, to me's an injury
Admits no satisfaction!
Bapt. There's none offer'd.
Alb. Nor would it be accepted, tho' upon
Thy knees 'twere tender'd.
Mar. Now the storm grows high.
Bapt. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy death
The briny ocean had entomb'd thy name,
I would have sought a wife in a bordello
For my Mentivole, and gladly hugg'd
Her spurious issue as my lawful nephews,
Before his blood should e'er have mix'd with
So much I scorn it. [thine;
Alb. I'll not bandy words;
But thus dissolve the contract.
Bapt. There I meet thee;
And seize on what's mine own.
Alb. For all my service, [wretch,
Great sir, grant me the combat with this
That I may scourge his insolence!
Bapt. I kneel for it.
Ces. And to approve myself Alberto's son,
I'll be his second upon any odds,
'Gainst him that dare most of Baptista's race.
Ment. Already upon honourable terms,
In me th' hast met thy better; for her sake
I'll add no more.
Alb. Sir, let our swords decide it!
Mar. Oh, stay, sir; and as you would hold the title
Of a just prince, ere you grant licence to
These madmen's fury, lend your private ear
To the most distress'd of women!
Duke. Speak; 'tis granted.
[*He takes Mar. aside.*
Clar. In the mean time, let not Clarissa be
A patient looker-on! Tho' as yet doubtful
To whom to bend her knee first, yet to all
I stoop thus low in duty, and would wash
The dust of fury, with my virgin tears,
From his bless'd feet[45], and make them beautiful,
That would move to conditions of peace,
Tho' with a snail-like pace; they all are wing'd
To bear you to destruction! Reverend sirs,
Think on your ancient friendship, cemented
With so much blood, but shed in noble action,
Divided now in passion for a brawl
The makers blush to own! Much-lov'd Cesario,
Brother, or friend, (each title may prevail)
Remember with what tenderness from our childhood
We lov'd together, you preferring me
Before yourself, and I so fond of you,
That it begot suspicion in ill minds,
That our affection was incestuous:
Think of that happy time, in which I know
That with your dearest blood you had prevented
This shower of tears from me! Mentivole,
My husband, register'd in that bright star-chamber,
Tho' now on earth made strangers, be the example!
And offer in one hand the peaceful olive
Of concord; or, if that can be denied,
By powerful intercession, in the other
Carry the Hermion rod, and force atonement!
Now we will not be all marble; death's the worst then,
And he shall be my bridegroom.
[*Offers to kill herself.*
Ment. Hold, Clarissa!
This loving violence I needs must offer:
In spite of honour[46]—
[*He snatches away her knife, and sets it to his own breast; she stays his hand.*
Duke. Was it to that end then?
On your religion?
Mar. And my hope in Heaven, sir!
Duke. We then will leave entreaties, and make use
Of our authority. Must I cry aim[47]
To this unheard-of insolence? in my presence
To draw your swords, and, as all reverence
That's due to majesty were forfeited,
Cherish this wildness? Sheath them instantly,
And shew an alteration in your looks;
Or, by my power—
Alb. Cut off my head!
Bapt. And mine!
Rather than hear of peace with this bad man,

[44] Weepest *thou.*] Corrected by Seward.

[45] *From his bless'd feet, and make them beautiful, &c.*] The image in this line seems built on a passage in scripture: 'How *beautiful* are the *feet* of him that bringeth glad tidings!' The similarity of *expression*, as well as sentiment, strongly denotes imitation.

[46] Ment. *Hold, Clarissa,* his *loving violence needs must*
Offer in spite of honour.] Former editions. *Seward.*

[47] *Must I cry aim.*] See note 71 on the False One.

I'll

I'll not alone give up my throat, but suffer
Your rage to reach my family.

Enter Prospero, Juliana, and Biancha.

Alb. And my name
To be no more remember'd.
Duke. What are these?
Ces. Biancha? 'tis Biancha, still Biancha!
But strangely alter'd.
Bapt. If that thirteen years
Of absence could raze from my memory
The figure of my friend, I might forget thee;
But if thy image be graven on my heart,
Thou art my Prospero.
Pros. Thou my Baptista.
Duke. A sudden change!
Bapt. I dare not ask, dear friend,
If Juliana live; for that's a blessing
I am unworthy of! but yet deny not [happy,
To let me know the place she hath made
By having there her sepulchre.
Pros. If your highness
Please to vouchsafe a patient ear, we shall
Make a true relation of a story
That shall call on your wonder.
Duke. Speak; we hear you. [court,
Pros. Baptista's fortune in the Genoa
His banishment, with his fair wife's restraint,
You are acquainted with; what since hath
follow'd
I faithfully will deliver. Ere eight moons
After Baptista's absence were complete,
Fair Juliana found the pleasures that
They had enjoy'd together, were not barren,
And, blushing at the burden of her womb,
No father near to own it, it drew on
A violent sickness, which call'd down com-
passion [health,
From the angry duke; then, careful of her
Physicians were enquir'd of, and their judg-
ment
Prescrib'd the baths of Lucca as a means
For her recovery: to my charge it pleas'd her
To be committed; but as on the way
We journied, those throes, only known to
women,
Came thick upon her: in a private village—
Bapt. She died? [world
Pros. Have patience! She brought to the
A hopeful daughter: for her body's sickness,
It soon decay'd; but the grief of her mind
Hourly encreas'd, and life grew tedious to her;
And, desperate e'er to see you, she enjoin'd me
To place her in a Greekish monastery,
And to my care gave up her pretty daughter.
Bapt. What monastery? as a pilgrim bare-
I'll search it out. [foot
Pros. Pray you, interrupt me not.
Now to my fortunes! The girl well dispos'd of
With a faithful friend of mine, my cruel fate
Made me a prisoner to the Turkish galleys,
Where for twelve years these hands tugg'd
at the oar;
But fortune tir'd at length with my afflictions,
Some ships of Malta met the Ottoman fleet,
Charg'd them, and boarded them, and gave
me freedom.
With my deliverers I serv'd, and got
Such reputation with the Great-Master,
That he gave me command over a tall
And lusty ship, where my first happy service
Was to redeem Alberto, rumour'd dead,
But was, like me, surpriz'd by Cortugogly.
Alb. I would I had died there!
Pros. And from him learning
Baptista liv'd, and their dissolved friendship,
I hois'd up sails for Greece, found Juliana
A votary at her beads: having made known
Both that you liv'd, and where you were, she
borrow'd
So much from her devotion, as to wish me
To bring her to you. If the object please you,
With joy receive her!
Bapt. Rage, and fury, leave me!
[*Throws away his sword.*
I am so full of happiness, there's no room left
To entertain you. Oh, my long-lost jewel,
Light of mine eyes, my soul's strength!
Jul. My best lord! [fright me.
Having embrac'd you thus, death cannot
Bapt. Live long to do so, tho' I should fix
here!—
Pardon me[48], Prospero, tho' I enquire
My daughter's fortune!
Pros. That your happiness
May be at all parts perfect, here she is!
Ces. Biancha daughter to a princess?
Pros. True.
Wi' my faithful Host I left her, and with him
'Till now she hath resided, ignorant
Both of her birth and greatness.
Bapt. Oh, my blest one!
Joy upon joy o'erwhelms me!
Duke. Above wonder! [story
Alb. I do begin to melt too; this strange
Works much upon me.
Duke. Since it hath pleas'd Heav'n
To grace us with this miracle, I that am
Heav'n's instrument here, determine thus:
Alberto,

[48] *Pardon me, Prospero, tho' I enquire.*] I see no reason for asking *Prospero*'s pardon for enquiring after his daughter; he might think *Juliana* might expect to engross his whole thoughts, and would therefore naturally ask her pardon for taking them from her; especially as he had just before said, that he could even fix himself for ever to the spot where she stood. I therefore put into the text what seems a more natural reading. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

But *pardon me*, tho' of Prospero *I enquire;*

but surely there is no impropriety in *civilly* desiring *pardon* for the request of encreasing so long a story.

Be not unthankful for the blessings shewn you,
Nor you, Baptista! Discord was yet never
A welcome sacrifice; therefore, rage laid by,
Embrace as friends, and let pass'd difference
Be as a dream forgotten!
Bapt. 'Tis to me.
Alb. And me; I thus confirm it.
Duke. And to tie it
In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage
Of young Mentivole and fair Clarissa,
So you consent, great lady, your Biancha
Shall call Cesario husband.
Jul. 'Tis a motion
I gladly yield to.
Ces. One in which you make
A sad man happy. [*Offers to kneel.*
Bian. Kneel not! all forgiven.
Duke. Wi' th' duke your uncle I will make
And will have no denial. [atonement,

Enter Host, Forobosco, Clown, and Officers.

Mar. Let this day
Be still held sacred!
Host. Now if you can conjure,
Let the devil unbind you.
For. We are both undone!
Clown. Already we feel it.
Host. Justice, sir!
Duke. What are they? [the gallies
Pros. I can resolve you; slaves freed from
By the viceroy of Sicilia.
Duke. What's their offence? [jewels;
Host. The robbing me of all my plate and
I mean, the attempting of it.
Clown. Please your grace,
I'll now discover this varlet in earnest;
This honest pestilent rogue profess'd the art
Of conjuring; but all the skill that e'er
He had in the black art, was in making
A sea-coal fire; only with wearing
Strange shapes, he begot admiration
'Mongst fools and women.
For. Wilt thou peach, thou varlet?
Duke. Why does he goggle with his eyes, and stalk so?
Clown. This is one of his magical raptures.
For. I do vilify[49]
Your censure! You demand, if I am guilty;
Whir—says my cloak, by a trick of legerdemain!
Now I'm not guilty; I am guarded with
Innocence, pure silver lace, I assure you.
Clown. Thus have I read to you your virtues, which [of.
Notwithstanding I would not have you proud
For. Out, thou concealment of tallow, and counterfeit mummy!
Duke. To th' gallies with them both!
Clown. The only sea-physic
For a knave, is to be basted in a galley,
With the oil of a bull's pizzle.
For. And will not you [I hope
Make a sour face at the same sauce, sirrah?
To find thee so lean in one fortnight, thou
Mayst be drawn by the ears thro' the hoop of a firkin. [to the gallies!
Duke. Divide them, and away with them
Clown. This will take down your pride,
Duke. This day, [juggler.
That hath giv'n birth to blessings beyond hope,
Admits no criminal sentence. To the temple,
And there with humbleness, praise Heaven's bounties! [when
For blessings ne'er descend from thence, but
A sacrifice in thanks ascends from men.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[49] *Vilify;*] i. e. *Hold cheap.*

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Burial Place 353 c1.
Love scene 340 c.11.
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Cesario's speech 336 c1.

CUPID'S REVENGE.

A TRAGEDY.

This Play seems to be the acknowledged production of both Writers. It was first printed in quarto, 1625; but has not been altered, that we can discover, or acted, many years.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

MEN.

CUPID.
LEONTIUS, *the old Duke of Lycia.*
LEUCIPPUS, *Son to the Duke.*
ISMENUS, *Nephew to the Duke.*
TELAMON, *a Lycian Lord.*
DORIALUS, AGENOR, NISUS, } *Courtiers.*
TIMANTUS, *a villainous Sycophant.*
ZOILUS, *Leucippus's Dwarf.*
NILO, *sent in commission to pull down Cupid's Images.*
PRIEST *to Cupid.*
Four young MEN and MAIDS.
Four CITIZENS.

WOMEN.

HIDASPES, *Daughter to the Duke.*
CLEOPHILA, HERO, } *her Attendants.*
BACHA, *a Strumpet.*
URANIA, *her Daughter.*
Bacha's MAID.
Urania's MAID.
Servants and Attendants.

ACT I.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nisus.

Agenor. TRUST me, my lord Dorialus, I had miss'd of this, if you had not call'd me; I thought the princess's birth-day had been to-morrow.

Nisus. Why, did your lordship sleep out the day?

Dor. I marvel what the duke meant to make such an idle vow?

Nisus. Idle? why?

Dor. Is't not idle, to swear to grant his daughter any thing she shall ask on her birth-day? she may ask an impossible thing; and I pray Heav'n she do not ask an unfit thing, at one time or other: 'tis dangerous trusting a man's vow upon the discretion of his daughter.

Age. I wonder most at the marquis her brother, who is always vehemently forward to have her desires granted.

Dor. He's acquainted with 'em before.

Age. She's doubtless very chaste and virtuous.

Dor. So is Leucippus her brother.

Nisus. She's twenty years old; I wonder
She ask not a husband. [refus'd

Dor. That were a folly in her, having
All the great princes in one part of the world;
She'll die a maid.

Age. She may ask but once, may she?

Nisus. A hundred times this day, if she will:
And, indeed, every day is such a day; for tho'
The duke has vow'd it only on this day,
He keeps it every day; he can deny
Her nothing.

Cornets. Enter Hidaspes, Leucippus, Leontius, Timantus, and Telamon.

Leon. Come, fair Hidaspes! thou art duchess to-day. [oath
Art thou prepar'd to ask? thou know'st my

Will force performance. And, Leucippus, if
She now ask aught that shall or would have performance
After my death, when by the help of Heav'n
This land is thine, accursed be thy race,
May every one forget thou art my son,
And so their own obedience—
Leuc. Mighty sir,
I do not wish to know that fatal hour,
That is to make me king: but if I do,
I shall most heartily, (and like a son)
Perform your grants to all, chiefly to her.—
Remember that you ask what we agreed upon.
Leon. Are you prepar'd? then speak.
Hid. Most royal sir,
I am prepar'd, nor shall my will exceed
A virgin's bounds; what I request shall both
At once bring me a full content[1].
Leon. So't ever does.
Thou only comfort of my feeble age,
Make known thy good desire! for I dare swear
Thou lov'st me.
Hid. This is it I beg,
And on my knees: the people of your land,
The Lycians, are, thro' all the nations
That know their name, noted to have in use
A vain and fruitless superstition;
So much more hateful, that it bears the show
Of true religion, and is nothing else
But a self-pleasing bold lasciviousness.
Leon. What is it?
Hid. Many ages before this,
When every man got to himself a trade,
And was laborious in that chosen course,
Hating an idle life far worse than death,
Some one that gave himself to wine and sloth,
Which breed lascivious thoughts, and found himself
Contemn'd for that by every painful man[2],
To take his stain away, fram'd to himself
A god, whom he pretended to obey,
In being thus dishonest; for a name
He call'd him Cupid. This created god
(Man's nature being ever credulous
Of any vice that takes part with his blood)
Had ready followers enow; and since
In every age they grew, especially
Amongst your subjects, who do yet remain
Adorers of that drowsy deity,
Which drink invented; and the winged boy
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices[3],
And these loose naked statues thro' the land,
In every village; nay the palace' self
Is not free from 'em. This is my request,
That these erected obscene images [man
May be pluck'd down and burnt, and every
That offers to 'em any sacrifice
May lose his life.
Leon. But be advis'd,
My fairest daughter! if he be a god,
He will express it upon thee, my child;
Which Heaven avert!
Leuc. There is no such power;
But the opinion of him fills the land
With lustful sins: every young man and maid,
That feel the least desire to one another,
Dare not suppress it, for they think it is
Blind Cupid's motion; and he is a god!
Leon. This makes our youth unchaste: I am resolv'd.
Nephew Ismenus, break the statues down
Here in the palace, and command the city
To do the like: let proclamations
Be drawn, and hastily sent thro' the land,
To the same purpose!
Ism. Sir, I'll break down none
Myself, but I'll deliver your command:
Hand I'll have none in't, for I like it not.
Leon. Go, and command it.—Pleasure of my life, [sand suits;
Wouldst thou aught else? Make many thou-
They must and shall be granted.
Hid. Nothing else. [*Exit Ismenus.*
Leon. But go and meditate on other suits:
Some six days hence I'll give thee audience again,
And, by a new oath, bind myself to keep it.

[1] ——*What I request shall both*
At once bring me a full content.] From the answer of *Leontius*, it is plain some words are dropt here, signifying that her request shall *content her father* as well as herself.

[2] *And found himself* conjoin'd
For that by every painful man.] I know no meaning of the word *conjoin'd* that will suit the context, *condemn'd* is the natural word. Our poets' scheme in this play (which has many excellent things in it) seems to me quite amazing. That this just speech should be esteemed such an act of real impiety, as to receive the most shocking punishment ending in the murder and utter extirpation of the whole family, is surely a strange outrage on poetical justice, as well as on all the circle of moral virtues. I find Mr. Theobald has prevented me in the correction above, and Mr. Sympson has since sent me his reading, *contemn'd*. *Seward.*
The next line rather warrants *contemn'd* than *condemn'd*.

[3] ——*and the winged boy,*
(For so they call him) has his sacrifices,
These loose naked statues through the land,
And in every village, nay the palace
Is not free from 'em.—] Here are certainly deficiencies both in measure and sense: the change of points, the removal of the *and* from the beginning of one line to the line above it, and the addition of a particle that adds strength to the sentiment, seems the most probable method of restoring the original. *Seward.*

Ask

X *a most daintly Iconoclast!*

Ask largely for thyself: dearer than life,
In whom I may be bold to call myself
More fortunate than any in my age,
I will deny thee nothing!
Leuc. 'Twas well done, sister.
[*Exeunt all but the three Lords.*
Nisus. How like you this request, my lord?
Dor. I know not yet, I am so full of wonder!
We shall be gods ourselves shortly,
An we pull 'em out of Heav'n o' this fashion.
Age. We shall have wenches now when we can catch 'em,
An we transgress thus.
Nisus. An we abuse the gods once,
'Tis a justice we should be held at hard meat.
For my part,
I'll e'en make ready for mine own affection;
I know the god incens'd must send a hardness
Thro' all good women's hearts, and then we have
Brought our eggs and muscadine to a fair market:
'Would I had given an hundred pound for a toleration,
That I might but use my conscience in mine own house!
Dor. The duke, he's old and past it; he would never
Have brought such a plague upon the land else; 'tis worse
Than sword and famine! Yet, to say truth,
We have deserv'd it, we have liv'd so wickedly,
Every man at his livery; and 'would that
Would have sufficed us! we murmur'd at
This blessing, that was nothing; and cried out and
To th' god for endless pleasures: he heard us,
Supplied us, and our women were new still,
As we needed 'em; yet we, like beasts,
Still cried, 'Poor men can number their whores[4]; give us
'Abundance!' we had it, and this curse withal.
Age. By'r lady, we are like to have a long Lent on't;
Flesh shall be flesh now! Gentlemen, I had rather
Have anger'd all the gods than that blind gunner.
I remember, once the people did but slight him
In a sacrifice, and what follow'd? women kept
Their houses, and grew good huswives, honest forsooth!
Was not that fine? wore their own faces[5], nay,
They let us wear gay cloaths without surveying: and,
Which was most lamentable, they lov'd their husbands.
Nisus. I do remember it to my grief, young maids
Were as cold as cucumbers, and much of that
Complexion; bawds were abolish'd; and (to which
Misery it must come again) there were no cuckolds.
Well, we'd need pray to keep these devils from us;
The times grow mischievous.—There he goes!

Enter one with an Image.

This is a sacrilege I have not heard of!
'Would I were gelt, that I might not feel what follows!
Age. And I too. You shall see within these few years,
A fine confusion i' th' country; mark it!
Nay, an we grow for to depose the powers,
And set up Chastity again.—Well, I have done!
A fine new goddess certainly, whose blessings
Are hunger and hard beds!
Nisus. This comes of fullness,
A sin too frequent with us; I believe now
We shall find shorter commons.
Dor. 'Would I were married! somewhat has some favour;
The race of gentry will quite run out now,
'Tis only left to husbands; if younger sisters
Take not the greater charity, 'tis lawful.
Age. Well, let come what will come, I am but one,
And as the plague falls, I will shape myself:
If women will be honest, I'll be sound.
If the god be not too unmerciful,
I'll take a little still, where I can get it,
And thank him, and say nothing.
Nisus. This ill wind yet may blow the city good,
And let them (if they can) get their own children.
They have hung long enough in doubt: but, howsoever,
The old way was the surer; then they had 'em.
Dor. Farewell, my lords! I'll e'en take up what rent
I can before the day; I fear the year
Will fall out ill.
Age. We'll with you, sir. And, Love, so favour us,

[4] *Poor men can number their* woers.] *Wooers* for *mistresses* is uncommon, but a word very near it is quite suitable to the character of the speaker, *whores*. After I had inserted this in the text, I found in Mr. Theobald's margin another conjecture, *weathers* for *woers*, with a Latin quotation, *Pauperis est numerare pecus*, as a proof of it. But my conjecture is much nearer the trace of the letters, as well as a more natural expression; for *weathers* being of the masculine gender, will never suit this place, though *pecus* might. *Seward.*

[5] *Wore their own faces,*
Tho' they wear gay cloaths without surveying,
And which was most lamentable,
They lov'd their husbands.] The reader will find the metre here easily restored, but the sense, which seems quite lost in the second line, is not so readily recovered. The only conjecture that seems tolerable is what I venture into the text with great diffidence, but the reader had better have even a false reading with sense, than one without it. *Seward.*

As

As we are still thy servants! Come, my lords;
Let's to the duke, and tell him to what folly
His doting now has brought him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Priest of Cupid, with four young Men and Maids.

Priest. Come, my children, let your feet
In an even measure meet!
And your chearful voices rise,
To present this sacrifice
To great Cupid! in whose name,
I his priest begin the same.
Young men, take your loves and kiss;
Thus our Cupid honour'd is.
Kiss again, and in your kissing
Let no promises be missing!
Nor let any maiden here
Dare to turn away her ear,
Unto the whisper of her love;
But give bracelet, ring, or glove,
As a token to her sweeting,
Of an after secret meeting!
Now, boy, sing, to stick our hearts
Fuller of great Cupid's darts!

SONG.

Lovers rejoice! your pains shall be rewarded,
The god of love himself grieves at your crying:
No more shall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of a maid denying[6].
No more shall virgins sigh, and say 'We dare not, [care not.'
'For men are false, and what they do they
All shall be well again; then do not grieve;
Men shall be true, and women shall believe.

Lovers, rejoice! what you shall say henceforth, [your arms,
When you have caught your sweethearts in
It shall be accounted oracle, and worth:
No more faint-hearted girls shall dream of 'harms, [said,
And cry 'They are too young:' the god hath
Fifteen shall make a mother of a maid:
Then, wise men, pull your roses yet unblown!
Love hates the too-ripe fruit that falls alone.

After a Measure, enter Nilo and others.

Nilo. No more of this! here break your rites for ever; [stare!
The duke commands it so. Priest, do not
I must deface your temple, tho' unwilling,
And your god Cupid here must make a scarecrow,
For any thing I know, or, at the best,
Adorn a chimney-piece.

Priest. Oh, sacrilege unheard-of!

Nilo. This will not help it. Take down their images,
And away with 'em! [service now
Priest, change your coat, you had best; all
Is given to men; prayers above their hearing
Will prove but babblings; learn to lie and thrive, [gods,
'Twill prove your best profession: for the
He that lives by 'em now must be a beggar.
There's better holiness on earth, they say;
Pray God it ask not greater sacrifice! Go home;
And if your god be not deaf as well as blind,
He will make some smoke for it.

Gent. Sir—

Nilo. Gentlemen, [speedily:
There is no talking; this must be done and
I have commission that I must not break.

Gent. We're gone, to wonder what shall

Nilo. On [follow.
To the next temple! [*Exeunt.*

Cornets. Cupid descends.

Cupid. Am I then scorn'd? is my all-doing will [none,
And power that knows no limit, nor admits
Now look'd into by less than gods, and weaken'd?
Am I, whose bow struck terror thro' the earth
No less than thunder, and in this exceeding
Even gods themselves, whose knees before my altars,
Now shook off[7]? and contemn'd by such, whose lives
Are but my recreation? Anger, rise!
My sufferance and myself are made the subject
Of sins against us. Go thou out, displeasure!
Displeasure of a great god[8], fly thyself
Thro' all this kingdom: sow whatever evils
Proud flesh is taking of, amongst these rebels;
And on the first hearts that despise my greatness
Lay a strange misery, that all may know
Cupid's Revenge is mighty! With this arrow,
Hotter than plagues of mine own anger, will I
Now nobly right myself; nor shall the prayers,
Nor sweet smokes on my altars, hold my hand,
'Till I have left this a most wretched land.
[*Ascends.*

[6] *Nor the coy faces of a* maids *denying.*] Mr. Sympson has improved this line by striking off the *s* from *maids*. *Seward.*

[7] —— *whose knees before my altars*
Now shook off.] There is, as Seward observes, 'a great deficiency here both in grammar 'and sense, and reason to suspect a whole line to have been lost;' which he supposes might have been like the following:

—— whose knees before my altars
In zealous supplication oft have bent.

[8] *Displeasure of a great god, fly thyself.*] So quarto; other copies, *flying*; and Seward, from Theobald's conjecture, reads *fling*.

Enter

Enter Hidaspes and Cleophila.

Hid. Cleophila, what was he that went [hence?
Cleo. What
Means your grace now?
Hid. I mean that handsome man, [door.
That something more than man, I met at
Cleo. Here was no handsome man.
Hid. Come, he's some one
You would preserve in private; but you want
Cunning to do it, and my eyes are sharper
Than yours, and can with one neglecting glance
See all the graces of a man. Who was it?
Cleo. That went hence now?
Hid. That went hence now? ay, he!
Cleo. Faith, here was no such one as your grace thinks: [now.
Zoilus, your brother's dwarf, went out but
Hid. I think 'twas he: how bravely he pass'd by!
Is he not grown a goodly gentleman?
Cleo. A goodly gentleman, madam?
He's the most deform'd fellow in the land.
Hid. Oh, blasphemy! he may perhaps to thee
Appear deform'd, for he is indeed
Unlike a man: his shape and colours are
Beyond the art of painting; he is like
Nothing that we have seen, yet doth resemble
Apollo, as I oft have fancied him,
When rising from his bed he stirs himself,
And shakes day from his hair[9].
Cleo. He resembles Apollo's recorder.
Hid. Cleophila, go send a page for him,
And thou shalt see thy error, and repent.
[*Exit Cleophila.*
Alas, what do I feel? My blood rebels,
And I am one of those I us'd to scorn?
My maiden-thoughts are fled[10]; against myself
I harbour traitors; my virginity,
That from my childhood kept me company,
Is heavier than I can endure to bear.
Forgive me, Cupid! for thou art a god,
And I a wretched creature: I have sinn'd;
But be thou merciful, and grant that yet
I may enjoy what thou wilt have me love[11]!

Enter Cleophila and Zoilus.

Cleo. Zoilus is here, madam.
Hid. He's there indeed. [than mad,
Now be thine own judge! see, thou worse
Is he deformed? Look upon those eyes,
That let all pleasure out into the world,
Unhappy that they cannot see themselves! X
Look on his hair, that like so many beams,
Streaking the east, shoot light o'er half the world!
Look on him altogether, who is made
As if two natures had contention [him!
About their skill, and one had brought forth
Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
Madam, tho' Nature hath not given me
So much as others in my outward show,
I bear a heart as loyal unto you
In this unsightly body (which you please
To make your mirth) as many others do
That are far more befriended in their births.
Yet I could wish myself much more deform'd
Than yet I am, so I might make your grace
More merry than you are.—Ha, ha, ha!
Hid. Beshrew me then
If I be merry! but I am content [saint;
Whilst thou art with me; thou that art my
By hope of whose mild favour I do live
To tell thee so: I pray thee, scorn me not!
Alas, what can it add unto thy worth
To triumph over me, that am a maid
Without deceit? whose heart doth guide her tongue?
Drown'd in my passions? Yet I will take leave
To call it reason, that I dote on thee.
Cleo. The princess is beside her grace, I think,
To talk thus with a fellow that will hardly
Serve i' th' dark when one is drunk.
Hid. What answer wilt thou give me?
Zoilus. If it please your grace to jest on, I can abide it.
Hid. If it be jest[12], not to esteem my life
Compar'd with thee; if it be jest in me,
To hang a thousand kisses in an hour
Upon those lips, and take 'em off again;
If it be jest for me to marry thee,
And take obedience on me whilst I live;
Then all I say is jest:
For every part of this, I swear by those
That see my thoughts, I am resolv'd to do!
And I beseech thee, by thine own white hand,
(Which, pardon me that I am bold to kiss
With so unworthy lips) that thou wilt swear
To marry me, as I do here to thee,
Before the face of Heaven!
Zoilus. Marry you? Ha, ha, ha!

[9] *When rising from his bed*, &c.] Similar to this nobly-poetical passage is the following, in the Marriage-Night, by lord Falkland:

'So breaks the morning forth of a crystal cloud,
'And so the sun ascends his glittering chair,
'And from his *burnish'd locks shakes day about*.' *R.*

[10] *My maiden-thoughts are fled against myself;*
I harbour traitors in *my virginity*.] Corrected by Seward.

[11] *I may enjoy what thou wilt have me, Love*.] As the address is to *Love*, a comma and a great letter was a material corruption here: to ask Cupid to let her enjoy what he would have her enjoy was a ridiculous request, but to let her enjoy what he would have her love, is the common prayer of all worshippers of Cupid. *Seward.*

[12] If it be *jest*, &c.] This is very like the turn of a speech in Philaster, *If it be love*, &c. *Hid.*

X See Religio Medici

Hid. Kill me, or grant! Wilt thou not speak at all?

Zoilus. Why, I will do your will for ever.

Hid. I ask no more: but let me kiss that mouth
That is so merciful! that is my will:
Next, go with me before the king in haste,
That is my will; where I will make our peers
Know, that thou art their better.

Zoilus. Ha, ha, ha!
That is fine! ha, ha, ha!

Cleo. Madam, what means your grace?
Consider, for the love of Heaven, to what
You run madly! will you take this viper
Into your bed?

Hid. Away! hold off thy hands!
Strike her, sweet Zoilus; for it is my will,
Which thou hast sworn to do.

Zoilus. Away, for shame!
Know you no manners?—Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit with Hidaspes.*

Cleo. Thou know'st none, I fear.
This is just Cupid's anger: Venus, look
Down mildly on us! and command thy son
To spare this lady once, and let me be
In love with all; and none in love with me[13]!
[*Exit.*

Enter Ismenus and Timantus.

Tim. Is your lordship for the wars this summer?

Ism. Timantus,
Wilt thou go with me?

Tim. If I had a company,
My lord.

Ism. Of fidlers? thou a company?
No, no; keep thy company at home, and cause cuckolds;
The wars will hurt thy face: there are no semsters,
Shoemakers, nor taylors, nor almond-milk i' th' morning,
Nor poach'd eggs to keep your worship soluble,
No man to warm your shirt, and blow your breeches.
roses[14];
Nor none to reverence your round lace
If thou wilt needs go, and go thus, get a case
For thy captainship! a shower will spoil thee
Thus much for thee.

Tim. Your lordship's wondrous witty; else.
Very pleasant, believe't.

Enter Telamon, Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus, and Leontius.

Leon. No news yet of my son?

Tel. Sir, there be divers out in search; no doubt,
They'll bring the truth where he is, or the occasion
That led him hence.

Tim. They must have good eyes then.

Leon. The gods go with them!—Who are those that wait there? [his dispatch.

Tel. The lord Ismenus, your general, for

Leon. Oh, nephew, we've no use to employ your virtue
In our war; now the province is well settled.
Hear you aught of the marquis?

Ism. No, sir.

Leon. 'Tis strange he should be gone thus;
These five days he was not seen.

Tim. I'll hold my life,
I could boult him in an hour.

Leon. Where is my daughter? [sir.

Dor. About the purging of the temples,

Leon. She's chaste and virtuous. Fetch her to me,
And tell her I am pleas'd to grant her now
Her last request, without repenting me,
Be it what it will. She's wise, Dorialus,
And will not press me further than a father.
[*Exit Nisus.*

Dor. I pray the best may follow! yet, if your grace
Had taken the opinions of your people,
At least of such whose wisdoms ever wake
About your safety, I may say it, sir,
Under your noble pardon, that this change
Either had been more honour to the gods,
Or I think not at all. Sir, the princess.

Enter Hidaspes, Nisus, and Zoilus.

Leon. Oh, my daughter, my health!
And, did I say my soul, I lied not, [ever
Thou art so near me! Speak, and have what-
Thy wise will leads thee to! Had I a Heaven,
It were too poor a place for such a goodness!

Dor. What's here?

Age. An ape's skin stuff'd, I think,
It is so plump.

Hid. Sir, you have past your word;
Still be a prince, and hold you to it. Wonder
Not I press you; my life lies in your word;
If you break that, you've broke my heart! I must [deny me;
Ask that's my shame, and your will must not
Now, for Heaven, be not forsworn!

Leon. By th' gods,
I will not! I cannot, were there no other
Pow'r than my love call'd to a witness of it.

Dor. They have much reason to trust; you have forsworn
One of 'em out o' th' country already.

Hid. Then this is my request: this gentleman— [dom.
Be not asham'd, sir; you are worth a king-

[13] *And let me be in love with all; and none in love with me.*] The measure in this, as in all other plays, has been greatly neglected: it is generally restor'd here as well as in the rest; and the reader will find even rhime as well as measure had been overlook'd in this passage. *Seward.*

The sense is surely corrupt; the conclusion of this prayer is very strange; it is rhime without reason.

[14] *Roses.*] *Ribands*, in the form of *roses*, were formerly worn in the shoes of both gentlemen and ladies. *R.*

Leon.

Leon. In what?
Hid. In the way of marriage.
Leon. How? [so!
Hid. In the way of marriage: it must be
Your oath is tied to Heaven, as my love
To him.
Leon. I know thou dost but try my age;
Come, ask again!
Hid. If I should ask all
My life-time, this is all still. Sir, I'm serious; I
Must have this worthy man, without enquiring why;
And suddenly, and freely: do not look
For reason or obedience in my words;
My love admits no wisdom; only haste
And hope hangs on my fury. Speak, sir, speak! [counsel;
But not as a father; I'm deaf and dull to
Inflamed blood hears nothing but my will.
For God's sake speak!
Dor. Here's a brave alteration!
Nisus. This comes of chastity.
Hid. Will you not speak, sir? [a sweet
Age. The god begins his vengeance: what
Youth he has sent us here, with a pudding in's belly!
Leon. Oh, let me never speak,
Or with my words let me speak out my life!
Thou pow'r abus'd, great Love, whose vengeance now
We feel and fear, have mercy on this land!
Nisus. How does your grace?
Leon. Sick; very sick, I hope.
Dor. Gods comfort you! [royal word?
Hid. Will not you speak? is this your
Do not pull perjury upon your soul!
Sir, you are old, and near your punishment;
Remember!
Leon. Away, base woman! [plague
Hid. Then be no more my father, but a
I'm bound to pray against! be any sin
May force me to despair, and hang myself!
Be thy name never more remember'd, king,
But in example of a broken faith, [land
And curs'd ev'n to forgetfulness! may thy
Bring forth such monsters as thy daughter is!—
I'm weary of my rage. I pray forgive me,
And let me have him! will you, noble sir?
Leon. Mercy, mercy, Heav'n!
Thou heir of all dishonour, sham'st thou not
To draw this little moisture left for life,
Thus rudely from me?—Carry that slave to death! [of mine
Zoilus. For Heav'n's sake, sir! it is no fault
That she will love me.
Leon. To death with him, I say!
Hid. Then make haste, tyrant, or I'll be before him[15]!
This is the way to Hell.
Leon. Hold fast, I charge you!
Away with him! [than one,
Hid. Alas, old man, death hath more doors
And I will meet him. [*Exit.*
Leon. Dorialus, pray [her.
See her i' her chamber, and lay a guard about
The greatest curse the gods lay on our frailties
Is will[16] and disobedience in our issues,
Which we beget, as well as them, to plague us,
With our fond loves. Beasts, you are only blest
That have that happy dulness to forget
What you have made! your young ones grieve not you; [ways
They wander where they list, and have their
Without dishonour to you; and their ends
Fall on 'em without sorrow of their parents,
Or after ill remembrance[17]. Oh, this woman!
'Would I had made myself a sepulchre,
When I made her!—Nephew, where is the prince?
Pray God he have not more part of her baseness
Than of her blood about him! Gentlemen,
Where is he? [himself,
Ism. I know not, sir. H'has his ways by
'Is too wise for my company.
Leon. I don't like
This hiding of himself, from such society
As fits his person[18]; some of you needs must know.
Ism. I'm sure not I, nor have known twice these ten days;
Which, if I were as proud as some of 'em,
I should take scurvily: but he's a young man,
Let him have his swinge! 'twill make him—
[*Timantus whispers to the duke.*
There's some good matter now in hand:
How the slave jeers and grins! the duke is pleas'd;

[15] *Or Ile* be for *him.*] The princess here attempts to kill herself, and the natural reading is equally necessary to the measure. Mr. Theobald concurs with me in this correction, as does Mr. Sympson too. *Seward.*

We have adopted the alteration, though perhaps the original ran (which seems more in our authors' stile),

——*or* I will BEFORE *him!*

[16] *Will;*] i. e. *Wilfulness, perverseness.*

[17] *Or* after ill *remembrance.*] Seward reads, *after-ill;* but the hyphen makes it very hard, and the passage is clear enough without it.

[18] *From such society as his person,*
Some of it *ye needs must know.*] Former editions. The changes now introduced render both the sense and measure tolerably easy. I find Mr. Theobald's conjecture on the passage so near mine, that it is of no consequence which is inserted: he reads,

——as *fits* his person. *Seward.*

Above her birth, far more her weak deservings.
I dare not trust the envious tongues of all
That must repine at my unworthy rising;
Beside, you've many fair ones in your kingdom,
Born to such worth: oh, turn yourself about,
And make a noble choice! [thee,
Leon. If I do, let me famish! I will have
Or break up house, and board here.
Bacha. Sir, you may
Command an unwilling woman to obey you:
But Heaven knows—
Leon. No more! these half-a-dozen kisses,
And this jewel, and every thing I have,
And away with me, and clap it up; and have
A boy by morning!—Timantus, let one be sent
Post for my son again; and for Ismenus!
They are scarce twenty miles on their way
By that time, we'll be married. [yet:
Tim. There shall, sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nisus.

Nisus. IS not this a fine marriage?
Age. Yes, yes; let it alone.
Dor. Ay, ay, the king may marry whom
Let's talk of other matters. [he list.
Nisus. Is the prince
Coming home certainly?
Dor. Yes, yes; he was [we'll see
Sent post for yesterday: let's make haste!
How his new mother-in-law will entertain him. [not mark
Nisus. Why, well, I warrant you: did you
How humbly she carried herself to us on
Her marriage-day, acknowledging her own
Unworthiness, and that she would be our
Dor. But mark what's done! [servant?
Nisus. Regard not show!
Age. Oh, God!
I knew her when I have been offer'd her
To be brought to my bed for five pounds; whether [not.
It could have been perform'd or no, I know
Nisus. Her daughter is a pretty lady.
Dor. Yes;
And having had but mean bringing up,
It talks the prettiliest and innocentliest!
The queen will be so angry to hear her betray
Her breeding by her language! But I'm per-
She's well dispos'd. [suaded
Age. I think better than her mother.
Nisus. Come, we stay too long. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus.

Ism. How now, man? struck dead with a
Leuc. No, [tale?
But with a truth. [blows,
Ism. Stand of yourself: can you endure
And shrink at words?
Leuc. Thou know'st I've told thee all.
Ism. But that's all nothing to make you
Is dead. [thus; your sister
Leuc. That's much; but not the most.
Ism. Why, for the other,
Let her marry and hang; it is no purpos'd fault
Of yours! and if your father will needs have
Your cast whore, you shall shew the duty of
A child better in being contented, and
Bidding much good do his good old heart with her,
Than in repining thus at it: let her go! what!
There are more wenches, man; we'll have another. [do not love her.
Leuc. Oh, thou art vain; thou know'st I
What shall I do? I would my tongue had led
To any other thing, but blasphemy, [me
So I had miss'd commending of this woman,
Whom I must reverence, now she is my mother!
My sin, Ismenus, has wrought all this ill:
And I beseech thee to be warn'd by me,
And do not lie! If any man should ask thee
But *How thou dost*, or *What o'clock 'tis now*,
Be sure thou do not lie! Make no excuse
For him that is most near thee! never let
The most officious falshood[27] 'scape thy tongue!
For they above (that are entirely truth) [lies,
Will make that seed which thou hast sown of
Yield miseries a thousand-fold
Upon thine head, as they have done on mine.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Sir, your highness is welcome home! the king
And queen will presently come forth to you.
Leuc. I'll wait on them.
Tim. Worthy Ismenus, I pray you,
How have you sped in your wars?
Ism. This rogue mocks me!—
Well, Timantus. Pray how have you sped here
At home at shuffleboard?
Tim. Faith, reasonable! [summer?
How many towns have you taken in this
Ism. How many stags have you been at the death of, this grass? [settled?
Tim. A number. Pray how is the province

[27] Officious *falshood.*] *Officious* seems here to relate to *duty, office.* It is similarly used by the same speaker in p. 364.

Ism.

Ism. Prithee how does the dun nag?
Tim. I think you mock me,
My lord.
Ism. Mock thee? Yes, by my troth do I;
Why, what wouldst thou have me do with thee?
Art good for any thing else?

Enter Leontius, Bacha, Dorialus, Agenor, Nisus, and Telamon.

Leuc. My good Ismenus, hold me by the wrist!
And if thou see'st me fainting, wring me hard,
For I shall swoon again else! [*Kneels.*
Leon. Welcome, my son! Rise. I did send for thee [counsel,
Back from the province, by thy mother's
Thy good mother here, who loves thee well:
She would not let me venture all my joy
Amongst my enemies. I thank thee for her,
And none but thee: I took her on thy word.
Leuc. Pinch harder! [have now
Leon. And she shall bid thee welcome. I
Some near affairs, but I will drink a health
To thee anon. Come, Telamon! I'm grown
Lustier, I thank thee for it, since I married;
Why, Telamon, I can stand now alone,
And never stagger. [*Exeunt Leon. and Tel.*
Bacha. Welcome, most noble sir, whose fame is come
Hither before you!—Out, alas! you scorn me,
And teach me what to do.
Leuc. No, you are
My mother.
Bacha. Far unworthy of that name, [lords,
God knows! But trust me, here before these
I am no more but nurse unto the duke;
Nor will I breed a faction in the state:
It is too much for me that I am rais'd
Unto his bed, and will remain the servant
Of you that did it.
Leuc. Madam, I will serve you [man!
As shall become me.—Oh, dissembling wo-
Whom I must reverence tho'. Take from thy quiver,
Sure-aim'd Apollo, one of thy swift darts,
Headed with thy consuming golden beams,
And let it melt this body into mist,
That none may find it!
Bacha. Shall I beg, my lords,
This room in private for the prince and me?
[*Exeunt all but Leucippus and Bacha.*
Leuc. What will she say now?
Bacha. I must still enjoy him:
Yet there is still left in me a spark of woman,
That wishes he would move it; but he stands
As if he grew there with his eyes on earth.—
Sir, you and I, when we were last together,
Kept not this distance, as we were afraid
Of blasting by ourselves.
Leuc. Madam, 'tis true;
Heav'n pardon it!
Bacha. Amen! Sir, you may think
That I have done you wrong in this strange
Leuc. It is past now. [marriage.

Bacha. But 'twas no fault of mine:
The world had call'd me mad, had I refus'd
The king; nor laid I any train to catch him,
'Twas your own oaths that did it.
Leuc. 'Tis a truth, [Heav'n,
That takes my sleep away! But 'would to
If it had so been pleas'd, you had refus'd him,
Tho' I had gratified that courtesy
With having you myself! But since 'tis thus,
I do beseech you that you will be honest
From henceforth; and not abuse his credulous age,
Which you may easily do. As for myself,
What I can say, you know, alas, too well,
Is tied within me; here it will sit like lead,
But shall offend no other; it will pluck me
Back from my entrance into any mirth,
As if a servant came, and whisper'd with me
Of some friend's death: but I will bear myself,
To you, with all the due obedience
A son owes to a mother: more than this
Is not in me; but I must leave the rest
To the just gods, who, in their blessed time,
When they have given me punishment enough
For my rash sin, will mercifully find
As unexpected means to ease my grief,
As they did now to bring it.
Bacha. Grown so godly?
This must not be. And I will be to you
No other than a natural mother ought;
And for my honesty, so you will swear
Never to urge me, I shall keep it safe
From any other.
Leuc. Bless me! I should urge you?
Bacha. Nay, but swear then that I may be at peace!
For I do feel a weakness in myself,
That can deny you nothing: if you tempt me,
I shall embrace sin as it were a friend,
And run to meet it.
Leuc. If you knew how far
It were from me, you would not urge an oath;
But for your satisfaction, When I tempt you—
Bacha. Swear not.—I cannot move him.
—This sad talk,
Of things past help, does not become us well:
Shall I send one for my musicians, and we'll
Leuc. Dance, madam? [dance?
Bacha. Yes, a *lavalta*.
Leuc. I cannot dance, madam.
Bacha. Then let's be merry!
Leuc. I am as my fortunes bid me;
Do not you see me sow?
Bacha. Yes.
And why, think you, I smile?
Leuc. I am so far
From any joy myself, I cannot fancy
A cause of mirth.
Bacha. I'll tell you; we're alone.
Leuc. Alone?
Bacha. Yes.
Leuc. 'Tis true; what then?
Bacha. What then? you make my smiling now

Break into laughter! What think you is
To be done then?
Leuc. We should pray to Heaven
For mercy.
Bacha. Pray? that were a way indeed
To pass the time! But I will make you blush,
To see a bashful woman teach a man
What we should do alone; try again
If you can find it out.
Leuc. I dare not think
I understand you!
Bacha. I must teach you, then:
Come, kiss me.
Leuc. Kiss you?
Bacha. Yes; be not asham'd!
You did it not yourself; I will forgive you.
Leuc. Keep, you displeased gods, the due respect
I ought to bear unto this wicked woman,
As she is now my mother! haste within me,
Lest I add sins to sins, 'till no repentance
Will cure me.
Bacha. Leave these melancholy moods,
That I may swear thee welcome on thy lips
A thousand times!
Leuc. Pray leave this wicked talk:
You do not know to what my father's wrong
May urge me.
Bacha. I am careless, and do weigh,
The world, my life, and all my after hopes
Nothing without thy love: mistake me not;
Thy love, as I have had it, free and open
As wedlock is, within itself: what say you?
Leuc. Nothing.
Bacha. Pity me! behold a duchess
Kneels for thy mercy; and I swear to you,
Tho' I should lie with you, it is no lust;
For it desires no change: I could with you
Content myself. What answer will you give?
Leuc. They that can answer, must be less amaz'd
Than I am now! You see my tears deliver
My meaning to you.
Bacha. Shall I be contemn'd?
Thou art a beast, worse than a savage beast,
To let a lady kneel, to beg that thing
Which a right man would offer.
Leuc. 'Tis your will, Heav'n;
But let me bear me like myself, however
She does! [you went hence?
Bacha. Were you made an eunuch, since
Yet they have more desire than I can find
In you. How fond was I to beg thy love!
I'll force thee to my will: dost thou not know
That I can make the king dote at my list?
Yield quickly, or by Heav'n I'll have thee kept
In prison for my purpose! [thee
Where I will make thee serve my turn, and have
Fed with such meats as best shall fit my ends,
And not thy health.—Why dost not speak to me?—
And when thou dost displease me, and art grown
Less able to perform, then I will have thee
Kill'd and forgotten!—Are you stricken dumb?
Leuc. All you have nam'd, but making of me sin
With you, you may command, but never that,
Say what you will: I'll hear you as becomes me,
If you speak; I will not follow your counsel,
Neither will I tell the world to your disgrace,
But give you the just honour that is due
From me to my father's wife.
Bacha. Lord, how full
Of wise formality are you grown of late!—
But you were telling me you could have wish'd
That I had married you: if you will swear
I'll make away the king. [so yet,
Leuc. You are a strumpet—
Bacha. Nay, I care not
For all your railings; they will batter walls
And take in towns, as soon as trouble me:
Tell him! I care not; I shall undo you only,
Which is no matter.
Leuc. I appeal to you
Still, and for ever, that are and cannot
Be other!—Madam, I see 'tis in your power
To work your will on him; and I desire you
To lay what trains you will for my wish'd death,
But suffer him to find his quiet grave
In peace: alas, he never did you wrong.
And further, I beseech you pardon me
For the ill word I gave you; for however
You may deserve, it became not me
To call you so; but passion urges me
I know not whither. My heart, break now,
And ease me ever!
Bacha. Pray you, get you hence
Wi' your goodly humour! I am weary of you
Extremely.
Leuc. Trust me, so am I of myself too:
Madam, I'll take my leave. Gods set all right! [*Exit.*
Bacha. Amen! Sir, get you gone!—
Am I denied? It does not trouble me
That I have mov'd, but that I am refus'd:
I've lost my patience! I will make him know
Lust is not love; for lust will find a mate
While there are men, and so will I, and more

Enter Timantus.

Than one, or twenty!—Yonder is Timantus,
A fellow void of any worth to raise himself,
And therefore like to catch at any evil
That will but pluck him up; him will I make
Mine own.—Timantus!
Tim. Madam?
Bacha. Thou know'st well [raising;
Thou wert, by chance, a means of this my
Brought the duke to me; and, tho' 'twere but
I must reward thee. [chance,
Tim. I shall bend my service
Unto your highness. [thing;
Bacha. But do it then entirely, and in every
And tell me, couldst thou now think that thing
Thou wouldst not do for me
Tim. No, by my soul, madam.

Bacha.

Bacha. Then thou art right.
Go to my lodging, and I'll follow thee.
[*Exit Tim.*
With my instruction, I do see already,
This prince, that did but now contemn me, dead!
Yet will I never speak an evil word
Unto his father of him, 'till I have
Won a belief I love him; but I'll make
His virtues his undoing, and my praises
Shall be so many swords against his breast:
Which once perform'd, I'll make Urania,
My daughter, the king's heir, and plant my issue
In this large throne; nor shall it be withstood:
They that begin in lust, must end in blood!
[*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Agenor, and Nisus.

Dor. We live to know a fine time, gentlemen.
Nisus. And a fine duke, that thro' his doting age
Suffers himself to be a child again,
Under his wife's tuition.
Age. All the land
Holds in that tenure too, in woman's service:
Sure we shall learn to spin!
Dor. No, that's too honest;
We shall have other liberal sciences
Taught us too soon: lying and flattering,
Those are the studies now! and murder shortly
I know will be humanity. Gentlemen,
If we live here we must be knaves, believe it.
Nisus. I cannot tell, my lord Dorialus; tho' my knaves,
Own nature hate it, if all determine to be
I'll try what I can do upon myself, that's certain: ness;
I will not have my throat cut for my good-
The virtue will not quit the pain.
Age. But pray you tell me, rienc'd,
Why is the prince, now ripe and full expe-
Not made a doer in the state[28]?
Nisus. Because he's honest.

Enter Timantus.

Tim. Goodness attend your honours!
Dor. You must not be amongst us then.
Tim. The duchess,
Whose humble servant I am proud to be,
Would speak with you.
Age. Sir, we are pleas'd to wait;
When is it?
Tim. An hour hence, my good lords:
And so I leave my service. [*Exit.*
Dor. This is one withal:
Of her ferrets, that she boults business out
This fellow, if he were well ript, has all
The linings of a knave within him: how sly he looks!
Nisus. Have we nothing about our cloaths that he
May catch at?
Age. O' my conscience, there is
No treason in my doublet! if there be,
My elbows will discover it, they're out.
Dor. Faith,
And all the harm that I can find in mine
Is, that they are not paid for; let him
Make what he can of that, so he discharge it.
Come, let us go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bacha, Leontius, and Telamon.

Bacha. And you shall find, sir, what
A blessing Heaven gave you in such a son.
Leon. Pray gods I may! Let's walk, and change our subject. to you,
Bacha. Oh, sir, can any thing come sweeter
Or strike a deeper joy into your heart,
Than your son's virtue?
Leon. I allow his virtues;
But 'tis not handsome thus to feed myself
With such immoderate praises of mine own.
Bacha. The subject of our commendations
Is itself grown so infinite in goodness,
That all the glory we can lay upon it,
Tho' we should open volumes of his praises,
Is a mere modesty in his expression, piece
And shews him lame still, like an ill-wrought
Wanting proportion.
Leon. Yet still he's a man, and subject still
To more inordinate vices than our love
Can give him blessings.
Bacha. Else he were a god;
Yet so near, as he is, he comes to Heav'n,
That we may see, so far as flesh can point us,
Things only worthy of them; and only these
In all his actions.
Leon. This is too much, my queen!
Bacha. Had the gods lov'd me, that my unworthy womb
Had bred this brave man—
Leon. Still you run wrong! of him,
Bacha. I would have liv'd upon the comfort
Fed on his growing hopes!
Leon. This touches me! his virtues.
Bacha. I know no friends, nor being, but
Leon. You've laid out words enough upon a subject.
Bacha. But words cannot express him, sir.
Why, what a shape
Heav'n has conceiv'd him in! oh, Nature made him up—
Leon. I wonder, duchess—
Bacha. So you must; for less
Than admiration loses this godlike man.
Leon. Have you done with him?
Bacha. Done with him? Oh, good gods,
What qualities thus pass by us without reverence[29]!
Leon. I see no such perfection.

[28] *Not made a* dore *in the state?*] Corrected in 1750.

[29] *What* frailties *thus pass by us without reverence?*] *Frailties*, Seward justly observes, is 'the very reverse of the idea required by the context:' he substitutes *virtues* for that word, but we have adopted Sympson's reading, *qualities*, which is much the best.

Bacha. Oh, dear sir, you're a father, and those joys [tongue.
To you, speak in your heart, not in your
Leon. This leaves a taste behind it worse than physic. [good fortune,
Bacha. Then for his wisdom, valour, and
And all those friends of honour[30], they're in him
As free and natural, as passions in
A woman. [years,
Leon. You make me blush, for all these
To see how blindly you have flung your praises
Upon a boy, a very child; and worthless,
Whilst I live, of these honours.
Bacha. I would not have my love, sir, make my tongue
Shew me so much a woman, as to praise
Or dispraise, where my will is, without reason,
Or general allowance of the people.
Leon. Allowance of the people? what allow they? [must do it,
Bacha. All I have said for truth; and they
And dote upon him, love him, and admire him.
Leon. How's that? [wardness
Bacha. For in his youth[31] and noble for-
All things are bound together that are kingly;
A fitness to bear rule—
Leon. No more!
Bacha. And sove reignty,
Not made to know command.
Leon. I've said, no more!
Bacha. I've done, sir, tho' unwilling; and pardon me!
Leon. I do; not a word more!
Bacha. I've given thee poison
Of more infection than the dragon's tooth,
Or the gross air o'er-heated.

Enter Timantus.

Leon. Timantus, when
Saw you the prince?
Tim. I left him now, sir.
Leon. Tell me truly,
Out of your free opinion, without courting,
How you like him?
Tim. How I like him?
Leon. Yes;
For you in conversation may see more
Than a father.
Bacha. It works.
Tim. Your grace has chosen out an ill observer. [rightly.
Leon. Yes, I mean of his ill; you talk
Tim. But you take me wrong! All I know by him
I dare deliver boldly: he is the storehouse
And head of virtue, your great self excepted,
That feeds the kingdom.
Leon. These are flatteries!
Speak me his vices: there you do a service
Worthy a father's thanks.
Tim. Sir, I cannot.
If there be any, sure they are the times',
Which I could wish less dangerous. But pardon me,
I am too bold.
Leon. You are not; forward,
And open what these dangers are!
Tim. Nay, good sir! [all!
Leon. Nay, fall not off again; I will have
Tim. Alas, sir, what am I, you should believe
My eyes or ears so subtle to observe
Faults in a state? all my main business
Is service to your grace, and necessaries
For my poor life.
Leon. Do not displease me, sirrah!
But that you know tell me, and presently.
Tim. Since your grace will have it,
I'll speak it freely: always my obedience
And love preserv'd unto the prince.
Leon. Prithee to the matter!
Tim. For, sir, if you consider
How like a sun in all his great employments,
How full of heat—
Leon. Make me understand what I desire!
Tim. And then at his return—
Leon. Do not anger me!
Tim. Then thus, sir: all mislike you,
As they would do the gods, if they did dwell
Leon. What? ['with em.
Tim. Talk and prate, as their ignorant rages
Lead 'em, without allegiance or religion.
For Heav'n's sake, have a care of your own person!
I cannot tell; their wickedness may lead
Further than I dare think yet.
Leon. Oh, base people!
Tim. Yet the prince, for whom this is pretended, may [ever watchful;
Persuade 'em, and no doubt will: virtue's
But be you still secur'd and comforted!
Leon. Heav'n! how have I offended, that this rod,
So heavy and unnatural, should fall upon me
When I am old and helpless?
Tim. Brave gentleman[32]!
That such a madding love should follow thee,
To rob thee of a father! All the court
Is full of dangerous whispers.
Leon. I perceive it;
And, 'spite of all their strengths, will make my safety!

[30] Bacha. *Then for* all *his wisdom, valour,*
Good fortune, and all those friends of honour,
They are in him as free and natural, as passions
In a woman.] The measure here was quite lost, and the sense hurt, by inserting the *all* from the second line into the first. *Seward.*

[31] *For in* this *youth.*] Varied by Seward.

[32] *Brave gentleman!*] Seward reads, Poor *brave gentleman!*

I'll

I'll cut him shorter—I'll cut him shorter first,
Then let him rule.
Bacha. What a foul age is this, [tuous?
When virtue's made a sword to smite the vir-
Alas, alas!
Leon. I'll teach him to fly lower.
Tim. By no means, sir; rather make more your love,
And hold your favour to him: for 'tis now
Impossible to yoke him, if his thoughts
(As I must ne'er believe) run with their rages
(He ever was so innocent[33]). But what reason
His grace has to withdraw his love from me,
And other good men that are near your person,
I cannot yet find out; I know my duty
Has ever been attending.
Leon. 'Tis too plain [him.
He means to play the villain; I'll prevent
Not a word more of this; be private!
[*Exit.*
Tim. Madam, 'tis done.
Bacha. He can't escape me. Have you spoken with the noblemen?
Tim. Yes, madam; they are here. I wait a further service.
Bacha. 'Till you see the prince[34], you need no more instructions.
Tim. No; I have it! [*Exit.*

Enter Dorialus, Nisus, and Agenor.

Bacha. That fool that willingly provokes a woman,
Has made himself another evil angel,
And a new hell, to which all other torments
Are but mere pastime.—Now, my noble lords,
You must excuse me, that unmannerly
We've broke your private business.
Age. Your good grace
May command us, and that—
Bacha. Faith, my lord Agenor,
It is so good a cause, I'm confident
You cannot lose by it.
Dor. Which way does she fish now?
The devil's but a fool to a right woman.
Nisus. Madam, we must needs win in doing service
To such a gracious lady.
Bacha. I thank you, and will let you know the business,
So I may have your helps: never be doubtful,
For 'tis so just a cause, and will to you
Upon the knowledge seem so honourable,
That I assure myself your willing hearts
Will straight be for me in it.
Age. If she should prove good now, what were it like? [man;
Dor. Thunder in January, or a good wo-
That's stranger than all the monsters in Africk.
Bacha. It shall not need your wonder; this it is:
The duke you know is old, and rather subject
To ease and prayers now, than all those troubles,
Cares, and continual watchings, that attend
A kingdom's safety: therefore to prevent
The fall of such a flourishing estate
As this has been, and to put off
The murmur of the people, that encrease
Against my government, which the gods know
I only feel the trouble of, I present
The prince unto your loves, a gentleman
In whom all excellencies are knit together,
All pieces of a true man: let your prayers
Win from the duke half his vexation,
That he may undertake it, whose discretion
I must confess, tho' it be from a father,
Yet now is stronger, and more apt to govern!
'Tis not my own desire, but all the land's!
I know the weakness of it.
Nisus. Madam, this noble care and love has won us
For ever to your loves: we'll to the king;
And since your grace has put it in our mouths,
We'll win him with the cunning'st words we can. [fore,
Dor. I was never cozen'd in a woman be-
For commonly they are like apples:
If once they bruise, they will grow rotten thro', [ings.
And serve for nothing but to asswage swell-
Bacha. Good lords,
Delay no time, since it is your good pleasures
To think my counsel good! and by no means
Let the prince know it, whose affections
Will stir mainly against it; besides, his father
May hold him dangerous, if it be not carried
So that his forward will appear not in it.
Go, and be happy!
Dor. Well, I'd not be chronicled
As thou'lt be for a good woman, for all the world. [inspir'd,
Nisus. Madam, we kiss your hand; and so
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers[35]. [*Exeunt.*

[33] *He* ne'er *was so innocent.*] Corrected by Seward.

[34] 'Till yet be *the prince.*] For want of consulting the quarto of 1635 (which exhibits the lection in our text) Seward and Sympson were much puzzled about this passage: the former prints, STILL BESET *the prince;* and the latter proposes, STILL LET IT BE *the prince.*—Through inattention to that copy (which is infinitely the best, and which it is certain they were possessed of) they have made many unnecessary variations, which we forbear to particularise.

[35] *Madam, we kiss your hand, and so* inspire.
Nothing but happiness can crown our prayers.] The omission of a letter and the insertion of a false point, which turn part of these lines into nonsense, has past through all the editions. Mr. Sympson has sent me the same correction, *Seward.*

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Leucippus and Ismenus.

Leuc. THUS she has us'd me; is't not a good mother?
Ism. Why kill'd you her not?
Leuc. The gods forbid it!
Ism. 'Slight,
If all the women in the world were barren,
Sh'had died!
Leuc. But 'tis not reason directs thee thus.
Ism. Then have I none at all; for all I've in me
Directs me. Your father's in a pretty rage.
Leuc. Why?
Ism. Nay, it is well if he know himself:
But some of the nobility have deliver'd
A petition to him; what is in't
I know not; but it has put him t' his trumps:
He has taken a month's time to answer it,
And chafes like himself.

Enter Leontius, Bacha, and Telamon.

Leuc. He's here, Ismenus.
Leon. Set me down, Telamon!—Leucippus!
Leuc. Sir. [swear
Bacha. Nay, good sir, be at peace! I dare
He knew not of it.
Leon. You are foolish; peace!
Bacha. All will go ill! Deny it boldly, sir;
Trust me, he cannot prove it by you.
Leuc. What? [facing it.
Bacha. You'll make all worse too with your
Leuc. What is the matter?
Leon. Know'st thou that petition?
Look on it well! Wouldst thou be join'd with me?
Unnatural child! to be weary o' me, ere fate
Esteem me fit for other worlds!
Bacha. May be
He knows not of it.
Leuc. Oh, strange carriages!
Sir, as I've hope that there is any thing
To reward doing well, my usages,
Which have been—but it is no matter what—
Have put me so far from the thought of greatness,
That I should welcome it like a disease
That grew upon me, and I could not cure.
They are my enemies that gave you this;
And yet they call me friend, and are themselves
I fear abus'd. I'm weary of my life;
For God's sake, take it from me! it creates
More mischief in the state than it is worth.
The usage I have had, I know, would make
Wisdom herself run frantic thro' the streets,
And Patience quarrel with her shadow. Sir,
This sword—
Bacha. Alas! help, for the love of Heav'n!
Make way thro' me first; for he is your father!
Leon. What, would he kill me?
Bacha. No, sir, no.
Leon. Thou always mak'st the best on't; but I fear—
Leuc. Why do you use me thus? Who is't can think
That I would kill my father, that can yet
Forbear to kill you —Here, sir, is my sword;
I dare not touch it, lest she say again
I would have kill'd you. Let me not have mercy
When I most need it, if I would not change
Place with my meanest servant!—Let these faults
Be mended, madam! if you saw how ill
They did become you, you would part with them.
Bacha. I told the duke as much before.
Leuc. What? what did you tell him?
Bacha. That it was only an ambition
Nurs'd in you by your youth, provok'd you
Which age would take away. [thus,
Leon. It was his own doing then?—Come
Bacha. No, indeed, sir. [hither, love!
Leuc. How am I made, that I can bear all this?
If any one had us'd a friend of mine near this,
My hand had carried death about it.
Leon. Lead me hence, Telamon! [this.
Come, my dear Bacha! I shall find time for
Ism. Madam, you know I dare not speak before [you),
The king; but you know well (if not, I'll tell
You're the most wicked, and most murderous
That ever was call'd woman! [strumpet,
Bacha. My lord,
What I can do for him, he shall command me.
Leon. I know thou art too kind: away, I say! [*Exeunt Leon. Bacha, Tim. and Tel.*
Ism. Sir, I am sure we dream! this cannot be.
Leuc. Oh, that we did! My wickedness has brought
All this to pass, else I should bear myself.
[*Urania passes over the stage.*
Ism. Look! do you see who's there? your virtuous mother's issue:
Kill her yet! take some little pidling revenge.
Leuc. Away! the whole court calls her virtuous; for they say,
She is unlike her mother; and if so,
She can have no vice.
Ism. I'll trust none of 'em
That come of such a breed.
Leuc. But I have found
A kind of love in her to me. Alas!
Think of her death? I dare be sworn for her,
She is as free from any hate to me
As her bad mother's full. She was brought up
I' th' country, as her tongue will let you know,

Enter

Enter Urania.

If you but talk with her, with a poor uncle,
Such as her mother had.
Ism. She's come again. [quis,
Ura. I would fen speak to the good mar-
My brother, if I but thought he could abaid
Leuc. Sister, how do you? [me.
Ura. Very well, I thank you.
Ism. How does your good mother?
Leuc. Fy, fy, Ismenus! [this?
For shame! mock such an innocent soul as
Ura. Feth, a she be no good, God may
her so! [dear sister!
Leuc. I know you wish it with your heart,
But she is good, I hope.
Ism. Are you so simple,
To make so much of this? Do you not know,
That all her wicked mother labours for [her
Is but to raise her to your right, and leave
This dukedom?
Ura. Ay; but ne'er, sir, be afred;
For tho' she take th' ungainest weas she can,
I'll ne'er ha't fro' you.
Leuc. I should hate myself, Ismenus,
If I should think of her simplicity
Aught but extremely well.
Ism. Nay, as you will!
Ura. And tho' she be my mother,
If she take any caurse to do you wrang,
If I can see't, you'st quickly hear on't, sir:
And so I'll take my leave.
Leuc. Farewell, good sister!
I thank you. [*Exit Urania.*
Ism. You believe all this?
Leuc. Yes.

Enter Timantus.

Ism. A good faith doth well; but, methinks,
It were no hard matter now for her mother
to send her.
Yonder's one you may trust if you will, too.
Leuc. So I will, if he can shew me as ap-
parent signs
Of truth as she did. Does he weep, Ismenus?
Ism. Yes, I think so; some good's happen'd
I warrant.
Do you hear, you? What honest man has
scap'd misery,
That thou art crying thus?
Tim. Noble Ismenus,
Where is the prince?
Ism. Why, there: hast wept thine eyes out?
Tim. Sir, I beseech you hear me.
Leuc. Well, speak on.
Ism. Why, will you hear him?
Leuc. Yes, Ismenus; why?
Ism. I would hear blasphemy as willingly.
Leuc. You are to blame.
Tim. No, sir, he's not to blame,
If I were as I was.
Ism. Nor as thou art,
I'faith, awhit to blame.
Leuc. What is your business? [fore you;
Tim. Faith, sir, I am asham'd to speak be-
My conscience tells me I have injur'd you,
And, by the earnest instigation
Of others, have not done you to the king
Always the best and friendliest offices:
Which pardon me, or I will never speak!
Ism. Never pardon him, and silence a
Leuc. I pardon thee. [knave!
Tim. Your mother sure is naught.
Leuc. Why shouldst thou think so?
Tim. Oh, noble sir, your honest eyes per-
ceive not
The dangers you are led to: shame upon her,
And what fell miseries the gods can think on,
Show'r down upon her wicked head! She has
plotted, [life,
I know too well, your death: 'would my poor
Or thousand such as mine is, might be offer'd
Like sacrifices up for your preserving; [her!
What free oblations would she have to glut
But she is merciless, and bent to ruin,
If Heav'n and good men step not to your
rescue,
And timely, very timely. Oh, this dukedom!
I weep, I weep for the poor orphans in
This country, left without or friends or pa-
rents[36]. [this fellow?
Leuc. Now, Ismenus, what think you of
This was a lying knave, a flatterer!
Does not this love still shew him so? [yet
Ism. This love? this halter! If he prove not
The cunning'st, rankest rogue that ever
canted,
I'll ne'er see man again[37]! I know him to
bring[38],
And can interpret ev'ry new face he makes.
Look

[36] *I weep, I weep for the poor orphans* i' th' *country*
Left with but *friends* or *parents.*] The villany of *Timantus* will not allow him to talk absurdly; his art imposes on the prince, and he should therefore at least speak sense. And indeed how easy was the mistake of *without* to *with but?* This being made, the repetition of the *or* was absurd, and being left out, the measure was spoilt, and consequently believed to be no measure at all. This process of the corruption seems natural, and therefore I hope I have only restored the original. Mr. Sympson joins in correcting *with but* to *without*. *Seward.*

Quarto 1635 reads, *Left with but friends,* NOT *parents.*

[37] *I'll ne'er* see *man again.*] Seward calls this 'absurd,' and substitutes *seem* for *see*: we think the expression easy and natural.

[38] ——— *I know him to* bring,
And can interpret ev'ry new face he makes.] Unless a whole line be left out after *bring*, or the first part be made an imperfect sentence, which would be very improper here, this seems

The little pocky baggage now, and cozen me,
What then?
Ura. Why, an I do, would I might ne'er
See day again!
Ism. Nay, by this light, I do not think
Thou wilt: I'll presently provide thee
Money and a letter. [*Exit.*
Ura. Ay, but I'll ne'er deliver it.
When I have found my brother, I will beg
To serve him; but he shall ne'er know who
I am;
For he must hate me then for my bad mother:
I'll say I am a country lad that want a service,
And have straid on him by chance, lest he
discover me.
I know I must not live long, but that taime
I ha' to spend, shall be in serving him. [away,
And tho' my mother seek to take his life
In ai day[49] my brother shall be taught
That I was ever good, tho' she were naught.
[*Exit.*

Enter Bacha and Timantus; Bacha reading a Letter.

Bacha. Run away? the devil be her guide!
Tim. Faith, she's gone!
There is a letter; I found it in her pocket.
'Would I were with her! she's a handsome
lady; [her
A plague upon my bashfulness! I had bobb'd
Long ago else. [after all
Bacha. What a base whore is this, that,
My ways for her advancement, should so
poorly
Make virtue her undoer, and chuse this time,
The king being deadly sick, and I intending
A present marriage with some foreign prince,
To strengthen and secure myself! She writes
here,
Like a wise gentlewoman, she will not stay;
And the example of her dear brother makes
her
Fear herself[50], to whom she means to fly.
Tim. Why, who can help it? [thy end,
Bacha. Now poverty and lechery, which is
Rot thee, where'er thou goest, with all thy
goodness! [were of brass!
Tim. By'r lady, they'll bruise her, an she
I'm sure they'll break stone walls: I've had
experience [rate.
O' them both, and they have made me despe-
But there's a messenger, madam, come from
the prince
With a letter to Ismenus, who by him
Returns an answer.
Bacha. This comes as pat as wishes:
Thou shalt presently away, Timantus.
Tim. Whither, madam? [senger for guide!
Bacha. To the prince; and take the mes-
Tim. What shall I do there? I have done
too much ['scape
Mischief to be believ'd again; or, indeed, to
With my head on my back, if I be once known.
Bacha. Thou'rt a weak shallow fool! Get
thee a disguise; [have a letter
And withal, when thou com'st before him,
Feign'd to deliver him; and then, as thou
Hast ever hope of goodness by me, or after me,
Strike one home stroke, that shall not need
another! [fallest off,
Dar'st thou? speak! dar'st thou? If thou
Go be a rogue again, and lie and pandar
To procure thy meat! Dar'st thou? speak
to me! [dead,
Tim. Sure I shall never walk when I am
I have no spirit. Madam, I'll be drunk,
But I will do it; that is all my refuge. [*Exit.*
Bacha. Away! no more! Then I will raise
an army [and power
Whilst the king yet lives, if all the means
I have can do it; I can't tell.

Enter Ismenus and the three Lords.

Ism. Are you inventing still? we'll ease
your studies.
Bacha. Why, how now, saucy lords?
Ism. Nay, I'll shake you! yes, devil, I will
shake you!
Bacha. Do not you know me, lords?
Nisus. Yes, deadly sin, we know you:
'would we did not! [upon thee!
Ism. Do you hear, whore? a plague o'God
The duke is dead.
Bacha. Dead?
Ism. Ay, [man, he
Wildfire and brimstone take thee! Good
Is dead, and past those miseries, which thou,
Thou salt infection like, like a disease ['twere
Flungest upon his head. Dost thou hear? An
Not more respect to womanhood in general
Than thee, because I had a mother, who—
I will not say she was good, she liv'd so near
Thy time—I would have thee, in vengeance
of [this time,
This man, whose peace is made in Heav'n by
Tied to a post, and dried i'th' sun; and after
Carried about, and shewn at fairs for money,
With a long story of the devil thy father,
That taught thee to be whorish, envious,
bloody.
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha! [leap thee,
Ism. You fleering harlot, I'll have a horse to
And thy base issue shall carry sumpters[51],
Come, lords; [where
Bring her along! We'll to the prince all,
Her hell-hood shall wait his censure; and if
he spare [and beside,
Thee, she-goat, may he lie with thee again!

[49] *In* ai *day;*] i. e. in *one* day.
[50] Fear *herself.*] Seward reads, *Fear* for *herself;* but the text is good sense, according to the idiom prevailing in our authors' time.
[51] *Shall carry* sumpters.] A *sumpter* horse, is that which carries the provisions and baggage. R.

Mayst

Mayst thou lay upon him some nasty foul disease,
That hate still follows, and his end a dry ditch!—
Lead, you corrupted whore, or I'll draw a goad
Shall make you skip; away to the prince!
Bacha. Ha, ha, ha!
I hope yet I shall come too late to find him.
[*Exeunt.*

Cornets[52]. *Cupid descends.*

Cupid. The time now of my revenge draws near;
Nor shall it lessen, as I am a god,
With all the cries and prayers that have been,
And those that be to come, tho' they be infinite
In need and number[53]! [*Ascends.*

Enter Leucippus and Urania.

Leuc. Alas, poor boy, why dost thou follow me? art.
What canst thou hope for? I am poor as thou
Ura. In good feth, I shall be weel and rich enough
If you will love me, and not put me from you!
Leuc. Why dost thou chuse out me, boy, to undo thee?
Alas, for pity, take another master,
That may be able to deserve thy love not,
In breeding thee hereafter! me thou knowest
More than my misery; and therefore canst not able,
Look for rewards at my hands: 'would I were
My pretty knave, to do thee any kindness!
Truly, good boy, I would, upon my faith;
Thy harmless innocence moves me at heart.
Wilt thou go save thyself? Why dost thou weep?
Alas, I do not chide thee,
Ura. I cannot tell; more:
If I go from you, sir, I shall ne'er draw day
Pray, if you can (I will be true to you),
Let me wait on you! If I were a man,
I would fight for you: sure you have some ill-willers;
I would slay 'em.
Leuc. Such harmless souls are ever prophets. me still:
Well, take thy wish[54]; thou shalt be with
But, prithee eat, my good boy! thou wilt die,
My child, if thou fast one day more; these four days
Th' hast tasted nothing: go into the cave,
And eat; thou shalt find something for thee,
To bring thy blood again, and thy fair colour.
Ura. I cannot eat, God thank you! but I'll eat
To-morrow.
Leuc. Thou't be dead by that time.
Ura. I should be
Well then; for you'll not love me.
Leuc. Indeed I will.— yet!—
This is the prettiest passion that e'er I felt
Why dost thou look so earnestly upon me?
Ura. You've fair eyes, master.
Leuc. Sure the boy dotes!—
Why dost thou sigh, my child?
Ura. To think that such him,
A fine man should live, and no gay lady love
Leuc. Thou wilt love me?
Ura. Yes sure, till I die; and when
I am in Heaven, I'll e'en wish for you.
Leuc. And I'll come to thee, boy.—This is a love sleepy, child;
I never yet heard tell of.—Come, thou'rt
Go in, and I'll sit with thee.—Heav'n, what portends this? I could
Ura. You're sad, but I'm not sleepy: 'would
Do aught to make you merry; shall I sing?
Leuc. If thou wilt, good boy. Alas, my boy, that thou
Shouldst comfort me, and art far worse than I!

Enter Timantus, disguised.

Ura. La', master, there is one; look to yourself! place,
Leuc. What art thou, that into this dismal
Which nothing could find out but misery,
Thus boldly step'st? Comfort was never here;
Here is no food, nor beds, nor any house
Built by a better architect than beasts;
And ere you get a dwelling from one of them,
You must fight for it: if you conquer him,
He is your meat; if not, you must be his.
Tim. I come to you (for, if I not mistake,
You are the prince) from that most noble lord
Ismenus, with a letter.
Ura. Alas, I fear
I shall be discover'd now.
Leuc. Now I feel
Myself the poorest of all mortal things:
Where is he that receives such courtesies,
But he has means to shew his gratefulness
Some way or other? I have none at all!
I know not how to speak so much as well
Of thee, but to these trees.
Tim. His letters speak him, sir.
Ura. Gods keep me but from knowing him till I die!
Ah me! sure I cannot live a day.
[*Leucippus opening the letter, the whilst Timantus runs at him, and Urania steps before.*
Oh, thou foul traitor? How do you, master?

[52] Cornets. *Cupid from above.*] Seward, seeing 'no propriety' in the *cornets* 'belonging 'to *Cupid*,' places that direction at the end of the foregoing scene; but why displace the *cornets* here, since he inserts them on *Cupid*'s other appearances? We have made this direction like the former.

[53] Cupid. *The time now, &c.*] This speech, till Seward very properly introduced it here, was placed at the end of the play, notwithstanding the direction quoted in the last note stood where it now does.

[54] *Well, I take thy wish.*] The measure and sense both require us to expunge the *I*. *Seward.*

Leuc. How dost thou, my child?—Alas! look on this;
It may make thee repentant, to behold
Those innocent drops that thou hast drawn from thence.
Ura. 'Tis nothing, sir, an you be well.
Tim. Oh, pardon me!
Know you me now, sir?
Leuc. How couldst thou find me out?
Tim. We intercepted
A letter from Ismenus, and the bearer
Directed me.
Leuc. Stand up, Timantus, boldly!
The world conceives that thou art guilty
Of divers treasons to the state and me:
But oh, far be it from the innocence
Of a just man, to give a traitor death
Without a trial! Here the country is not
To purge thee or condemn thee[55]; therefore take
A nobler trial than thou dost deserve,
Rather than none at all: here I accuse thee,
Before the face of Heav'n, to be a traitor
Both to the duke my father and to me,
And the whole land. Speak! is it so, or no?
Tim. 'Tis true, sir: pardon me!
Leuc. Take heed, Timantus,
How thou dost cast away thyself! I must
Proceed to execution hastily [or no?
If thou confess it: speak once again! is't so,
Tim. I am not guilty, sir.
Leuc. Gods and thy sword
Acquit thee! here it is. [*Gives him his sword.*
Tim. I'll not use any violence
Against your highness.
Leuc. At thy peril then!
For this must be thy trial; and from henceforth
Look to thyself!
[*Timantus draws his sword, they fight, Timantus falls.*
Tim. I do beseech you, sir,
Let me not fight.
Leuc. Up, up again, Timantus!
There is no way but this, believe me. Now if—
Fy, fy, Timantus! is there no usage can
Recover thee from baseness! Wert thou longer
To converse with men, I'd have chid thee
Be all thy faults forgiven! [for this.
Tim. Oh, spare me, sir! I am not fit for death.
Leuc. I think thou art not; yet trust me, fitter than
For life. Yet tell me, ere thy breath be gone,
Know'st of any other plots against me?
Tim. Of none.
Leuc. What course wouldst thou have taken, when thou hadst kill'd me?
Tim. I would have ta'en your page, and married her.
Leuc. What page? [*Urania swoons.*
Tim. Your boy there— [*Dies.*
Leuc. Is he fall'n mad in death? what does he mean? [dost thou?
Some good god help me at the worst! How
Let not thy misery vex me; thou shalt have
What thy poor heart can wish: I am a prince,
And I will keep thee in the gayest cloaths,
And the finest things, that ever pretty boy
Had given him.
Ura. I know you well enough.
Feth, I am dying; and now you know all too.
Leuc. But stir up thyself: look what a jewel here is,
See how it glisters! what a pretty show
Will this make in thy little ear! ha, speak!
Eat but a bit, and take it.
Ura. Do you not know me? [well said;
Leuc. I prithee mind thy health! why, that's
My good boy, smile still.
Ura. I shall smile 'till death,
An I see you! I am Urania,
Your sister-in-law.
Leuc. How!
Ura. I am Urania. [thee well:
Leuc. Dulness did seize me! now I know
Alas, why cam'st thou hither?
Ura. Feth, for love:
I would not let you know 'till I was dying;
For you could not love me, my mother was
So naught.
Leuc. I will love thee, or any thing!
What, wilt thou leave me as soon as I know thee?
Speak one word to me! Alas, she's past it!
She will never speak more.—
What noise is that? it is no matter who

Enter Ismenus with the Lords.

Comes on me now.—What worse than mad are you,
That seek out sorrows? if you love delights,
Begone from hence!
Ism. Sir, for you we come, [suffer'd
As soldiers to revenge the wrongs you've
Under this naughty creature: what shall be
Say; I am ready. [done with her?
Leuc. Leave her to Heav'n, brave cousin!
They shall tell her how she has sinn'd against 'em; [blood.
My hand shall ne'er be stain'd with such base
Live, wicked mother! that reverend title be
Your pardon! for I'll use no extremity
Against you, but leave you to Heav'n.
Bacha. Hell take you all! or, if there be a place
Of torment that exceeds that, get you thither!
And 'till the devils have you, may your lives
Be one continu'd plague, and such a one
That knows no friends nor ending! may all ages
That shall succeed curse you, as I do! and

[55] *To purge thee or condemn thee; therefore A nobler trial than thou dost deserve*] Here a verb is evidently left out, being equally necessary to the sense and measure. *Seward.*

In this play we are set upon the puzzling question of free will; our real Bachas may be as innocent as the actors. "all the world's a stage."

If it be possible, I ask it Heav'n,
That your base issues may be ever monsters,
That must, for shame of nature and succession, [to poison you[56]!
Be drown'd like dogs! 'Would I had breath
Leuc. 'Would you had love within you, and such grief
As might become a mother! Look you there!
Know you that face? that was Urania:
These are the fruits of those unhappy mothers,
That labour with such horrid births as you do!
If you can weep, there's cause; poor innocent,
Your wickedness has kill'd her: I'll weep for you.
Ism. Monstrous woman!
Mars would weep at this, and yet she cannot.
Leuc. Here lies your minion too, slain by my hand:
I will not say you are the cause; yet certain,
I know you were to blame: the gods forgive you!
Ism. See, she stands as if she were inventing
Some new destruction for the world.
Leuc. Ismenus,
Thou'rt welcome yet to my sad company.
Ism. I come to make you somewhat sadder, sir. [already.
Leuc. You cannot; I am at the height
Ism. Your father's dead!
Leuc. I thought so; Heav'n be with him!
Oh, woman, woman, weep now or never! thou
Hast made more sorrows than we've eyes to utter.
Bacha. Now let Heav'n fall! I'm at the worst of evils;
A thing so miserably wretched, that
Ev'ry thing, the last of human comforts, hath left me!
I will not be so base and cold to live,
And wait the mercies of these men I hate:
No, it is just I die, since fortune hath left me.
My steep descent attends me[57]: hand, strike thou home!
I've soul enough to guide; and let all know,
As I stood a queen, the same I'll fall,
And one with me!
[*Stabs the Prince, then herself.*
Leuc. Oh!
Ism. How do you, sir? [here.
Leuc. Nearer my health than I think any
My tongue begins to falter: what is man?
Or who would be one, when he sees a poor
Weak woman can in an instant make him
Dor. She's dead already. [none?
Ism. Let her be damn'd
Already, as she is! Post all for surgeons!
Leuc. Let not a man stir! for I am but dead.
I've some few words which I would have you hear, ['em:
And am afraid I shall want breath to speak
First to you, my lords; you know Ismenus is
Undoubted heir of Lycia[58]; I do beseech you all,
When I am dead, to shew your duties to him,
Lords. We vow to do't.
Leuc. I thank you. Next to you,
Cousin Ismenus, that shall be the duke,
I pray you let the broken images[59]
Of Cupid be re-edified! I know
All this is done by him.
Ism. It shall be so. [in-law
Leuc. Last, I beseech you that my mother-
May have a burial according to— [*Dies.*
Ism. To what, sir?
Dor. There's a full point! [burial
Ism. I will interpret for him: she shall have
According to her own deserts, with dogs!
Dor. I would your majesty would haste
Of the people. [for settling
Ism. I'm ready.
Age. Go; and let the trumpets sound
Some mournful thing, whilst we convey the body
Of this unhappy prince unto the court,
And of that virtuous virgin to a grave!
But drag her to a ditch, where let her lie,
Accurs'd, whilst one man has a memory!
[*Exeunt.*

[56] *Would I had breath to* poison *you.*] Some editions (Seward's among the number) read,
Would I had breath to *please* you.
[57] *My* step *descent attends me.*] Corrected in 1750.
[58] Undoubtedly *heir.*] Varied by Seward.
[59] *I pray you let the broken* image *of Cupid.*] Altered in 1750.

In the course of Mr. Seward's notes on this play, he remarks, that 'Had this whole plot, 'a father marrying his son's whore, the son's penitence and distress, and her plots for his 'destruction, been wrought into a tragedy, without the idle machinery of Cupid and his 'Revenge, it would have afforded sufficient matter to such geniuses as our authors:' and afterwards says, 'I cannot take leave of this play without again regretting the farcical inter-'mixture of the machinery of Cupid, from whence it takes its name. Without this, and the 'ridiculous death of the princess, what a noble tragedy would our authors have left us! The 'character of the king, from his ridiculous dotage on his children, to a still more ridiculous 'dotage on a wanton wife; the misfortunes of a virtuous young prince, from taking one 'vicious step, and endeavouring to conceal it by a falsity, are finely describ'd; but how is 'the just moral arising from thence spoil'd, by making this only *Cupid's Revenge!*'

In our opinion, the plot and the machinery are equally ridiculous; and we cannot avoid expressing our concern, that so much admirable poetry should be bestowed on so absurd a drama.

Bacha & Leucippus. P. 360.
Urania Leucippus P. 383

Spirit here that reignest!
Spirit here that painest!
Spirit here that burnest!
Spirit here that mournest!
Spirit I bow
My forehead low
Ensha[illegible]ded with thy [illegible]
Spirit I look
all passion struck
Into thy pale dom[illegible]

Spirit here that laughest!
Spirit here that quaffest!
Spirit here that dancest!
Noble soul that prancest!
Spirit with thee
I join in the glee
a[illegible]dging the elbow of Mo[illegible]
Spirit I flush
With a Bacchanal blush
Just fresh from the Banquet of
Co[illegible]

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

This Play was first printed in quarto, anno 1634, under the following title: 'The Two Noble 'Kinsmen: presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Maiesties Servants, with great ap- 'plause: written by the memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher, and 'Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent.;' and has always been received as the production of those Poets. In the year 1668, it was altered by Sir William Davenant, who gave it the title of The Rivals; when it appears to have been acted with great success.

PROLOGUE.

[*Flourish.*

New plays and maidenheads are near a-kin;
Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'n,
If they stand sound, and well: and a good play
(Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
And shake to lose his honour) is like her
That after holy tie, and first night's stir,
Yet still is modesty, and still retains [pains.
More of the maid to sight, than husband's
We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po, and silver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives!
If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under-ground, 'Oh, fan
'From me the witless chaff of such a writer,
'That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works make lighter [bring;
'Than Robin Hood!' This is the fear we
For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim,
In this deep water, do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we shall tack about!
And something do to save us, you shall hear
Scenes, tho' below his art, may yet appear
Worth two hours' travel. To his bones sweet sleep!
Content to you!—If this play do not keep
A little dull time from us, we perceive
Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave.

[*Flourish.*

PERSONS REPRESENTED[1].

Men.

Theseus, *Duke of Athens.*
Palamon, } The Two Noble Kinsmen, *in*
Arcite, } *love with Emilia.*
Perithous, *an Athenian General.*
Valerius, *a Theban Nobleman.*
Three valiant Knights.
Herald.
Jailor.
Wooer.
Gerrold, *a Schoolmaster.*
A Taborer, Countrymen, Soldiers, &c.

Women.

Hippolita, *Bride to Theseus.*
Emilia, *her Sister.*
Three Queens.
Jailor's Daughter, *in love with Palamon.*
Servant *to Emilia.*
Nymphs, Wenches, &c.

[1] *Hymen* has hitherto stood as a personage of this drama, and even the first: as he only appears in the dumb-show, we have expunged the name. The *Wooer*, though a character of some consideration, has always been omitted; and so has *Valerius.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Hymen with a Torch burning; a Boy, in a white Robe, before, singing, and strewing Flowers; after Hymen, a Nymph, encompassed in her Tresses, bearing a wheaten Garland; then Theseus, between two other Nymphs, with wheaten Chaplets on their Heads; then Hippolita, led by Perithous[2]*, and another holding a Garland over her Head, her Tresses likewise hanging; after her, Emilia, holding up her Train.*

SONG.

ROSES, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thime true.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lye 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [*Strew flowers.*
Not an angel of the air[3],
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar[4],
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

Enter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, with imperial Crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of Theseus; the second falls down at the foot of Hippolita; the third before Emilia.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's,
Hear and respect me!

2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear and respect me!

3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us, and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o' th' book of trespasses
All you are set down there.

Thes. Sad lady, rise!

Hip. Stand up!

Emi. No knees to me! What woman I may sted that is distress'd, does bind me to her.

Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1 *Queen.* We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who endur'd
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes.
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence

[2] *Then Hippolita the bride, led by* Theseus.] Mr. Theobald very justly changed *Theseus* here to *Perithous*. *Seward.*

[3] *Not an* angel *of the air.*] Mr. Theobald was very fond of a change here, which I can by no means admit; as he happened not to see the authors' design in applying the word *angel* to birds, he would read *augel*, from the *Italian augello*, a bird. But beside the objection there is to admitting words of foreign extraction without authority into the text (a thing by no means justifiable), there would be a needless tautology,

Not an *augel* or bird of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair.

Several birds too are excluded in the next stanza, which renders *augel* improper, whereas *angel* very beautifully expresses the birds of melody and good omen. *Seward.*

[4] *The boding raven, nor* clough he
Nor chatt'ring pie.] *Clough he*, which is the reading of all the editions, is neither sense nor rhime. My dictionaries at least have no such bird as *clough*. *Chough* is Shakespeare and Fletcher's name of a *jack-daw*, of which Ray says, *Postica pars capitis cinerascit.* But he (and from him the Oxford editor) mistakes, in making the *chough* the *corucias* a frequenter of the Cornish cliffs only, which has no such grey feathers. Besides, Shakespeare's *chough* feeds on corn, for Autolocus, in the Winter's Tale, says, 'My *choughs* are scar'd from the 'chaff.' So that the *chough* must be the daw or the rook, which has often grey feathers on the head and back. See Ray on Birds. There can be no reason to doubt therefore of our having got the true substantive; for *he* we must have an adjective that suits the *chough*, and also rhimes to *nor*; *hoar* will do both, the *chough* having greyish feathers on his head, from whence Shakespeare calls him the *russet-pated chough*. Midsummer-Night's Dream. *Seward.*

Of

Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, [sword,
duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd
That does good turns to th' world; give us
the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them!
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crowned heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing!

Thes. Pray you kneel not! [suffer'd
I was transported with your speech, and
Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard
the fortunes [lamenting
Of your dead lords, which gives me such
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capaneus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread her[5]; your
wheaten wreath [at you
Was then nor thresh'd, nor blasted; Fortune
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules
our kinsman
(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club,
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide[6],
And swore his sinews thaw'd: oh, grief and
time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god, [hood,
Some god hath put his mercy in your man-
Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you
Our undertaker! [forth

Thes. Oh, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I
am. [*Turns away.*

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolita,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scithe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm
as strong
As it is white, wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive; but that this thy lord
(Born to uphold creation in that honour
First nature stil'd it in) shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'er-flowing, at once
subduing
Thy force, and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity,
Who now, I know, hast much more power
on him [strength[7],
Than e'er he had on thee; who ow'st his
And his love too, who is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies,
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth
scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us!
Require him he advance it o'er our heads;
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's
pluck'd off! [swoln,
Tell him, if he i'th' blood-size'd field lay
Shewing the sun his teeth, grinning at the
What you would do! [moon,

Hip. Poor lady, say no more!
I had as lief trace this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and never yet
Went I so willing way[8]. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was
[*Kneels to Emilia.*
Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops; so sorrow wanting form
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!

[5] *Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,*
Nor in more bounty spread her.] The reader will see that *her* is prejudicial to the sense and measure, and to be discarded. The mantle of Juno is beautifully described in the fourteenth book of the Iliad. It was wrought by Minerva, and adorned with variety of figures; allegorically, it may signify the æther adorned with the sun and stars formed by Minerva, *i. e.* the wisdom of the Creator. *Seward.*

We cannot 'see that *her* is prejudicial to the sense and measure,' nor that it ought 'to 'be discarded.' The construction is easy.

[6] Nenuan *hide.*] Corrected in 1750.

[7] Whom *now I know hast much more power on him*
Than ever he had on thee, who ow'st *his strength*
And his love too, who is a servant for
The tenor of the *speech.*] The change of particles and monosyllables frequently destroy both the grammar and sense of our authors. *Whom* might have been corrected without a note, but what is, *Who is a servant* for *the tenor of* the *speech*? The original probably was,

——who is a servant *to*
The tenor of *thy* speech;

i. e. He who before conquered thee, is now obedient to every word thou utterest. *Ow'st*, is the same as *own'st*, in all the old writers. *Seward.*

[8] ——*and never yet*
Went I so willing way;] *i. e.* I never went so willing a journey. *Seward.*

You

You cannot read it there[9]; here thro' my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold 'em! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' th' earth,
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!) but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Tho' it were made of stone: pray have good comfort! [a jot

Thes. Forward to th' temple! leave not out
O' th' sacred ceremony.

1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer last[10], and be more costly, than
Your suppliants' war! Remember that your fame [quickly
Knolls in the ear o' th' world: what you do
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions; but, (oh, Jove!) your actions,
Soon as they move, as osprays do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!

2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!

3 *Queen.* None fit for th' dead:
Those that with cords, knives, drams[11], precipitance, [selves
Weary of this world's light, have to them-
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 *Queen.* But our lords
Lie blist'ring 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings, when living.

Thes. It is true;
And I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves[12]:
The which to do must make some work with Creon. [to th' doing[13]:

1 *Queen.* And that work now presents itself
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow;
Then bootless toil must recompense itself,
With its own sweat; now he's secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing your holy begging[14] in our eyes,
To make petition clear.

2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.

3 *Queen.* And his army full
Of bread and sloth.

Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprize
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!

1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes[15]! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All. Farewell! [could grief

2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably; but when
Call forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fit'st
For best solicitation? [time

[9] *You cannot read it there; there thro' my tears,*
Like wrinkl'd pebbles in a glasse stream.] Mr. Sympson and I change the second *there* to *here*, as she evidently points at her heart, and so explains herself in the sequel. *Glassy* for *glasse*, Mr. Theobald agreed with us in. *Seward.*

[10] *Will* long *last.*] Corrected in 1750.

[11] *Drams precipitance.*] Mr. Sympson and I disjoin these two, the one expressing poison, the other leaping down precipices. *Seward.*

Precipitance is, we think, rightly disjoined from *drams;* but signifies, in general, the unhappy *precipitation* of suicides in getting rid of their lives, not the particular act of *leaping down precipices*, which seems to us a ridiculous explanation. –

[12] *To give your dead lords graves.*] As both the sense and measure are somewhat deficient, there is reason to suspect a part of the sentence dropt, perhaps somewhat like the following might have been the original.

But I will give you comfort, *and engage*
Myself and pow'rs to give your dead lords graves. *Seward.*

[13] *And that work presents, &c.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[14] Wrinching *our holy begging.*] Corrected in 1750.

[15] *Let us be widows to our woes;*] *i. e.* Let us continue still in the most distress'd widowhood by the continuance of our woes. The expression, tho' not quite clear, will give this sense, which is certainly a fine one; and in such writers as our authors we must not always expect that perspicuity as we meet with in poems of less depth. For this reason I cannot admit a conjecture of Mr. Sympson, tho' it is undoubtedly an ingenious one:

Let us be *wedded* to our woes. *Seward.*

Thes.

Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war[16]; it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moon-light corslet thee, oh, when [fall
Her twinning cherries[17] shall their sweetness
Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings, or blubber'd queens? what care [being able
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st
To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.
Hip. Tho' much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think
Did I not, by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit,
That craves a present med'cine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for ay their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!
All Queens. Oh, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee.
Emi. If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.
Thes. Pray stand up!
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me. Perithous,
Lead on the bride! Get you and pray the god
For success and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended celebration. Queens,
Follow your soldier (as before) hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis[18] meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd!—Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token! Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.
[*Exeunt towards the Temple.*
Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't!
Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return[19].
Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which I pray you
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!
1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the tongue o'th' world.
2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.
3 *Queen.* If not above him; for
Thou being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some
Groan under such a mastery. [say,
Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our humane title. Good cheer, ladies! [*Flourish.*
Now turn we tow'rds your comforts.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Palamon and Arcite.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further

[16] *This is a service, whereto I am going,*
Greater than any was.] *War* (which is Theobald's variation) instead of *was*, is a great improvement of the old text, and I verily believe it the author's word. The service I am now going to, (*i. e.* my marriage) is of more import to my happiness than any *war* can possibly be. *Seward.*

[17] *Her* twining *cherries.*] Theobald corrected the spelling here.

[18] *And at the banks of* Anly.] Mr. Theobald sent me a very probable conjecture upon this place; none of us being able to find in any geographer such a name as *Anly* in Greece, he reads *Aulis*, the celebrated sea-port between Athens and Thebes. It would indeed be more convincing were there a river of that name, for I don't know whether it be proper, in speaking of Calais or Dover to say, Meet me at the banks of Dover. But *Aulis* being a situation so exceedingly proper to be mention'd here, I still believe it the true word, and perhaps *banks* may be also a corruption; it might have been *At the gates*, or *at the port*, or *at the back of Aulis.* *Seward.*

[19] *Shall* want *till your return.*] The editors of 1750, for *want* read *wait*; but *want* seems genuine; signifying, the celebration of the nuptials should remain incomplete till his return, as Perithous had rather accompany Theseus than stay behind to be his proxy, as the latter desires.

Sully

Sully our gloss of youth!
And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence: for not to swim
I'th' head o'th' current[20], were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy [thro',
Where we should turn or drown; if labour
Our gain but life, and weakness.
Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: what strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! Scars, and bare weeds,
The gain o'th' martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden ingots,
Which, tho' he won, he had not; and now [shall offer
flurted
By peace, for whom he fought! Who then
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.
Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin, but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?
Pal. Yes; I pity [most
Decays where-e'er I find them; but such
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.
Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where ev'ry evil
Hath a good colour; where ev'ry seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be ev'n jump
As they are[21], here were to be strangers and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Pal. It is in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor's) to
Be masters of our manners: what need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long, until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unbless'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i'th' sequent trace! These poor slight sores [bosom,
Need not a plantain; that which rips my
Almost to th' heart, 's—
Arc. Our uncle Creon.
Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant! whose successes
Make Heav'n unfear'd[22], and villainy assur'd,
Beyond

[20] *I'th' aid o'th' current.*] The variation is from Theobald's conjecture, which we think a happy one, tho' rejected by Seward. The old reading, if sense, is very hard. Palamon says, a few speeches lower,

——Either I am
The *fore-horse* in the team, or I am none
That draw i'th' *sequent* trace.

[21] *Where not to be ev'n* jump
As they are.] *Jump*, in our ancient writers, frequently means *just, exact;* sometimes *to agree.* So, in Othello, act ii. scene 3.

'Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart,
'And bring him *jump* where he may Cassio find
'Soliciting his wife.'

Again, 'Not two of them *jumpe* in one tale.' Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication, p. 29. *R.*

[22] *Makes Heav'n unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,*
Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a favour, and deifies alone
Voluble chance.] This sentence, as hitherto printed, has been a mere chaos, for first, what is making villainy assur'd beyond its power? and how does nothing almost put faith in a fever? The true adjustment of the points restores connection, sense, and beauty: 'The 'successes of the tyrant makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd that nothing is beyond 'its power; which almost staggers the faith of good men, and makes them think that chance, 'and not a just Providence, governs the world.' The moral of this is extremely beautiful, for it is just utter'd before they hear that Theseus, the instrument of divine vengeance, is at hand, and the thunder bursting on the head of *Creon.* In the emendation of the points in this passage, Mr. Sympson concurr'd with me. *Seward.*

Seward

Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Voluble chance—who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory too[23]:
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: let [suck'd
The blood of mine that's sibbe to him[24], be
From me with leeches: let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!
Arc. Clear-spirited cousin, [share
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing
Of his loud infamy! for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.
Pal. Nothing truer!
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heav'nly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter Valerius.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
'Till his great rage be off him! Phœbus, when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.
Pal. Small winds shake him:
But what's the matter?
Val. Theseus (who where he threats appals) hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach! [not
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours) [sur'd
When that his action's dregg'd with mind as-
'Tis bad he goes about?
Pal. Leave that unreason'd!
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet, to be neutral to him, were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arc. So we must.
Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.
Pal. Let's to the king! who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th' stroke do damage?
Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us [low
When we know all ourselves; and let us fol-
The becking of our chance! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Perithous, Hippolita, and Emilia.

Per. No further!
Hip. Sir, farewell! Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To cure ill-dealing fortune[25]. Speed to him!
Store never hurts good governors.
Per. Tho' I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they

Must

Seward points,

Beyond its pow'r there's nothing; almost, &c.

In more than the two last lines, it is difficult to make out even a tolerable construction, and in the first line and half at least, Seward has perverted the sense by altering the points:

——— Whose successes
Make Heav'n unfear'd, and villainy assur'd
Beyond its power;

plainly signifies, that '*Creon*'s success diminishes our fear of the gods, by making us suppose 'that guilt can oppose their power, and defend itself from their justice.'—Its *power* refers to *Heav'n*, not to *villainy*. The next sentence appears to be incomplete, probably by a casual omission, or possibly on purpose broken off abruptly; if the latter, there should be a dash after *voluble chance*.

[23] *Boot and glory* on.] Former editions; I read *too*, *i. e.* both the advantage and honour. *Seward.*

[24] *That's* sibbe *to him;*] i. e. *Kin*. It is spelt *sib* by Spenser, and *sybbe* by Chaucer. *Seward.*

[25] *To* dure *ill-dealing Fortune.*] This makes an odd conclusion to the *climax* of *Hippolita*'s good wishes to her husband. She wished him not only *success*, but such *excess* of it, as to do what? why, to be able to bear ill fortune; I read,

To *cure* ill-dealing Fortune;

i. e. To take from Fortune her malignity, or the power of ever dealing ill to him again. Mr. Sympson has since sent me *dare*, as his conjecture. *Seward.*

Must yield their tribute there. My precious maid,
Those best affections that the Heav'ns infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!
Emi. Thanks, sir! Remember me
To our all-royal brother! for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit: and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent!
Hip. In's bosom!
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea, [men
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or wo-
That have sod their infants in (and after eat them)
The brine they wept at killing 'em: then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Per. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*
Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Tho' craving seriousness and skill, past slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing o'er business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins! Have you observ'd him
Since our great lord departed?
Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending, they have skift
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' least of these was dreadful[26]: and they have [lodg'd,
Fought out together, where death's self was
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.
Emi. Doubtless,
There is a best, and Reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th' moon [count
(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our
Was each eleven.
Hip. 'Twas Flavina.
Emi. Yes.
You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, and is more maturely season'd, [their needs
More buckled with strong judgment, and
The one of th'other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another: what she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment[27]; the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, (oh, then but beginning
To swell about the blossom[28]) she would long
'Till she had such another, and commit it

[26] ——————*they have skift*
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power,
I' th' least of these was dreadful.] The expression here is obscure; the pronoun *these*, whether it relates to tyranny and power or to *torrents*, seems very forc'd. *Whose tyranny and power in the least of these torrents, or of their tyranny and power, was dreadful.* I shall not obtrude my conjecture upon the reader, as the original; it departs rather too far from the trace of the letters, but it is offer'd as what I could have wish'd the poets to have wrote.

—————— they have skift
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I' th' *best* of *ships* were dreadful;

i. e. in a small skiff they have endured storms which would have been terrible to the largest ships. *Seward.*

The text is obscure; but the conjectural reading ridiculous. The sense seems to be, 'That the very *least* of their *dangers* and *distresses* was *dreadful*.'

[27] *No more arraignment;*] *i. e.* says Dr. Dodd, 'Her not liking it was sufficient to con-'demn it, without any further arraignment, or bringing it to its trial.'

[28] *Oh, then but beginning*
To swell about the blossom.] Somewhat similar to this is a passage in Cymbeline, where Jachimo, describing Imogen asleep, says,

'—————— on her left breast
'A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
'I' th' bottom of a cowslip, &c.'

To

To the like innocent cradle, where phœnix-like
They died in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her pattern; her affections (pretty,
Tho' happily her careless wear) I followed
For my most serious decking[29]; had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one[30]
From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell on[31]),
And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearsal
(Which surely innocence wots well[32]) comes in
Like old importment's bastard; has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual[33].

Hip.

[29] ——— *on my head no toy*
But was her patterne; her affections *(pretty*
Tho' happely, HER *careles,* WERE, *I followed*
For; &c.] Thus the old quarto. Sympson first proposed,

But was her pattern; her *affections* pretty
(Tho' *happily* THEY careless WERE) I followed;

and afterwards,

But was her pattern, her *affections;* pretty
Tho' *happily* HER careless WEAR I follow'd.

The first, Seward rejects, because 'to term an accidental careless ornament the affections of 'the wearer, is scarcely to be defended;' and the second, 'as not thinking the words Eng-'lish.' That gentleman prints thus:

But was her pattern, her *affection;* HER
Pretty, tho' *haply* careless WEAR, I follow'd;

and observes, that the being obliged to depart so far from the trace of the letters, is, he believes, the chief objection to his reading.

Dr. Dodd [Beauties of Shakespear, vol. i. p. 92] reads,

But was her pattern: her *affections* (pretty,
Tho' *happily* THEY careless WERE) I follow'd;

giving us upon this passage the following note: '——she says, 'She had no toy on her head, "but that became her friend's pattern: and her affections [the things her friend affected, "or lik'd, in which sense the word is frequently used] (ever pretty, tho' perhaps they were "merely casual and careless at first) yet she so much approved, that she follow'd "them for her most serious dressing.' The reader will find this passage differently read by 'the late editors: possibly some may object against a careless dress being called the *affection* 'of the wearer, and ask how any one can *affect* or like that, which they take no care about? 'I think two answers may be given: it is well known how much some ladies *affect a careless* 'way of dressing; and what seems in them often the effect of mere chance, is the produce of 'their utmost study—conformable to the old maxim, *ars est celare artem,* or it may be, the 'lady calls those the *affections* of her friend, which she herself esteem'd so, and which, as 'being hers, she admir'd:—Perhaps we might read the passage thus, if these reasons are not 'satisfactory:

'But was her pattern, her *affect; her* pretty
'Though *happily* HER careless WEAR, I follow'd;

'which is almost the same with that Mr. Seward places in the text.'

The difficulties of the passage appear to have arisen partly from a mis-spelling *(were* for *wear)* and partly from the commentators' mis-apprehension of the word *affections,* which is not here used to signify a *solid mature preference* (as Seward seems to think it) but merely *choice, fancy.* The plain signification then appears to be, 'Her *fancy* (which was sure to be 'pretty, even in her most CARELESS dress) I copied in my most STUDIED adornments.' If this explanation is admissible, there wants only the orthographical correction: we need not so much as, with Dr. Dodd, alter *her* to *they,* much less subscribe to Mr. Seward's violent modes.—It may not be amiss to remark, that, in the old quarto, the *parenthesis* begins at the word *pretty,* but is no where closed.

[30] *Or at adventure humm'd* on
From musical coinage.] The correction proposed by Seward.

[31] *Whereon,* &c.] Dr. Dodd makes the following very ingenious remark: 'The reader will 'be pleased, well to observe that heavy line,

'Whereon her spirits would sojourn *(rather dwell on)*:

'Do not the last words sound as if they had been a marginal note of some critic, or a re-'mark of a prompter?' The conjecture is so very probable, and the passage would be so much amended, we are almost inclined to discard the words.

[32] *(Which* fury-innocent *wots well).*] Amended by Sympson.

[33] *More than in sex* individual.] As the word *individual* is very common, but *dividual* not so, the transcriber or printer put the one for the other here, though it absolutely destroyed both

Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.
Emi. I'm sure I shall not.
Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Tho' in't I know thou dost believe thyself)
Than I will trust a sickly appetite, [sister,
That loaths even as it longs. But sure, my
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance,
That we, more than his Perithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.
Emi. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Battle struck within; then a Retreat; Flourish. Then enter Theseus (Victor); the three Queens meet him, and fall on their faces before him.

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!
2 *Queen.* Both Heav'n and earth
'Friend thee for ever!
3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry *amen* to't!
Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted Heav'ns
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony! rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and ev'n each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect: so adieu,
And Heav'n's good eyes look on you!—What are those? [*Exeunt Queens.*
Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judg'd [told's
By their appointment; some of Thebes have
They're sister's children, nephews to the king.
Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war,
Like to a pair of lions, succour'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view! What prisoner was't that told me,
When I enquir'd their names?
Herald. With leave, they're called
Arcite and Palamon.
Thes. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead? [been taken
Herald. Nor in a state of life: had they
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible [breathe,
They might have been recover'd; yet they
And have the name of men.
Thes. Then like men use 'em!
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us [than have 'em
Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state
Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we'd rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air (to them unkind), and minister [more!
What man to man may do! for our sake,
Since I have known frights, fury, friends, behests,
Loves, provocations[34], zeal, a mistress' task,
Desire

both sense and measure. Mr. Sympson too saw and corrected the error. *Sex dividual* for *different sexes*, is perhaps an uncommon, but a perfectly poetical expression. *Seward.*

[34] *Since I have known frights, fury,* friends, behests,
Loves, provocations, *zeal, a mistress task,*
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Hath *set a mark which Nature could not reach to*
Without some imposition, sickness in will
Or wrestling strength in reason, for our love
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skills tender.] 'Tis a great pity that this fine enumeration of the ills of human life (which for conciseness and beauty may almost vie with the celebrated one in the soliloquy of Hamlet), should at last, by the errors of the transcriber or printer, vanish into darkness and obscurity. There is hopes that it is now restored by a very small change in the auxiliary verb *hath*, and a transposition of the lines into the order which the sense seems to require. I read,

——————— a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason;
'*Thath* set a mark which Nature could not reach to
Without some imposition. For our love, &c.

The sentiment is the common one,

Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco,

'That our own miseries naturally awaken our compassion for those of others.' When therefore

Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason;
'Thath set a mark which Nature could not reach to
Without some imposition. For our love,
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender!—Lead into the city:
Where having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army[35]. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter the Queens with the Hearses of their Knights, in a funeral solemnity, &c.

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, thro' the wild air flying:
Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-ey'd Pleasure's foes!
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your houshold graves: [him!
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with
2 *Queen.* And this to yours!
1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end!
3 *Queen.* This world's a city, full of straying streets;
And death's the market-place, where each one meets. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Jailor and Wooer.

Jailor. I MAY depart with little[36], while I live;
Something I may cast to you, not much. Alas,
The prison I keep, tho' it be for great ones, yet
They seldom come: before one salmon, you
Shall take a number o' minnows. I am given out
To be better lin'd, than it can appear to me
Report is a true speaker: I would I were
Really, that I am delivered to be! Marry, what
I have (be't what it will) I will assure
Upon my daughter at the day o' my death.
Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer;
And I'll estate your daughter, in what I
Have promised.
Jailor. Well, we'll talk more of this,
When the solemnity is past. But have you
A full promise of her? When that shall be seen,

Enter Daughter.

I tender my consent.
Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.
Jailor. Your friend and I have chanc'd to name you here,
On the old business: but no more o' that now!
So soon as the court-hurry is o'er, we'll have
An end of't: i'th' mean time, look tenderly
To the two prisoners! I can tell you they're princes.
Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. It is pity they are
In prison, and 'twere pity they should be out.
I do think they have patience to make any
Adversity asham'd: the prison itself is proud
Of them: and they have all the world in their chamber. [solute men.
Jailor. They're fam'd to be a pair of ab-
Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em;

fore he has enumerated the various ills which he has gone thro', he says, That these ills have set a mark of humanity on his heart that Nature, *without some imposition, i. e.* without the addition of such experience, could not have arrived at. The reader will find another change, instead of making *friends, behests, loves, provocations*, four of the ills of life, as in the former editions, I join them and make only two, *friends' behests*, and *love's provocations;* the former is particularly applicable to *Theseus;* the latter gives much the same idea as Shakespear's pangs of despised love. *Seward.*

This passage is extremely difficult and obscure. Seward's reading and explanation are certainly ingenious, and his slight transposition in the latter part admissible; but the two first lines of the old text are preferable.

[35] *To Athens* for *our army.*] The correction of *for* into *'fore* is self-evident, and occurred to us all three. *Seward.*

[36] *Depart;*] *i. e.* in this place, *part.* So Ben Jonson, in the Induction to Bartholomew-Fair,

'——— the author having now *departed* with his right.' *R.*

They

They stand a grief[37] above the reach of report.

Jailor. I heard them reported, in the battle
To be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely;
For they are noble sufferers. I marvel
How they'd have look'd, had they been victors, that
With such a constant nobility enforce
A freedom out of bondage, making misery
Their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Jailor. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me,
They've no more sense of their captivity,
Then I of ruling Athens: they eat well,
Look merrily, discourse of many things,
But nothing of their own restraint and disasters.
Yet, sometime, a divided sigh, martyr'd
As 'twere in the deliverance, will break
From one of them; when th' other presently
Gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish
Myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least
A sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I ne'er saw 'em.

Jailor. The duke himself came privately in the night.

Enter Palamon and Arcite above.

And so did they[38]; what the reason of it is, I
Know not.—Look, yonder they are! that is
Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon:
Arcite's the lower of the twain: you may
Perceive a part of him.

Jailor. Go to, leave your pointing!
They'd not make us their object: out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them!
Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, in Prison.

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir? [sery,

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at mi-
And bear the chance of war yet. We are
I fear for ever, cousin. [prisoners

Arc. I believe it;
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite, [country?
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble
Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more
Must we behold those comforts; never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Ev'n in the wagging of a wanton leg, [lands,
Out-stript the people's praises, won the gar-
Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses,
Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,
(Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er wore[39])
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us; [light'ning,
These hands shall never draw 'em out like
To blast whole armies more!

Arc. No, Palamon, [are,
Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we
And here the graces of our youths must wither, [us,
Like a too-timely spring; here age must find

[37] *They stand a* grief.] This is a stiff expression, and only the conjectural reading of the late editions: the old quarto reads,

——— they stand a *griese.*

Mr. Sympson and I both read and conjecture, *gree*, the old word for *gradus* or *degree*. See Urry's Glossary to Chaucer. Indeed spelling of words was formerly so very uncertain, that *griese* for a step, might have been in use as well as *gree*, and therefore it is best to restore it. *Seward.*

We see no objection to the text, but think it, both in expression and sentiment, every way superior to the proposed restoration.

[38] *The duke himself came privately in the night,*
Enter Palamon and Arcite.
And so did they—] There is a deficiency in the sense here, that seems to denote the loss of at least one whole line, nor can I, from the context, easily guess the purport of it. By striking out, *And so did they*, the whole would be sense, but the measure would be lost. So we must leave it to some more fortunate conjecture. *Seward.*

We do not perceive any fault.

[39] ——— *our good swords now*
(Better the red-ey'd god of war nev'r were)
Bravish'd *our sides.*] The two mistakes of *were* for *wore*, and *bravish'd* for *ravish'd*, are very easily amended, and the reader will observe that the second arose from the initial letter of the former line being repeated. I had the concurrence here of both my assistants. *Seward.*

And,

And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife [pids,
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cu-
Shall never clasp our necks! no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer! [ments,
The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banish-
And in their songs curse ever-blinded fortune,
'Till she for shame see what a wrong sh' has done
To youth and nature: this is all our world;
We shall know nothing here, but one another;
Hear nothing, but the clock that tells our woes;
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still!

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite! To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo; no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts! All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of honour!) lazily[40],
Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here; a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly, [tunes
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our for-
Were twinn'd together: 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
'The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour;
That, liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Wooe us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations [gether,
May make it ours? and here being thus to-
We are an endless mine to one another;
We're one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we're father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience, [seek us;
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance[41]; I might sicken, cousin,

[40] *(Which is the curse of honour)* lastly,
Children of grief, and ignorance.] When a word is flat and unpoetical, and at the same time detrimental to the measure, there is almost a certainty of its being corrupt. *Lastly* has both these bad qualities; it is a mere degrading expletive as to the sense, and wants a syllable to complete the measure. I cannot doubt therefore of the true word being *lazily*; laziness to a man of spirit being the true curse of honour. Hence the sentence becomes a fine climax to that noble spirit of poetry that animates the whole speech. *Seward.*

Seward's emendation here is happy, and we believe gives the genuine text. He supports his conjecture by the following quotation from the Lovers' Progress:

——We shall grow old men and feeble,
Which is the scorn of love and rust of honour.

[41] ——*envy of ill men*
Crave *our acquaintance.*] We have each a different conjecture here, Mr. Theobald reads *craze*, Mr. Sympson, *carve*, and I, *reave!* I know not whether self-partiality makes me prefer the latter. It is a common word in old authors, though now we seldom use it except in the perfect tense *reft*, as in Mr. Mallet's charming song, the first stanza of which is taken from Fletcher:

'Such is the robe that kings must wear
'When death has *reft* their crown.'

See Skinner on the word *reave: Spoliare*, to *spoil* or *take away*. The two former words, *craze* and *carve*, seem stiffer than this. *Seward.*

Reave is a plausible reading, and much better than *craze* or *carve:* but the old text (*crave*) being easy and intelligible, should not be disturbed.

Where

Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite!) almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and every where!
'Tis like a beast, methinks! I find the court here, [sures
I'm sure a more content; and all those plea-
That wooe the wills of men to vanity,
I see thro' now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses!
Shall I say more?
Arc. I would hear you still.
Pal. You shall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?
Arc. Sure there cannot.
Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.
Arc. 'Till our deaths it cannot;

Enter Emilia and her Servant.

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir!
Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures
What flower is this? [in't[42].
Serv. 'Tis call'd Narcissus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself: were there not maids enough?
Arc. Pray forward!
Pal. Yes.
Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?
Serv. They could not be to one so fair.
Emi. Thou wouldst not?
Serv. I think I should not, madam.
Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindness tho'!
Serv. Why, madam?
Emi. Men are mad things.
Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?
Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in
Serv. Yes. [silk, wench?
Emi. I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of
This is a pretty colour: will't not do [these;
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
Serv. Dainty, madam.
Arc. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir?
Why, Palamon!
Pal. Never 'till now I was in prison, Arcite.
Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By Heav'n, she is a goddess!
Arc. Ha!
Pal. Do reverence!
She is a goddess, Arcite!
Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best.
Serv. Why, gentle madam?
Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently[43],
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers[44]

[42] *This garden has a world of pleasures in't.*] This in all the former editions was made the end of *Arcite*'s speech; the absurdity was evident to us all, and must have been so to every reader of the least attention. *Seward.*

[43] *For when the west-wind courts her* gently.] As there is a deficiency in measure, Mr. Theobald reads,

————courts her *beauties* gently.

But the necessity of such an insertion does not appear, as making *gentily* three syllables, a thing very common in our authors, sufficiently fills up the measure. *Seward.*

Theobald's variation is best, but neither is necessary: our authors are not so precise in their measure.

[44] *It is the very emblem of a maid:*
For when the west-wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes? When the north comes near her,
Rude and impatient, then like chastity
She locks *her beauties in her bud again,*
And leaves him to base briers.] Dr. Farmer (Appendix to Shakespeare, 1773) quotes this speech, and with Seward (line 2) reads *gentily* for *gently*. I mention this minuteness of the doctor, because (line 5) he substitutes *charity* for *chastity*, and (line 6) *shuts* for *locks*. The quotation is made in support of a proposal, by 'an eminent critic,' to alter the word *shakes* to *shuts*, in the following passage in Cymbeline:

'————like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
'*Shakes* all our buds from growing.'

I dare say, the doctor did not intentionally violate the poets' text; but think each of the errors very remarkable. *J. N.*

Serv.

Serv. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for it: a maid,
If she have any honour, would be loath
To take example by her.
Emi. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She's wondrous fair!
Pal. She's all the beauty extant!
Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in! Keep these flowers;
We'll see how near art can come near their colours.
I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
Serv. I could lie down, I'm sure.
Emi. And take one with you?
Serv. That's as we bargain, madam.
Emi. Well, agree then. [*Exit with Serv.*
Pal. What think you of this beauty?
Arc. 'Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and love her? [have,
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I
Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And desire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I saw her first.
Arc. That's nothing.
Pal. But it shall be.
Arc. I saw her too.
Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.
Arc. I will not, as you do; to worship her,
As she is heav'nly, and a blessed goddess:
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.
Pal. You shall not love at all!
Arc. Not love at all? who shall deny me?
Pal. I that first saw her; I that took possession [her
First with mine eye of all those beauties in
Reveal'd to mankind! If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!
Arc. Yes, I love her;
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.
If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon!
I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain
I am as worthy and as free a lover,
And have as just a title to her beauty,
As any Palamon, or any living,
That is a man's son.
Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are you mov'd thus?
Let me deal coldly with you! am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you've told me
That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend [shall suffer?
Pal. You may be.
Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?
Pal. No; but unjust
If thou pursue that sight.
Arc. Because another
First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But say that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one say so, [her,
And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I must be,
'Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me!
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.
Arc. Fy, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.
Pal. Oh, that now, that now [fortune,
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I'd quickly teach thee
What 'twere to filch affection from another!
Thou'rt baser in it than a cutpurse!
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!
Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not; thou art feeble!
Put my head out? I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,

Enter Jailor.

And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
Pal. No more! the keeper's coming; I shall live
To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
Arc. Do!
Jailor. By your leave, gentlemen!
Pal. Now, honest keeper? [th' duke:
Jailor. Lord Arcite, you must presently to
The cause I know not yet.
Arc. I'm ready, keeper. [reave you
Jailor. Prince Palamon, I must awhile be-
Of your fair cousin's company.
[*Exit with Arcite.*
Pal. And me too,
Ev'n when you please, of life!—Why is he sent for?
It may be, he shall marry her: he's goodly;

And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falshood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one. Blessed garden,
And fruit, and flowers more blessed, that still blossom [were,
As her bright eyes shine on ye! 'Would I
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricot!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heav'nly[44], I would make her [her;
So near the gods in nature, they should fear

Enter Jailor.

And then I'm sure she'd love me. How now keeper!
Where's Arcite?
Jailor. Banished. Prince Perithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.
Pal. He's a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.
Jailor. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.
Pal. To discharge my life? [your lordship;
Jailor. No; but from this place to remove
The windows are too open.
Pal. Devils take 'em,
That are so envious to me! Prithee kill me!
Jailor. And hang for't afterward?
Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.
Jailor. Why, my lord?
Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news continually,
Thou art not worthy life! I will not go.
Jailor. Indeed you must, my lord.
Pal. May I see the garden?
Jailor. No.
Pal. Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.
Jailor. I must [ous,
Constrain you then! and, for you're dangerI'll clap more irons on you.
Pal. Do, good keeper!
I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep;
I'll make you a new morris! Must I go?
Jailor. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee! Oh, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer! Come, now bury me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see [thy window,
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one he'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton.
Come what can come, [dom:
The worst is death; I will not leave the king-
I know my own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there! if I go, he has her.
I am resolv'd: another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People; one with a Garland before them.

1 *Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's
2 *Coun.* And I'll be there. [certain.
3 *Coun.* And I. ['tis but a chiding;
4 *Coun.* Why then, have with ye, boys!

[44] *And if she be not heav'nly*—] This and the end of the next speech, which may at first sight appear a rant, are inimitably beautiful in a character of such warm passions under a phrenzy of love. Our authors have improv'd upon Chaucer, in making *Palamon* and *Arcite* such very distinct characters; but *Arcite*, who is not crown'd with success, becomes by this means the more amiable, and has the reader's wishes in his favour. This is a fault that Chaucer particularly guards against, for he makes the Two Kinsmen under an engagement upon oath, to assist each other when either happened to be in love. Had our authors inserted this, they had obviated all prejudice against *Palamon*, and given sufficient matter to kindle his rage and violence. *Seward.*

Who entertains any prejudice against *Palamon* here?

Let

Let the plough play to-day! I'll tickle't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow!
1 *Coun.* I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one; I'll go thro', let her mumble. [and stow her,
2 *Coun.* Clap her aboard to-morrow night,
And all's made up again.
3 *Coun.* Ay, do but put
A feskue in her fist, and you shall see her
Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
Do we all hold against the maying?
4 *Coun.* Hold! what
Should ail us?
3 *Coun.* Arcas will be there.
2 *Coun.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd [Ha!
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches.
But will the dainty *domine*, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye know. [Go to!
3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail:
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance too.
4 *Coun.* Shall we be lusty?
2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens.
Blow wind i' th' breech on us! and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town, and here again, [weavers!
And there again! Ha, boys, heigh for the
1 *Coun.* This must be done i' th' woods.
4 *Coun.* Oh, pardon me!
2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of learning says so;
Where he himself will edify the duke
Most parlously in our behalfs: he's excellent i' th' woods; [cry.
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no
3 *Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle! [means,
And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on't!
4 *Coun.* Content: the sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away boys, and hold! [you, whither go you?
Arc. By your leaves, honest friends! Pray
4 *Coun.* Whither? why, what a question's that! [not.
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question, to me that know
3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.
2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not far, sir.
Are there such games to-day?
1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;
And such as you ne'er saw: the duke himself
Will be in person there.
Arc. What pastimes are they?
2 *Coun.* Wrastling and running. 'Tis a pretty fellow.
3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, sir.
4 *Coun.* Well, sir,
Take your own time. Come, boys!
1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me
This fellow has a veng'ance trick o' th' hip;
Mark, how his body's made for't!
2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd tho'
If he dare venture; hang him, plumb-porridge! [gone, lads!
He wrastle? He roast eggs. Come, let's be
[*Exeunt Countrymen.*
Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
The best men call'd it excellent; and run,
Swifter the wind upon a field of corn[45]
(Curling the wealthy ears) ne'er flew! I'll venture, [knows
And in some poor disguise be there: who
Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
And happiness prefer me to a place, [lands,
Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman?
'Tis odds
He never will affect me: I am base,
My father the mean keeper of his prison,
And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
To be his whore is witless. Out upon't!
What pushes are we wenches driven to,
When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him;
I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to please a woman in him,
(If he please to bestow it so) as ever
These eyes yet look'd on: next, I pitied him;
And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
To a young handsome man: then, I lov'd him,
Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him!
And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
Lord, what a coil he keeps[46]! To hear him

[45] *Swifter* than *wind.*] Amended by Seward and Sympson.

[46] *Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him.*] This line wants two syllables of its due measure, and the words that I have inserted seem to improve the sense as well as compleat the measure, as they imply a continuance of his singing, and her attention to it. *Seward.*

Seward reads, ——— To *sit and* hear him;
but these supposed *improvements of the sense*, and arbitrary *completions of the measure*, are unwarrantable. *To sit*, would rather imply sitting in his company, which is not supposed in this place.

Sing in an evening[47], what a heaven it is!
And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
Was never gentleman: when I come in
To bring him water in a morning, first
He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
'Fair gentle maid, good morrow! may thy goodness
'Get thee a happy husband!' Once he kiss'd me;
I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
'Would he would do so ev'ry day! He grieves much,
And me as much to see his misery: [him?
What should I do, to make him know I love
For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventur'd
To set him free? what says the law then?
Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it[48],
And this night, or to-morrow: he shall love me! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

[*A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Emilia, and Arcite with a Garland, &c.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not seen,
Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
That these times can allow.
Arc. I'm proud to please you.
Thes. What country bred you?
Arc. This; but far off, prince.
Thes. Are you a gentleman?
Arc. My father said so;
And to those gentle uses gave me life[49].
Thes. Are you his heir?
Arc. His youngest, sir.
Thes. Your father
Sure is a happy sire then. What prove you?
Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
I could have kept a hawk, and well have holloa'd
To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me [greatest,
Would say it was my best piece; last, and
I would be thought a soldier.
Thes. You are perfect.
Per. Upon my soul, a proper man!
Emi. He is so.
Per. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him:
I have not seen so young a man so noble,
(If he say true) of his sort.
Emi. Believe,
His mother was a wondrous handsome woman!
His face methinks goes that way.
Hip. But his body,
And fiery mind, illustrate a brave father.
Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
Breaks thro' his baser garments. [him?
Hip. He's well got, sure.
Thes. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arc. Noble Theseus,
To purchase name, and do my ablest service
To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
For only in thy court, of all the world,
Dwells fair-ey'd Honour.
Per. All his words are worthy. [travel,
Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your
Nor shall you lose your wishes. Perithous,
Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Per. Thanks, Theseus!— [give you
Whate'er you are, you're mine; and I shall

[47] ——— *To hear him*
Sing in an evening, &c.] In All's Well that ends Well, act i. sc. 1, Helena says:

'——— 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
'To see him every hour; to sit and draw
'His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
'In our heart's table: heart, too capable
'Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
'But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
'Must sanctify his relics.' *R.*

[48] *For law or kindred: I will do it,*
And this night, or to-morrow he shall love me.] The first verse wants a syllable, and 'tis odd in her to say that he should love her either this night or to-morrow; what she would naturally say, is, that she would free him this night, and that would so oblige him, that to-morrow he would love her. I have added one particle and chang'd another, in which I hope I have only restor'd the original. *Seward.*

Seward reads,

For law, or kindred: I will do it, *ay*
And this night; *and* to-morrow he shall love me.

Our punctuation, we hope, restores the poets' meaning, without committing any violence on the old text. A similar expression occurs, p. 402 of this volume;

——— they should fear her;
And then I'm sure *she'd love me.*

[49] *And to those gentle uses gave* me *life;*] *i. e.* Gave me life on purpose to educate me gentilely: the reading may be defended, but it would certainly be more natural if we read *gave my life, i. e.* brought me up and dedicated my life to all gentile habits and exercises. *Seward.*

To

To a most noble service, to this lady,
This bright young virgin: pray observe her goodness. [virtues,
You've honour'd her fair birth-day with your
And, as your due, you're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir. [beauty,

Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver.—Dearest
Thus let me seal my vow'd faith! when your servant [you,
(Your most unworthy creature) but offends
Command him die, he shall.

Emi. That were too cruel.
If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't:
You're mine; and somewhat better than your rank I'll use you. [you say

Per. I'll see you furnish'd: and because
You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.

Arc. I like him better, prince; I shall not
Freeze in my saddle. [then

Thes. Sweet, you must be ready;
And you, Emilia; and you, friend; and all;
To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance
To flow'ry May[50], in Dian's wood. Wait well, sir,
Upon your mistress! Emily, I hope
He shall not go afoot.

Emi. That were a shame, sir, [what
While I have horses. Take your choice; and
You want at any time, let me but know it:
If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
You'll find a loving mistress.

Arc. If I do not,
Let me find that my father ever hated,
Disgrace and blows!

Thes. Go, lead the way; you've won it;
It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else.
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
That, if I were a woman, would be master;
But you are wise. [*Flourish.*

Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. Let all the dukes, and all the devils roar,
He is at liberty! I've ventur'd for him;
And out I've brought him to a little wood
A mile hence. I have sent him, where a cedar,
Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane[51]
Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,
'Till I provide him files and food; for yet
His iron bracelets are not off. Oh, Love,
What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father [done it.
Durst better have endur'd cold iron, than
I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
Or wit, or safety! I have made him know it:
I care not; I am desperate! If the law
Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,
And tell to memory my death was noble,
Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
I purpose, is my way too: sure he cannot
Be so unmanly as to leave me here!
If he do, maids will not so easily [me
Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd
For what I've done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
He made such scruples of the wrong he did
To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
When he considers more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: let him do
What he will with me, so he use me kindly!
For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
And to his face, no man. I'll presently
Provide him necessaries, and pack my cloaths up,
And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
So he be with me! by him, like a shadow,
I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
Get many more such prisoners, and such daughters,
And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*

[50] ——————— *to do observance*
To flow'ry May.] Of the custom of going into the woods to celebrate the introduction of *May*, and the several rites observed by different people on that occasion, the reader will see an ample account in Bourne's Observations on Popular Antiquities. See Brand's edition, 8vo. 1777, printed at Newcastle, p. 255. *R.*

[51] *Plane;*] *i. e.* The plane-tree. *R.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Cornets in sundry Places. Noise and hallooing, as People a-maying.
Enter Arcite.

Arcite. THE duke has lost Hippolita; each took
A several land. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o'th' mead or garden! yea,
We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, oh jewel [place
O'th' wood, o'th' world, hast likewise blest a
With thy sole presence[52].—In thy rumination
That I poor man might eftsoons come between, [blessed chance,
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice
To drop on such a mistress! Expectation
Most guiltless of't! Tell me, oh, lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my sovereign) how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn
(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Al s, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched, altho' free: but if
Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and that
I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, oh, coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter Palamon as out of a Bush, with his Shackles; bends his Fist at Arcite.

Pal. Traitor kinsman! [signs
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! Oh, thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token[53]! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment, that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away—
Arc. Dear cousin Palamon— [such
Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language
As thou hast shew'd me feat!
Arc. Not finding, in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 'tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas'd
To shew in generous terms your griefs, since that [fesses
Your question's with your equal, who pro-
To clear his own way, with the mind and
Of a true gentleman. [sword
Pal. That thou durst, Arcite! [advertis'd
Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well
How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, tho' i'th' sanctuary.
Pal. Sir, [well
I've seen you move in such a place, which
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain! Their valiant temper
Men lose, when they incline to treachery;

[52] ——— *hast likewise blest a* pace
With thy sole presence, in thy rumination
That I poor man might eftsoons come between
And chop on some cold thought, thrice blessed chance, &c.] The amendment of the punctuation in this passage, and altering *pace* to *place*, are by Seward.

[53] ——— *O thou most perfidious*
That ever gently look'd the voids *of honour,*
That ever bore gentle token.] The reader will, I believe, find this difficult passage (which had long puzzled us all three) at last clear'd up by Mr. Sympson to entire satisfaction. *Seward.*

And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.
Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear, which now disdains you!
Pal. Come up to me! [sword
Quit me of these cold gyves[54], give me a
(Tho' it be rusty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none
That thou art brave and noble. [but this,
Arc. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house!
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o'th' prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but,
'Arcite,
'I am in plight!' there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.
Pal. Oh, you Heav'ns, dare any
So noble bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.
Arc. Sweet Palamon—
Pal. I do embrace you, and your offer; for
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't.
[*Wind horns of cornets.*
Arc. You hear the horns: [tween's
Enter your muse quick[55], lest this match be-
Be crost ere met. Give me your hand; farewell!
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you
Take comfort, and be strong!
Pal. Pray hold your promise, [certain
And do the deed with a bent brow! most
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language: by this air,
I could for each word give a cuff! my stomach
Not reconcil'd by reason.
Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
[*Wind horns.*
In me have but one face. Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess
I have an office there.
Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is atchiev'd.
Arc. I've a good title[56],
I am persuaded: this question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this
And talk of it no more. [plea,
Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For, note you, mine she is—
Arc. Nay, then—
Pal. Nay, pray you!—
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength:
You're going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the beck I meant[57], 'is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter! 'would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o'th' world!—Hark! 'tis a wolf: [thing,
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I hallo'd for him?
I cannot hallo; if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night; why may't not be

[54] Gyves.] See note 31 on Beggars' Bush.

[55] *You hear the horns;*
Enter your music *lest this match between's*
Be crost e'er met.] *Music* is evidently corrupt; I read, *muse quick;* the *muse* of a hare is exactly the idea the context requires. I find this emendation in Mr. Theobald's margin, but as I sent it him, I know not whether he had it from me, or hit upon it before. *Seward.*
This emendation had been made before by sir William Davenant, to whom, as it seems a happy conjecture, the merit of it ought to be ascribed. He reads (Rivals, act iii. p. 28),
'You hear the horns: enter your *muise.* Take
'Comfort and be strong.' *R.*

[56] If *a good title,*
I'm persuaded this question, &c.] The reading and pointing of former editions. *Seward.*

[57] *He has mistook the* beake *I meant.*] Seward alters *beake* to *beck*, which, says he, 'is an 'old English word, and now in use in all the northern counties; it signifies a brook or river; 'and some towns, as Welbeck, Holbeck, &c. take their names from it. See Ray's Nor-'thern Dialects, and Skinner on the word.'
Davenant here is less successful in his alteration than in other passages: he reads *beach. R.*

They

They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: so much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone. No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens!—I am mop'd:
Food took I none these two days[58],
Sipt some water; I've not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when my lids scower'd off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
Oh, state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd!—So! which way now?
The best way is, the next way to a grave:
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: but the point is this,
An end, and that is all! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Arcite, with Meat, Wine, and Files.

Arc. I should be near the place. Ho, cousin Palamon!

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite? [files.
Arc. The same: I've brought you food and
Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.
Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.
Arc. That's no matter;
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage; [drink!
You shall not die thus beastly; here, sir,
I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.
Pal. Arcite, thou might'st now poison me.
Arc. I might;
But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
No more of these vain parlies! let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your [health!
Pal. Do—
Arc. Pray sit down then; and let me entreat you,
By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
We shall have time enough.
Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you.
Arc. Drink a good hearty draught! it breeds good blood, man.
Do not you feel it thaw you?
Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
After a draught or two more.
Arc. Spare it not;
The duke has more, coz. Eat now!
Pal. Yes.
Arc. I'm glad
You have so good a stomach.
Pal. I am gladder
I have so good meat to't.
Arc. Is't not mad lodging
Here in the wild woods, cousin?
Pal. Yes, for them
That have wild consciences.
Arc. How tastes your victuals?
Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
Pal. Not much:
But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
What is this?
Arc. Venison.
Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat. [wenches
Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the
We have known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
Do you remember her?
Arc. After you, coz.
Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.
Arc. She did so: well, sir?
Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and—
Arc. Out with it, faith!
Pal. She met him in an arbour:
What did she there, coz? Play o'th' virginals?
Arc. Something she did, sir.
Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
Or two, or three, or ten.
Arc. The marshal's sister
Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,

[58] *Food took I none these two days,*
Sipt some water, I've not clos'd mine eyes
Save when my lids scower'd off their brine.] Here both sense and measure are very deficient; Mr. Sympson reads,

Food took I none these two days, *'cept* some water;

But then the second line becomes an hemistich, and seems to be deficient too in sense, as she does not specify how long she had continued sleepless; I fill up both verses with what seems perfectly natural for her to say:

Food took I none these two days, *only sipt*
Some water, *two nights* I've not clos'd mine eyes, &c. *Seward.*

It is not *unnatural* she should say this; but not seeing the defect in *sense* as well as measure, we think this way of *filling up verses* an unwarrantable licence in an editor.

Else

Else there be tales abroad: you'll pledge her?
Pal. Yes. [a time
Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis! There was
When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!
Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breath'd for Emily: base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?
Arc. You're wide.
Pal. By Heav'n and earth,
There's nothing in thee honest!
Arc. Then I'll leave you:
You are a beast now.
Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.
Arc. There's all things needful; files, and shirts, and perfumes:
I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
That that shall quiet all.
Pal. A sword and armour?
Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul: Farewell!
Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.
Pal. Sirrah[59]—
Arc. I'll hear no more! [*Exit.*
Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for't! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. I'm very cold; and all the stars are out too,
The little stars, and all that look like aglets:
The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
Alas, no; he's in Heav'n!—Where am I now?— [tumbles!
Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship; how't
And there's a rock lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now!
There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry! [else!
Up with her 'fore the wind[60], you'll lose all
Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys!
Good night, good night; you're gone!—I'm very hungry:
'Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me [make
News from all parts o'th' world; then would I
A carrack of a cockle-shell, and sail
By east and north-east to the king of pigmies,
For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,
Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
To-morrow morning; I'll say never a word.

SONG.

For I'll cut my green coat[61], a foot above my knee;
And I'll clip my yellow locks, an inch below mine eye.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
And I'll go seek him, thro' the world that is so wide.
Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale[62],
To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a top else. [*Exit.*

[59] *Sir, ha.*] Former copies.

[60] Upon her *before the wind.*] Mr. Sympson thinks this not true sea language, and puts what I believe is,

Up with her 'fore the wind——

Mr. Theobald reads,

Spoon her before the wind,——

Either of them will do. *Seward.*

[61] *For I'll cut, &c.*] Davenant altered this song in the following manner:

'For straight my green gown into breeches I'll make,
'And my long yellow locks much shorter I'll take.
'Sing down a-down, &c.
'Then I'll cut me a switch, and on that ride about,
'And wander and wander 'till I find him out.
'With a heigh down, &c.' *R.*

[62] *Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale,*
To put my breast against.] This allusion is very frequent in our ancient poets: from several examples which might be produced, we shall select the following, from a poem written by Fletcher's cousin, which at present is scarcely known:

'So Philomel, perch't on an aspin sprig,
'Weeps all the night her lost virginitie,
'And sings her sad tale to the merrie twig,
'That dances at such joyfull miserie,
'Ne ever lets sweet rest invade her eyes:
'But *leaning on a thorn* her dainty chest,
'*For fear soft sleep should steal into her brest,*
'Expresses in her song grief not to be exprest.'

Christs Victorie and Triumph in Heaven and Earth over and after Death. By Giles Fletcher, 2d edit. 4to. 1632, p. 68. *R.*

SCENE V.

Enter Gerrold, four Countrymen (and the Bavian), two or three Wenches, with a Taborer.

Ger. Fy, fy!
What tediosity and disensanity
Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
And, by a figure, ev'n the very plumb-broth
And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye, [*fore?*
And do ye still cry *where*, and *how*, and *where-*
Ye most coarse freeze capacities, ye sleave judgments[63],
Have I said *thus let be*, and *there let be*,
And *then let be*, and no man understand me?
Proh Deum, medius fidius; ye are all dunces!
For why? here stand I; here the duke comes; there are you, [meet him,
Close in the thicket; the duke appears, I
And unto him I utter learned things,
And many figures; he hears, and nods, and hums, [length
And then cries *rare!* and I go forward; at
I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
As once did Meleager and the boar,
Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
Cast yourselves in a body decently, [boys!
And sweetly, by a figure, trace, and turn,
1 Coun. And sweetly we will do it, master Gerrold. [the taborer?
2 Coun. Draw up the company. Where's
3 Coun. Why, Timothy!
Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!
Ger. But I say where's their women?
4 Coun. Here's Friz and Maudlin.
2 Coun. And little Luce, with the white legs, and bouncing Barbary.
1 Coun. And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.
Ger. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim with your bodies,
And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
And now and then a favour, and a frisk!
Nell. Let us alone, sir.
Ger. Where's the rest o'th' music?
3 Coun. Dispers'd as you commanded.
Ger. Couple then,
And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?
My friend, carry your tail without offence
Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood!
And when you bark, do it with judgment.
Bav. Yes, sir. [wanting.
Ger. Quo usque tandem? Here's a woman
4 Coun. We may go whistle; all the fat's
Ger. We have, [i'th' fire!
As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;
We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.
2 Coun. This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding, [be here,
That gave her promise faithfully she would
Cicely, the sempster's daughter! [skin!
The next gloves that I give her shall be dog's
Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas, [break.
She swore, by wine and bread, she would not
Ger. An eel and woman,
A learned poet says, unless by th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
In manners, this was false position. [now?
1 Coun. A fire ill take her[64]! does she flinch
3 Coun. What
Shall we determine, sir?
Ger. Nothing;
Our business is become a nullity.
Yea, and a woful, and a piteous nullity!
4 Coun. Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
Now to be frampal[65], now to piss o'th' nettle!
Go thy ways: I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

Enter Jailor's Daughter.

Daugh. The George alow came from the south,
From the coast of Barbary-a.

[63] *Ye* jave *judgments.*] Whether *jave* be some sort of coarse cloth as well as *freeze*, or a mistake of the press, must be uncertain to all who are unacquainted with the word. Supposing it the latter, I have two conjectures to offer, first, *ye* bays *judgments*, or *ye* sleave *judgments*. *Sleave* is the term the silk-weavers use for the ravell'd knotty gouty parts of the silk, from whence Shakespeare has taken an extremely beautiful metaphor that has been hitherto generally misunderstood, and therefore dislik'd and ev'n discarded from the text as spurious by Mr. Pope and the Oxford edition. It is in Macbeth, in the fine scene after the murder of the king;

'Sleep, that knits up the *ravell'd sleeve* of care.'

It should have been *sleave*. The trouble that this *ravell'd knotty silk* gives the knitter or weaver: and the confusion and embarrassment of the *sleave* itself, makes it an exceeding proper emblem of the perplexities and uneasiness of care and trouble. See Skinner on the word. I owe the emendation in Shakespeare to an ingenious friend. *Seward.*

[64] *A* fire ill *take her.*] This may be defended, but as the expression is not a very common or eligible one, and the dialogue is with a schoolmaster, who says of himself that,

He humbles with a *ferula* the tall ones,

I hope I only restore the original in reading,

A *feril* take her. *Seward.*

We believe there is no such word as *feril*. May we not understand by FIRE *ill*, a MIGHTY *ill*, a SEVERE *punishment?* A similar use of *fire* adjectively is frequent.

[65] *Frampal.*] See note 30 on Wit at Several Weapons.

And

And there he met with brave gallants of war,
By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
And whether now are you bound-a?
Oh, let me have your company
'Till I come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:
The one said 'twas an owl,
The other he said nay,
The third he said it was a hawk,
And her bells were cut away.

3 *Coun.* There is a dainty mad woman, magister[65],
Comes i'th' nick; as mad as a March hare!
If we can get her dance, we're made again:
I warrant her, she'll do the rarest gambols!
1 *Coun.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!
Ger. And are you mad, good woman?
Daugh. I would be sorry else;
Give me your hand.
Ger. Why?
Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
You are a fool. Tell ten: I've poz'd him. Buz! [do,
Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you
Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
I know you; you're a tinker: sirrah tinker[66],
Stop no more holes, but what you should!
Ger. Dii boni!
A tinker, damsel?
Daugh. Or a conjurer:
Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Quipassa, o'th' bells and bones!
Ger. Go, take her,
And fluently persuade her to a peace[67]:
Atque opus, exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec [*ignis*—
Strike up, and lead her in!
2 *Coun.* Come, lass, let's trip it!
Daugh. I'll lead. [*Wind horns.*
3 *Coun.* Do, do. [boys!
Ger. Persuasively, and cunningly; away,
[*Exeunt all but Gerrold.*
I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
And mark your cue. Pallas inspire me!

Enter Theseus, Perithous, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite, and Train.

Thes. This way the stag took.
Ger. Stay, and edify!
Thes. What have we here?
Per. Some country-sport, upon my life, sir.
Thes. Well, sir, go forward: we will edify.
Ladies, sit down! we'll stay it.
Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! all hail, sweet ladies!
Thes. This is a cold beginning.
Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
We are a few of those collected here,
That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
And to say verity, and not to fable,
We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,
Or company, or by a figure, chorus,
That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all,
By title Pedagogus, that let fall
The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
Do here present this machine, or this frame:
And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
From Dis to Dedalus, from post to pillar,
Is blown abroad: help me, thy poor well-willer, [straight
And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and
Upon this mighty *morr*—of mickle weight;
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd toge ther [hither,
Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came
The body of our sport of no small study.
I first appear, tho' rude, and raw, and muddy,
To speak before thy noble Grace, this tenor:
At whose great feet I offer up my penner.
The next, the lord of May, and lady bright,
The chambermaid, and servingman by night,
That seek out silent hanging; then mine host,
And his fat spouse, that welcome to their cost
The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
Informs the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
Then the beast-eating clown, and next the fool,
The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool;
Cum multis aliis, that make a dance;
Say *ay*, and all shall presently advance.
Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear *domine!*
Per. Produce.
Ger. Intrate filii! Come forth, and foot it.

Enter Countrymen, &c. They dance.

Ladies, if we have been merry[68],
And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
And a derry, and a down,
Say the Schoolmaster's no clown.
Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
And have done as good boys should do,
Give us but a tree or twain
For a Maypole, and again,
Ere another year run out,
We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

Thes. Take twenty, *domine*.—How does my sweetheart?

[65] *There's a dainty mad woman*, Mr.] As most, and I believe all the *Countrymen*'s speeches are in verse, I fancy *Mr.* stood for *Magister* here. The Schoolmaster's first speech and the greatest part of this scene was printed as prose. But I have found it running easily into measure, which Fletcher's drollery frequently does. *Seward.*

[66] Sir, ha, *Tinker.*] Former copies.

[67] *Persuade her to* a peace.] I think we should read *appease;* i. e. be *quiet*, or *silent*.

[68] *Ladies, if we have*, &c.] We have ventured to prefix the *Schoolmaster*'s name to this speech. It has always been given to *Perithous*.

Hip. Never so pleas'd, sir.
Emi. 'Twas an excellent dance;
And, for a preface, I never heard a better.
Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you. One see 'em all rewarded! [pole withal.
Per. And here's something to paint your
Thes. Now to our sports again!

Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
And thy dogs be swift and strong!
May they kill him without letts,
And the ladies eat's dowsets!

Come, we are all made! [*Wind horns.*
Dii Deæque omnes! ye have danc'd rarely, wenches. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Palamon from the Bush.

Pal. About this hour my cousin gave his faith
To visit me again, and with him bring
Two swords, and two good armours; if he fail [me,
He's neither man, nor soldier. When he left
I did not think a week could have restor'd
My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
With this refreshing, able once again
To out-dure danger. To delay it longer
Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting, like a swine, to fight,
And not a soldier: therefore, this blest morning
Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
If it but hold, I kill him with: 'tis justice:
So, Love and Fortune for me! Oh, good-morrow!

Enter Arcite, with Armours and Swords.

Arc. Good-morrow, Noble Kinsman!
Pal. I have put you
To too much pains, sir.
Arc. That too much, fair cousin,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Pal. 'Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish you
As kind a kinsman, as you force me find
A beneficial foe, that my embraces
Might thank you, not my blows.
Arc. I shall think either,
Well done, a noble recompense.
Pal. Then I shall quit you.
Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you shew
More than a mistress to me: no more anger,
As you love any thing that's honourable!
We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,
And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us!
And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns,
Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen,
And quickly, yours, or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir?
Or if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
And every day discourse you into health,
As I am spar'd: your person I am friends with,
And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her,
Tho' I had died; but loving such a lady,
And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.
Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
I'm well, and lusty; chuse your arms!
Arc. Chuse you, sir!
Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost
To make me spare thee? [thou do it
Arc. If you think so, cousin,
You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier,
I'll not spare you!
Pal. That's well said!
Arc. You will find it. [love
Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and
With all the justice of affection,
I'll pay thee soundly! This I'll take.
Arc. That's mine then;
I'll arm you first.
Pal. Do. Pray thee tell me, cousin,
Where got'st thou this good armour?
Arc. 'Tis the duke's;
And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?
Pal. No.
Arc. Is't not too heavy?
Pal. I have worn a lighter;
But I shall make it serve.
Arc. I'll buckle't close.
Pal. By any means.
Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
You would fain be at that fight.
Arc. I'm indifferent. [the buckle
Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust
Thro' far enough!
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now!
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets tho': those are o'th' least;
Prithee take mine, good cousin!
Pal. Thank you, Arcite!
How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.
Arc. Do, and spare not!
I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Pal. Now to you, sir!
Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.

Arc.

Arc. That was a very good one; and that day,
I well remember, you out-did me, cousin;
I never saw such valour: when you charg'd
Upon the left wing of the enemy,
I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
A bright-bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all
Was vainly labour'd in me; you out-went me,
Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;
You're modest, cousin.
Arc. When I saw you charge first,
Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
Break from the troop.
Pal. But still before that flew
The lightning of your valour. Stay a little!
Is not this piece too straight?
Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
A bruise would be dishonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off then!
Arc. Take my sword! I hold it better.
Pal. I thank you, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
Arc. And me, my love! Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more: thou art mine aunt's son,
And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: my sword
Is in my hand, and if thou killest me
The gods and I forgive thee! If there be
A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour,
I wish his weary soul that falls may win it!
Fight bravely, cousin: give me thy noble hand!
Arc. Here, Palamon! This hand shall never more
Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
For none but such dare die in these just trials[69].
Once more, farewell, my cousin!
Pal. Farewell, Arcite! [*Fight.*
[*Horns within; they stand.*
Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!
Pal. Why?
Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
If we be found, we're wretched! Oh, retire,
For honour's sake! and safely presently[70]
Into your bush again, sir! We shall find
Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
If you be seen you perish instantly,
For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
And say we had a noble difference,
But base disposers of it.
Pal. No, no, cousin;

[69] *If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,*
For none but such dare die in these just trials.] Mr. Sympson thinks this a strange sentiment, and indeed it must appear so, till we recollect that our scene lies in the land of *knight errantry* rather than in Athens: that our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquer'd always suppos'd guilty and held infamous. In this light the sentiment is proper, though it would certainly be more in character in *Palamon*'s mouth, whose enthusiastic zeal for the justice of his cause, would be the proper father of such a sentiment. Perhaps therefore the original might have run thus,

Pal. I commend thee.
If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward,
For none but such dare die in these just trials.

Instead of returning this with the like violence, Arcite (with a look where *disdain* and *tenderness* struggle awhile and then settle to a firm resolution) answers,

Once more farewell, my cousin.

But if this change of the speakers takes place, it might be necessary to give the former speech of *Palamon* to *Arcite*, and make *Palamon* only speak the last line of it. It is very common to have whole scenes confus'd thus in their speakers. *Seward.*

We cannot see any need of change.

[70] ——— *and* safely *presently*
Into your bush again.] The two adverbs, *safely presently* in conjunction, are very unlike our authors; by putting a comma between them they may suit the hurry of the speaker. But it seems much more probable that the first is a mistake, and that the true reading is,

——— Oh, retire.
For honour's sake, and *safety*, presently
Into the bush again,———.

Mr. Theobald concurred with me in this emendation. *Seward.*

But being merely conjectural, and not *necessary*, is not admissible.

I will

I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a second trial!
I know your cunning, and I know your cause.
He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
Upon thy present guard—
Arc. You are not mad?
Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
I love Emilia! and in that I'll bury
Thee, and all crosses else!
Arc. Then come what can come,
Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well
Die as discourse, or sleep: only this fears me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life!
Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[*Fight again. Horns.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, and train.

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors
Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!
Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus!
We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee, and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is Arcite;
A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A falser ne'er seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd; this is he contemns thee,
And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against this known edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia,
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am); and, which is more, dares think her his!
This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: if thou be'st,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries, [Theseus,
Say, 'Fight again!' and thou shalt see me,
Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy;
Then take my life! I'll wooe thee to't.
Per. Oh, Heaven,
What more than man is this!
Thes. I've sworn.
Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus! 'Tis to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me traitor,
Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest;
As I dare kill this cousin, that denies it;
So let me be most traitor, and you please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if *she* say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, oh, Theseus,
If unto neither thou shew mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let's die together at one instant, duke!
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.
Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his. None here speak for 'em!
For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.
Hip. Alas, the pity! now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after-ages,
For these lost cousins!
Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kills 'em:
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to th' ground but I'll get mercy.
Help me, dear sister! in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.
Most royal brother—
Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage—
Emi. By your own spotless honour—
Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me— [ther,
Emi. By that you would have pity in ano-
By your own virtues infinite—
Hip. By valour, [you—
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd
Thes. These are strange conjurings!
Per. Nay, then I'll in too:
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady— [deny,
Emi. By that you would have trembled to
A blushing maid—
Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus—
Per. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
Which cannot want due mercy! I beg first.
Hip. Next hear my prayers!
Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir!
Per. For mercy!
Hip. Mercy!

Emi.

Emi. Mercy on these princes!
Thes. You make my faith reel: say I felt
Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?
Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,
But want the understanding where to use it.
If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: can these two live,
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'll fight about you; hourly bring your honour
In public question with their swords: be wise then,
And here forget 'em! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die!
Better they fall by th' law, than one another.
Bow not my honour.
Emi. Oh, my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
Thes. What is it, sister?
Per. Urge it home, brave lady!
Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any thing
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in't,
Think how you maim your honour;
(For now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
To all but your compassion!) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name, opinion[71]!
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom! do men prune
The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blossoms,
Because they may be rotten? Oh, duke Theseus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
'Till I am nothing but the scorn of women:
For Heav'n's sake save their lives, and banish 'em!
Thes. On what conditions?
Emi. Swear 'em never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.
Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
Oh, all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banishment
I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords, and cause along; else never trifle,
But take our lives, duke! I must love, and will
And for that love, must and dare kill this cousin
On any piece the earth has!
Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?
Pal. He's a villain then!
Per. These are men!
Arc. No, never, duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
To take my life so basely. Tho' I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil!
Thes. What may be done? for now I feel compassion.
Per. Let it not fall again, sir!
Thes. Say, Emilia,
If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon 'em,
And if you can love, end this difference!
I give consent! are you content too, princes?
Both. With all our souls.
Thes. He that she refuses
Must die then.
Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.
Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.
Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
And soldiers sing my epitaph.
Thes. Make choice then!
Emi. I cannot, sir; they're both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Thes. Thus I ordain it;
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your country:
And each within this month, accompanied
With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
In which I'll plant a pyramid: and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin

[71] ——— *how their lives*
Might breed the ruin of my name; opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?] *Opinion* is often used by the old writers in the sense of *reputation*, in which sense it is here to be taken. Macbeth says,

'We will proceed no further in this business;
'He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
'*Golden opinions* from all sorts of people,
'Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
'Not cast aside so soon.'

By

And see the house made handsome: then she sung [between
Nothing but 'Willow, willow, willow[74];' and
Ever was, 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'
And 'Palamon was a tall young man!' The place [tresses,
Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless
A wreath of bull-rush rounded[75]; about her stuck [lours;
Thousand fresh-water flowers of several co-
That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt down from Heav'n! Rings she made
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies; 'Thus our true love's tied;' [one:
'This you may loose, not me;' and many a
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
And with the same breath smil'd, and kist her hand.

2 Friend. Alas, what pity 'tis!

Wooer. I made in to her; [say'd her,
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I
And set her safe to land; when presently
She slipt away, and to the city made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that believe me,
She left me far behind her: three, or four,
I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away; I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hither came to tell you. Here they are!

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the
Is not this a fine song? [light, &c.

Brother. Oh, a very fine one!

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Brother. I think you can. [Broom,

Daugh. Yes, truly can I; I can sing the
And Bonny Robin[76]. Are not you a tailor?

Brother. Yes.

Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown?

Brother. I'll bring it to-morrow.

Daugh. Do, very early[77]; I must be abroad else,
To call the maids, and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'Twill never thrive else.
Oh, fair, oh, sweet, &c. [*Sings.*

Brother. You must ev'n take it patiently.

Jailor. 'Tis true. [you ever hear

Daugh. Good e'en, good men! Pray did
Of one young Palamon?

Jailor. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?

Jailor. 'Tis love! [then distemper'd

Brother. By no means cross her; she is
Far worse than now she shews.

1 Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. Oh, is he so? You have a sister?

1 Friend. Yes. [her so,

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell
For a trick that I know: you had best look to her, [done,
For if she see him once, she's gone; she's
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?

1 Friend. Yes.

Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child by him,
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys,
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the Wars of Theseus.

2 Friend. This is strange.

Daugh. As ever you heard; but say nothing.

1 Friend. No. [dukedom to him:

Daugh. They come from all parts of the
I'll warrant you, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch; he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.

Jailor. She's lost,
Past all cure!

Brother. Heav'n forbid, man!

Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.

1 Friend. Does she know him?

2 Friend. No; 'would she did!

Daugh. You're master of a ship?

Jailor. Yes.

Daugh. Where's your compass?

Jailor. Here.

Daugh. Set it to th' north;
And now direct your course to th' wood, where Palamon
Lies longing for me; for the tackling
Let me alone: come, weigh my hearts, cheerly!

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair,
Top the bowling; out with the main-sail!
Where is your whistle, master?

Brother. Let's get her in.

Jailor. Up to the top, boy.

Brother. Where's the pilot?

1 Friend. Here.

Daugh. What ken'st thou?

[74] *Willow, &c.*] See Othello. The song here alluded to, is printed in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. *R.*

[75] *A* wreak *of bull-rush.*] Corrected in 1750.

[76] *Bonny Robin.*] Ophelia, in Shakespeare's Hamlet, sings part of this song.

[77] *Do, very* rarely.] I had put *early* into the text here before I received Mr. Sympson's reading *rearly*, i. e. betimes in the morning. If there is such a word, it is undoubtedly the true one; but as he quotes no authority, and I can find none in my glossaries, I must let *early* remain, which Mr. Theobald has likewise put in his margin. *Seward.*

2 *Friend.* A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, master; tack about!
[*Sings.*
When Cinthia with her borrow'd light, &c.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Emilia, with two Pictures.

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open [chuse,
And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll
And end their strife; two such young handsome men
Shall never fall for me: their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heav'n,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,
With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: what an eye!
Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits smiling;
Just such another wanton Ganimede
Set Jove afire with[77], and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him
A shining constellation! what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far sweeter, [Honour,
Smoother than Pelop's shoulder! Fame and
Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in Heav'n, should clap their wings, and sing
To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he'd lost his mother[78]; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors, may become him:
Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heav'nly.
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me!
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly,
That women ought to beat me. On my knees
I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that command [dare cross 'em?
And threaten love, and what young maid
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this only [cite!
From this hour is complexion; lie there, Ar-
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body—I am sotted,
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me[79],
For if my brother but ev'n now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.
Stand both together! Now, come, ask me, brother,
Alas, I know not! ask me, now, sweet sister;
I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,
That having two fair gawds of equal sweetness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir?
Gent. From the noble duke, your brother,

[77] ——— *here Love himself sits smiling*
Just such another wanton Ganimede,
Set Love afire with, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy.—] This is certainly corrupt; every body must see that *Jove* is somewhere left out. But says Mr. Sympson, suppose we read,
Set *Jove* afire with———
it is still not sense; he therefore proposes,
Jove such another wanton Ganimede
Set *Love* afire with———
But this, I fear, will hardly be thought good English. I had long since discover'd what still seems the real mistake, *fire* like *hour*, *your*, &c. is often made two syllables by our authors; the actors and transcribers not knowing this, thought the verse wanted a syllable, and probably intruded the particle *with* to supply it, not observing how much it embarrass'd the construction. *Love* for *Jove* seems a mere accidental error of the press. I read therefore,
Just such another wanton Ganimede
Set *Jove* afire, and enforc'd the god, &c.
There is another way of correcting this, by the insertion of a nominative case in the end of the second line, as
——— here *Love* himself sits smiling,
Just such another wanton Ganimede *he*
Set *Jove* afire with,———
The former seems far preferable. *Seward.*

[78] *As if he'd lost his mother.*] This seems directly opposite to the sense intended, the effeminacy of *Palamon*, compared with *Arcite*. Perhaps we should read, *As h'had* NOT *lost his mother*, i. e. the mother in his mind.

[79] *My* virgin *faith has fled me.*] So reads Seward.

Madam, I bring you news: the knights are come!
Emi. To end the quarrel?
Gent. Yes.
Emi. 'Would I might end first!
What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers' joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, and Attendants.

Thes. Bring 'em in
Quickly by any means! I long to see 'em.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: now, my fair sister,
You must love one of them.
Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter Messenger.

Thes. Who saw 'em?
Per. I a while.
Gent. And I.
Thes. From whence come you, sir?
Mess. From the knights.
Thes. Pray speak,
You that have seen them, what they are.
Mess. I will, sir,
And truly what I think: six braver spirits
Than these they've brought, (if we judge by the outside)
I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince
(His very looks so say him); his complexion
Nearer a brown, than black; stern, and yet noble,
Which shews him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
The circles of his eyes shew far within him[80],
And as a heated lion, so he looks;
His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
Like raven's wings; his shoulders broad, and strong;
Arms long and round[81]: and on his thigh a sword
Hung by a curious baldrick[82], when he frowns
To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
Was never soldier's friend.
Thes. Th' hast well describ'd him.
Per. Yet a great deal short,
Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.
Thes. Pray speak him, friend.
Per. I guess he is a prince too,
And, if it may be, greater; for his show
Has all the ornament of honour in't.
He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
Without doubt what he fights for, and so apter
To make this cause his own; in's face appears
All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
And when he's angry, then a settled valour
(Not tainted with extremes) runs thro' his body,
And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
He shews no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy tops,
Not to undo with thunder; in his face
The livery of the warlike maid appears,
Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
As if she ever meant to crown his valour[83];
His nose stands high, a character of honour;
His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.
Emi. Must these men die too?
Per. When he speaks, his tongue
Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
His age some five and twenty.
Mess. There's another,
A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
As great as any; fairer promises
In such a body yet I never look'd on.
Per. Oh, he that's freckle-fac'd?

[80] *The circles of his eyes shew* fair *within him,*
And as a heated lion, so he looks.] He is describ'd of a very dark-brown complexion, with raven-black hair, of a noble but withal of so stern a look, that his eyes were like those of a heated lion. To every part of this description the adjective *fair* is diametrically opposite, not only as to the colour, but to the sternness and fierceness of his looks, *fair* conveying the idea of openness and mildness. But the corruption consists only in the addition of a single vowel, which being removed, the expression regains its original strength and propriety:

The circles of his eyes shew *far* within him. *Seward.*

[81] Arm'd *long and round.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[82] *Baldrick.*] See note 49 on Beggars' Bush.

[83] ——— *sits Victory,*
As if she ever meant to correct *his valour.*] How does victory *correct* valour? The word is undoubtedly corrupt, and equally hurts both the measure and sense. *Crown* is what the context evidently requires, and tho' it differs much in its letters from the old reading, yet it is rather a proof what great mistakes printers sometimes make, than an argument against its being admitted for the genuine text. *Seward.*

Mess.

Mess. The same, my lord:
Are they not sweet ones?
Per. Yes, they're well.
Mess. Methinks,
Being so few, and well dispos'd, they shew
Great, and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,
Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble set,
Which shews an active soul; his arms are brawny,
Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,
Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-ey'd,
Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he smiles
He shews a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
About his head he wears the winner's oak,
And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
His age, some six and thirty. In his hand
He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.
Thes. Are they all thus?
Per. They're all the sons of honour.
Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em!
Lady, you shall see men fight now.
Hip. I wish it,
But not the cause, my lord: they would shew bravely
Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms[84];
'Tis pity love should be so tyrannous.
Oh, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must be.
Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty.
Honour'd friend,
To you I give the field; pray order it,
Fitting the persons that must use it!
Per. Yes, sir.
Thes. Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay
(Their fame has fir'd me so) till they appear;
Good friend, be royal!
Per. There shall want no bravery.
Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins,
Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Jailor, Wooer, and Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon
Than at other some, is it not?
Jailor. She is
Continually in a harmless distemper;
Sleeps little, altogether without appetite,
Save often drinking; dreaming of another
World, and a better; and what broken piece
Of matter soe'er she's about, the name
Palamon lards it; that she farces ev'ry

Enter Daughter.

Business withal, fits it to every question.
Look, where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour.
Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden
Was *down-a down-a;* and penn'd by no worse man than
Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as
Fantastical too, as ever he may go upon's legs;
For in the next world will Dido see Palamon,
And then will she be out of love with Æneas.
Doctor. What stuff's here? poor soul!
Jailor. Ev'n thus all day long.
Daugh. Now for this charm, that I told you of; you must
Bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come
Where the blessed spirits, (as there's a sight now) we maids
That have our livers perish'd, crack'd to pieces
With love, we shall come there, and do nothing
All day long but pick flowers with Proserpine;
Then will I make Palamon a nosegay;
Then let him—mark me—then!
Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further!
Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break,
We of the bless'd[85]: alas, 'tis a sore life
They have i'th' other place, such burning, frying,

[84] *But not the cause, my lord: they would shew*
Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms.] As two syllables are somewhere wanting in these lines, and the sense as well as measure is improved by inserting the word *fighting*, which is evidently understood in the construction of the passage as hitherto printed, 'tis hoped that the genuine text is only restored. *Seward.*

[85] *Faith I'll tell you, sometime we go to the barley-break, we of the blessed, alas, 'tis a sore life they have i'th' other place, such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chatt'ring, cursing,* &c.] The printers here, contrary to their usual custom, have divided the lines of this whole scene as if they were verse, though it is evidently all prose. *Seward.*

The printers having divided the lines as verse, is a strong presumption of their having been so written. They often run verse into prose, but we remember no instance of the reverse. A kind of loose measure, often used by our authors, was probably intended here; as such we have given it, endeavouring to make out the verse as nearly as possible according to the division of lines in the old books.

Boiling,

Boiling, hissing, howling, chatt'ring, cursing,
Oh, they have shrewd measure; take heed!
If one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves,
Thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there
Shall we be put in a caldron of lead
And usurers' grease, amongst a whole million of cutpurses,
And there boil like a gammon of bacon
That will never be enough.

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers, that have got maids with-child,
They are in this place; they shall stand in fire
Up to the navel, and in ice up to th' heart,
And there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part
Freezes: in troth, a very grievous punishment,
As one would think, for such a trifle! believe me, [on't,
One would marry a leprous witch, to be rid
I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy!
'Tis not an engrafted madness, but a most
And profound melancholy. [thick

Daugh. To hear there [together!
A proud lady, and a proud city-wife, howl
I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: one
Cries, *Oh, this smoke!* another, *this fire!* one cries,
Oh, that ever I did it behind the arras!
And then howls; th' other curses a suing
And her garden-house. [fellow,
[*Sings.*] I will be true, my stars, my fate, &c.
[*Exit Daughter.*

Jailor. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind,
Which I cannot minister to.

Jailor. Alas, what then? [any man,

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected
Ere she beheld Palamon?

Jailor. I was once, sir,
In great hope she had fix'd her liking on
This gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too;
And would account I had a great pen'worth on't,
To give half my state, that both she and I
At this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distemper'd
The other senses; they may return and settle again
To execute their preordained faculties;
But they are now in a most extravagant vagary.
This you must do: confine her to a place where the light
May rather seem to steal in, than be permitted.
Take upon you (young sir, her friend) the name
Of Palamon; say you come to eat with her,
And to commune of love; this will catch her attention,
For this her mind beats upon; other objects,
That are inserted 'tween her mind and eye,
Become the pranks and friskins of her madness;
Sing to her such green songs of love, as she
Says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her,
Stuck in as sweet flowers as the season
Is mistress of, and thereto make an addition
Of some other compounded odours, which
Are grateful to the sense: all this
Shall become Palamon, for Palamon
Can sing, and Palamon is sweet,
And ev'ry good thing; desire to eat with her,
Carve for her, drink to her, and still among
Intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
Into her favour; learn what maids have been
Her companions, and play-pheers[85]; and let them
Repair to her with Palamon in their mouths,
And appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him:
It is a falshood she is in, which is
With falshoods to be combated. This may bring her
To eat, to sleep, and reduce what are now
Out of square in her, into their former law
And regiment[86]: I have seen it approv'd,
How many times I know not; but to make
The number more, I have great hope in this.
I will, between the passages of this project,
Come in with my appliance. Let us put it
In execution; and hasten the success,
Which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt.*

[85] Play-*pheers.*] See note 95 on this play.

[86] *Regiment.*] Thus the old quarto, and right, signifying *government*. *Regimen* (which other copies exhibit) conveys another idea.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Thcseus, Perithous, Hippolita, and Attendants.

Thes. NOW let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us! Let no due be wanting!
[*Flourish of cornets.*
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very pow'rs that love 'em.

Enter Palamon, Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn bodies!
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Per. Honour crown the worthiest!
[*Exeunt Thes. and train.*

Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus;
That were there aught in me which strove to shew
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Tho' parcel of myself! then from this gather
How I should tender you!

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' th' self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we [where
The sails, that must these vessels port[87] ev'n
The heav'nly Limiter pleases!

Pal. You speak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin!
This I shall never do again.

Arc. One farewell!

Pal. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz!

Arc. Farewell, sir!
[*Exe. Pal. and his Knights.*
Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension,
Which still is further off it, go with me
Before the god of our profession! There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too!
Yea, the speed also! to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood! force and great feat
Must put my garland on, where she will stick
The queen of flow'rs; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brim'd with the blood of men; give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him!—
[*They kneel.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy pow'r hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple[88]; whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havock in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foyzon[89]; who dost pluck

[87] *The sails, that must these vessels* part.] This reading, so different from the poets' meaning, is in several of the last editions.

[88] *Green Neptune into purple,*
Comets prewarn, whose havock in vast field, &c.] With this great deficiency of sense and measure has this passage been hitherto printed. The sense is easily restor'd, because tho' half the sentence is lost, the two remaining words, *Comets prewarn*, sufficiently point out the meaning; for that *Comets prewarn* or *foretel wars*, is the vulgar as well as poetical creed; thus Milton,

'——— and like a comet burn'd,
'That fires the length of Ophiucus huge
'In th' arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
'Shakes pestilence and war.'

The *rage*, the *ravage*, the *devastations* of Mars, will give the idea requir'd; but among these and many other words that would suit the sense, only two have occurr'd that supply both sense and measure, viz. *approach*, and *destructions;* the former is certainly the best word, therefore bids very fair for having been the original. *Seward.*

[89] *Foyzon,*] i. e. *Abundance.* This word also occurs in the Tempest, act ii. sc. 1.

With

With hand armipotent[90] from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum[91], instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be stil'd the lord o'th' day! Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure!
[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise, and bow to the Altar.*
Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
O'th' pleurisy of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly. Let us go!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former observance.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct: our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard! To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party! [*Here they kneel.*
Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl[92]; that hast the might
Ev'n with an eye-glance to choak Mars's drum,
And turn th'alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'st force the king
To be his subjects' vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the polled bachelor[93],
(Whose youth, like wanton boys thro' bonfires[94],
Have skipt thy flame) at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heav'nly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the huntress,
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh; take to thy grace
Me thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles:
I've never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, would not
Had I ken'd all that were; I never practis'd
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpring sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd 'em
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty winters, (this I told them) who
A lass of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power
To put life into dust; the aged cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,
The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
Had by his young fair pheer a boy[95], and I
Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief! I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, nor names concealments in

[90] *Armenypotent.*] Corrected by Seward; who observes that '*Armipotent* is apply'd to 'Mars by Chaucer in the same tale of Palamon and Arcite.'

[91] Youngest *follower.*] Seward reads, Young *follower.*

[92] *And weep* unto *a girl.*] Mr. Theobald's margin says *into*, i. e. *'till he became tender as a girl.* But surely to become a whining lover and weep unto a girl, is an idea more proper to the context. I cannot indeed make it connect grammatically with the former part of the sentence, without changing *and* to *to.* *Seward.*

[93] *The* pould *bachelor.*] Varied by Seward; who says, '*Pould* is what we now spell *poll'd*, 'depilatus; bald-headed. Chaucer's word is *pilled*, as 'The Pardoner with his *Pilled* Poll.'

[94] *Whose youth, like wanton boys thro' bonfires.*] Seward, to assist the measure, reads,
Whose *freaks of* youth, like wanton boys through bonfires;
which most materially injures the sense.

[95] *Pheer;*] i. e. *Companion.* Coles's Dict. 1677, where it is marked as then obsolete.—The word occurs in Titus Andronicus, act iv. sc. 1. In the Silent Woman, Morose says,
'— her that I mean to chuse for my *bed-pheer.*'
In this play, p. 422, *play-pheers* are spoken of.

The

The boldest language[96]; such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure!

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to flutter; they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chace is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token! which being laid unto
Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance [*They bow.*
My body to this business. Let us rise
And bow before the goddess! Time comes on. [*Exeunt.*

[*Still music of records.*

Enter Emilia in white, her hair about her shoulders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver Hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odors, which being set upon the Altar, her Maid standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curt'sy and kneel.

Emi. Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow[97], who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe; I here thy priest
Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye[98], which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
(Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port[99]
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted; a husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Chuse one, and pray for his success, but I
Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
Were I to lose one, (they are equal precious)
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me,
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant
The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band!

[*Here the hind vanishes under the Altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances! But one rose?
If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree.*

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends! Oh, mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery! I hope she's pleas'd;
Her signs were gracious.

[*They curt'sy, and exeunt.*

[96] *Nor names, &c.*] This clause is hard; taken with the preceding and subsequent, all together they imply, 'He does not love the man who speaks too grossly of his success in 'love, or does not defend secrecy in amours; the last of which he ever maintained.'

[97] ——*And pure*
As wind-fann'd snow.] Very similar to this are a passage in the Double Marriage, and one in Coriolanus: the reader may find them both in act iii. of this play. In Comus also, Milton gives a most nervous eulogium on Chastity.

[98] *With that thy rare* green *eye.*] Seward reads, 'sheen eye, *i. e.* extremely shining.' We believe the old text genuine.

[99] ——*thine ear*
——*into whose* port.] Mr. Theobald reads, *porch*, and quotes Hamlet:

'Into the *porches* of my ears did pour
'The leprous distilment.'

Mr. Theobald follows several great critics, particularly Dr. Bentley, in thinking an author's use of a metaphor at one time is a reason why he should repeat the same, when it is again applicable; but perhaps the very reverse is true: a good poet will always avoid tautology, if he can, and will not repeat his own or any other person's expression, if another occurs full as good. Thus *port* in this place being full as good a word as *porch*, for the sake of novelty would be most probably preferr'd to it. *Seward.*

Porch seems the more probable reading, and Theobald's argument appears truer than Seward's; but as *port* is sense, and authorized by the old books, it should not be removed from the text.

SCENE II.

Enter Doctor, Jailor, and Wooer (in habit of Palamon).

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her? [her company

Wooer. Oh, very much: the maids that kept
Have half persuaded her that I'm Palamon;
Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her:
I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'Twas well done! twenty times had been far better;
For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooer. Then she told me [knew
She'd watch with me to-night, for well she
What hour my fit would take me.

Doctor. Let her do so; [presently!
And when your fit comes, fit her home, and

Wooer. She'd have me sing.

Doctor. You did so?

Wooer. No.

Doctor. 'Twas very ill done then:
You should observe her ev'ry way.

Wooer. Alas,
I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if you make a noise:
If she entreat again, do any thing;
Lie with her, if she ask you.

Jailor. Hoa there, Doctor!

Doctor. Yes, in the way of cure.

Jailor. But first, by your leave,
I' th' way of honesty!

Doctor. That's but a niceness;
Ne'er cast your child away for honesty:
Cure her first this way; then if she will be
She has the path before her. [honest,

Jailor. Thank you, doctor! [how she is.

Doctor. Pray bring her in, and let's see

Jailor. I will, and tell her
Her Palamon stays for her: but, Doctor,
Methinks you are i' th' wrong still. [*Exit.*

Doctor. Go, go! You fathers are fine fools: Her honesty: [that—
An we should give her physick till we find

Wooer. Why, do you think she is not ho-

Doctor. How old is she? [nest, sir?

Wooer. She's eighteen.

Doctor. She may be;
But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:
Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
Videlicet, the way of flesh—you have me?

Wooer. Yes, very well, sir.

Doctor. Please her appetite,
And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
The melancholy humour that infects her.

Wooer. I am of your mind, Doctor.

Enter Jailor, Daughter, and Maid.

Doctor. You'll find it so. She comes, pray humour her![100] [you, child;

Jailor. Come; your love Palamon stays for
And has done this long hour, to visit you.

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience;
He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?

Jailor. Yes.

Daugh. How do you like him?

Jailor. He's a very fair one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

Jailor. No.

Daugh. I have often;
He dances very finely, very comely;
And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him!
He turns you like a top.

Jailor. That's fine indeed.

Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour.
And that will founder the best hobby-horse
(If I have any skill) in all the parish:
And gallops to the tune[101] of light o' love:[102]
What think you of this horse?

Jailor. Having these virtues, [nis.
I think he might be brought to play at ten-

Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.

Jailor. Can he write and read too?

Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself th' accounts
Of all his hay and provender: that hostler
Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
The chesnut mare the duke has?

Jailor. Very well. [poor beast;

Daugh. She's horribly in love with him,
But he is like his master, coy and scornful.

Jailor. What dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred bottles[103]
And twenty strike of oats: but he'll ne'er have her;
He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.

Doctor. What stuff she utters!

Jailor. Make curt'sy; here your love comes!

Wooer. Pretty soul,
How do you? That's a fine maid! there's a curt'sy! [honesty.

Daugh. Yours to command, i' th' way of
How far is't now to th' end o' th' world, my masters?

Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.

Daugh. Will you go with me?

Wooer. What shall we do there, wench?

Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball:
What is there else to do?

Wooer. I am content,
If we shall keep our wedding there.

[100] *Pray* honour *her.*] Amended in 1750.

[101] *Gallops to the* turne.] Corrected by Theobald and Seward.

[102] *Light o' love.*] This appears to have been a very popular tune, and is frequently mentioned by our authors and their contemporaries.

[103] *Bottles;*] *i. e.* Bottles of hay; some spell it *pottles.* *Seward.*

Daugh. 'Tis true;
For there I will assure you ye shall find
Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish;
Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
And that would be a blot i' th' business.
Are not you Palamon?
Wooer. Do not you know me?
Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
But this poor petticoat, and two coarse smocks.
Wooer. That's all one; I will have you.
Daugh. Will you surely?
Wooer. Yes; by this fair hand will I.
Daugh. We'll to bed then.
Wooer. Ev'n when you will.
Daugh. Oh, sir, you'd fain be nibbling.[104]
Wooer. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daugh. 'Tis a sweet one, [ding.
And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wed-
Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
And I am glad my cousin Palamon
Has made so fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think so too?
Jailor. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children.—
Lord, how you're grown!
My Palamon I hope will grow too finely,
Now he's at liberty; alas, poor chicken,
He was kept down with hard meat, and ill lodging,
But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here?
You'll lose the noblest sight that e'er was seen.
Jailor. Are they i'th' field?
Mess. They are:
You bear a charge there too.
Jailor. I'll away straight.
I must ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you;
I will not lose the fight.
Jailor. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you within these three or four days [from her,
I'll make her right again. You must not
But still preserve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.
Wooer. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
And then we'll play at cards.
Daugh. And shall we kiss too?
Wooer. A hundred times.
Daugh. And twenty?
Wooer. Ay, and twenty.
Daugh. And then we'll sleep together?
Doctor. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes, marry will we.
Daugh. But you shall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not, sweet.
Daugh. If you do, love, I'll cry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Perithous, and Attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.
Per. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell, than blade: I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen; ('gainst the which there is
No deafing) but to hear, not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Per. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Thes. Oh, she must:
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,[105]
Which sometime shew well-pencil'd: Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief
Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present; [land
You are the victor's meed, the price and gar-
To crown the question's title.
Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.
Thes. You must be there;
This trial is as 'twere i'th' night, and you
The only star to shine.
Emi. I am extinct;
There is but envy in that light, which shews
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
Of many mortal millions, may ev'n now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a mur-
Set off whereto she's guilty. [der

[104] Daugh. *Oh, sir, you'd fain be nibling.*] Seward says, 'This seems evidently to belong 'to the father, who cannot easily consent to the remedy propos'd by the *Doctor*:' but we think it doubtful.

[105] *She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,*
Which sometime *shew well pencill'd.*] Deeds of honour are not only *sometimes* but at all times *well pencill'd, i.e.* worthy to be engrav'd on the memory, *sometime* therefore is probably a corrupt reading, and *time shall* as probably the true one, as it gives the sense requir'd by the context. *Seward.*

The old text is right, and the logical distinction between *sometimes* and *all times* ridiculous. The sense is clear, without any reason to suspect corruption, or demand alteration.

Hip. You must go.
Emi. In faith, I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.
Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.
Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure!
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
Hip. Farewell, sister!
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot!
[*Exeunt Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, &c.*
Emi. Arcite is gently visag'd: yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage,
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness, merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others[106], on him
Live in fair dwelling.
[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a Charge.*
Hark, how yon spurs[107] to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence[108],
Which crav'd that very time; it is much better
[*Cornets. Cry within,* A Palamon!
I am not there; oh, better never born
Than minister to such harm!—What is the chance?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The cry's a Palamon.
Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the prim'st of men. I prithee run,
And tell me how it goes.
[*Shout, and cornets; cry,* A Palamon!
Serv. Still Palamon.
Emi. Run and enquire. Poor servant, thou hast lost!
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in't[109]; chance would have it so.
[*Another cry and shout within, and Cornets.*
On the sinister side the heart lies: Palamon Had

[106] ——— *those darker humours that*
Stick misbecomingly on others, on them
Live in fair dwelling.] *Arcite* does not appear to have any of the melancholy or darker humours; these therefore seem only applicable to *Palamon*, and make it probable that we should read *on him*, instead of *on them*. *Seward.*

[107] *Hark, how* yon *spurs.*] We have not, for several plays past, amused our readers with an account of the amendments which the editors of 1750 *pretend* to have made, in order to enhance the idea of their own ingenuity: we have not, however, discontinued that information for want of matter (there has all along been abundance!) but for fear of its becoming troublesome. After so long a recess, it may not be disagreeable to resume the character of Detectors, and reveal the falshoods told of the play now before us.

In the passage quoted at the head of this note, they pretend to have altered *your* to *yon*; p. 404, l. 8, 2d col. *feat* to *feet*; p. 405, l. 17, 1st col. *A jewel* to *O jewel*; p. 407, last line 1st col. *on't* to *out*, though Davenant, as well as our old quarto, reads *out*; p. 417, l. 34, 1st col. *and* innocent to *an* innocent; p. 424, l. 1, 1st col. *when* to *with*; p. 424, l. 2, 2d col. *state* to *stale*; p. 424, l. 40, 2d col. *sphere* to *pheer*; and p. 427, l. 31, 1st col. to have added the word *grown*.—Every one of these passages stands right in the first quarto, which their own notes prove they were possessed of.

[108] *Omit a* ward, *or forfeit an* offence.] Mr. Sympson would read *defence*, but *ward* and *defence* is the same thing. *Offence* is the reverse to *ward*, as offence and defence. To forfeit an offence therefore, is to miss the opportunity of striking some advantageous blow, that might give the victory. The weapon used in the legal duello in England was only a battoon or truncheon, and this was designed by the authors to be understood of the present combat. It is extremely beautiful to have this duel perform'd behind the scenes, yet within hearing. All battles on the stage make, as Shakespear says, but *brawls ridiculous*. Here is a method of concealing all the awkwardness of such combats, and keeping the attention of the audience upon the full stretch. It was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, as in the famous instance of Clytemnestra's murder, who is heard to deprecate her son's vengeance behind the scenes, and Electra upon the stage continues to irritate it. *Seward.*

[109] *I had no end in't;* else *chance would have it so.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympson would

Had the best-boding chance. This burst of clamour
Is sure the end o'th' combat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' th' pyramid, that the cry
Was general a Palamon; but anon,
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphos'd [man
Both into one—Oh, why? there were no wo-
Worth so compos'd a man! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them,[109] gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
[*Cornets. Cry within*, Arcite, Arcite!
To any lady breathing.—More exulting?
Palamon still?

Serv. Nay, now the sound is Arcite.

Emi. I prithee lay attention to the cry;
[*Cornets. A great shout and cry*, Arcite, victory!
Set both thine ears to th' business.

Serv. The cry is
Arcite, and victory! Hark! Arcite, victory!
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.

Emi. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's 'lid, his [could
richness
And costliness of spirit look'd thro' him! it
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift winds force to raging. I did think [not
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,
When oft our fancies are. They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon! [*Cornets.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Perithous, Arcite as Victor, Attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled. Fairest Emilia,
The gods, by their divine arbitrament,
Have given you this knight: he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands!
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay!

Arc. Emilia,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Thes. Oh, lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed; surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should shew i' th' world too godlike! His behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good,
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels[110] beat the ear o'th' night [higher,
With their contentious throats, now one the
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted[111], that the sense
Could not be judge between 'em: so it far'd
Good space between these Kinsmen; 'till Heav'ns did [land
Make hardly one the winner. Wear the gar-
With joy that you have won! For the subdu'd,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em; let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing: go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow! Arm your prize[112],
I know you will not lose her. Hippolita,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*

Emi. Is this winning?
Oh, all you heav'nly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort thus unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away

would read *less*, *i. e.* unless: and that too was my first conjecture. But more probably the particle *else* may be a mere interpolation, for the sense and measure are better without it. *Seward.*

[109] *Their nobleness, &c.*] This line is now first restored from the old quarto. The consequent deficiency of sense greatly distresses Seward.

[110] *Two emulous Philomels.*] I cannot pass by this simile without begging the reader to give a due attention to it, as it may rank with the most beautiful descriptions of the nightingale that are met with in Virgil and Milton. It is also totally different from all the attitudes of this angel of night that those poets, who were so enamour'd of her song, have ever painted her in. It may be further observ'd that those similies strike the most, which, in their own natures, seem totally averse to their archetype, but are join'd to it in perfect union by the art of the poet. What, at first sight, could be more unlike than the fury of a combat to the singing of nightingales? Yet how charmingly are they marry'd together? They who are conversant in Homer, Virgil, Spenser, Milton, &c. will be able to recollect many instances of the like nature. *Seward.*

[111] *Out*-breasted.] See note 28 on the Pilgrim.

[112] Arm *your prize;*] *i. e.* Take the lady, whom you have won, by the hand.

A life

A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should, and would die too.
Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for't!
Thes. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Palamon and his Knights pinion'd, Jailor, Executioner, and Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath out-liv'd [state
The love o' th' people; yea, i' th' self-same
Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still,
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come tow'rds the gods
Young, and unwarp'd,[113] not halting under crimes
Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen, [down,
Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid
You've sold 'em too, too cheap.
1 *Knight.* What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'er-weigh us.
2 *Knight.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tott'ring fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels!
3 *Knight.* Come; who begins?
Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all. Ah-ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever. Pray how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.
Jailor. Sir, she's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.
Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't! 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee tell her so:
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.
1 *Knight.* Nay, let's be offerers all!
2 *Knight.* Is it a maid?
Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quit or speak of!
All Knights. Commend us to her.
[*Give their purses.*
Jailor. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!
Pal. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lies on the block.*
1 *Knight.* Lead, courageous cousin!
2 *Knight.* We'll follow cheerfully.
[*A great noise within, crying,* Run, save, hold!

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter Perithous in haste.

Per. Hold, hoa! it is a cursed haste you made,
If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,
The gods will shew their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.
Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I've said is false? How do things fare?
Per. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter![114]
Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream?
Per. List then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily Did

[113] *Young and* unwapper'd;] *i. e.* says Sympson, young and *unfrighten'd*. He quotes no authority, nor can I find one in my dictionaries. Mr. Theobald concurs with me in reading *unwarp'd*, which, supposing the former word to be true English, and to give the idea mention'd, rather better agrees with the sense, and much better with the measure of the context. Thus Valerio, in A Wife for a Month, says in the like circumstances,

To die a young man is to be an angel;
Our yet good parts put wings unto our souls.

And again,

As it [age] encreases, so vexations,
Griefs of the mind, pains of the feeble body,
Rheums, coughs, catarrs; we're but our living coffins.
Besides, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,
And we are earth again.—— See the whole scene, act ii.

P. S. I find in the Glossary to Urry's Chaucer, *wapid* and *awhapid*, daunted, astonished. This is probably the same word that Mr. Sympson may have somewhere found spelt *wapper'd*. *Seward.*

[114] *That are most* early *sweet and bitter.*] Mr. Sympson and I agree in rejecting *early* as a corruption, but he reads *rarely sweet*, and I *dearly*. The adverb *dearly* in the sense of *exceedingly* or *extremely*, seems particularly beautiful when expressive of any of the tender passions.

Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance: on this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins[115]
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleas'd his rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' music
His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin) what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadry, to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely: When nought serv'd,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor diff'ring plunges
Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs on end he stands,
That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poize
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living,
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much desires [appears!
To have some speech with you. Lo, he

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, Emilia, Arcite in a Chair.

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty!—Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take Emilia, [hand;
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy
Farewell! I've told my last hour. I was false,[116]
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin!
One kiss from fair Emilia! 'Tis done:
Take her. I die! [*Dies.*
Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!
Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed souls be with thee!
Thou art a right good man; and while I live
This day I give to tears.
Pal. And I to honour. [very here
Thes. In this place first you fought; even
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, tho' it were too short,
He did it well: your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of Heaven does arrose you;[117]
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar

passions, whether of joy or sorrow, and after I had inserted it in my notes, I found in the last speech of this play a confirmation of it:

——— for whom——
But one hour since, I was as *dearly sorry*,
As glad of Arcite:——

The repeated use of the same adverb, in the same sense, is not an instance of that tautology spoke of in the last note of the first scene of this play, for a metaphor repeated differs much from simple words. Words, when they occur twice, must generally have the same ideas fixed to them; but metaphors always containing double ideas, with a similitude between them, or, as has been frequently observ'd, being short similies, they should be as seldom repeated as possible; as the same simile should not be used twice. *Seward.*

Dearly is, we think, right: but poor Seward is a little gravelled with his own doctrine of tautology.

[115] *Calkins;*] i. e. *Hoofs*, we suppose, from the Latin *calx*.—There are some hard and odd passages, mixed with much poetical expression, in this description.

[116] *I was false.*] I believe the reader will not be easily convinc'd, that *Arcite* had been false. But our authors seem to have been so possess'd of the story from Chaucer, that they even forgot that they had inserted an essential part of it, the oath between the Two Kinsmen never to rival, but always to assist each other in love. This, as was before observ'd, would justify *Palamon*'s anger, and render him the more amiable character. *Seward.*

The characters of *Palamon* and *Arcite* are finely discriminated. *Palamon* is certainly the aggrieved party: yet there is a gallantry in *Arcite* that redeems his falshood; and a passion in *Palamon* tha trenders him still more amiable and interesting, from the very infirmity of his temper.—Either Seward, or his printer, have made a mistake here; for our authors *have* NOT *inserted* the oath.

[117] *Arowze you;*] i. e. *Water, sprinkle;* bedew from the French, *arroser*. *Seward.*

It should then be spelt *arrose*: *arouse* is an English word of very different import.

And

And given you your love; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have shew'd due justice. Bear this hence!
Pal. Oh, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love!
Thes. Never fortune [triumphs,
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your Kinsman hath confess'd the right o'th'lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd her,
As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: the gods my justice [come
Take from my hand, and they themselves be-
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers[118] from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends! A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite! in whose end
The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,
As for him sorry. Oh, you heav'nly charmers,[119]
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry still;
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question! Let's go off,
And bear us like the time!
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

[118] *Your* LOVERS;] *i. e.* the knights who assisted you.

[119] *Heav'nly charmers;*] *i. e.* Enchanters, ruling us at their will, whose operations are beyond our power to conceive, till we see the effects of them. *Seward.*

So in Othello, act iii. scene 4:

'———That handkerchief
'Did an Ægyptian to my mother give:
'She was *a charmer*, and could almost read
'The thoughts of people.' *R.*

EPILOGUE.

I WOULD now ask ye how ye like the play;
But, as it is with schoolboys cannot say,
I'm cruel fearful! Pray yet stay a while,
And let me look upon ye! No man smile?
Then it goes hard, I see: he that has
Lov'd a young handsome wench then, shew his face!
'Tis strange if none be here; and if he will
Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
Our market! 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye;
Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye?
And yet mistake me not: I am not bold;
We've no such cause. If the tale we have told
(For 'tis no other) any way content ye,
(For to that honest purpose it was meant ye)
We have our end; and ye shall have ere long
I dare say many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: we, and all our might,
Rest at your service. Gentlemen, good night!
[*Flourish.*

THIS whole play, Mr. Seward observes, 'abounds with such sublimity of sentiment and 'diction, that were the beauties to be mark'd with asterisms, after Mr. Pope and Mr. War-'burton's manner, scarce a page would be left uncover'd with them.'

The capital defect in the piece is hinted at in these words of the Epilogue,

———*If the* TALE *we have told*
(For 'tis NO OTHER)———

It is indeed rather a *tale* than a *drama*, particularly towards the conclusion, which has perhaps so long prevented its representation on the stage; where some scenes of it would produce a great effect, tho' there are in this dramatick tale many excellent passages, more calculated to please the reader than spectator. The mixture of Gothick with antient manners was the common vice of the writers of the age in which it was wrote. It is, however, a most noble play, replete with animated discourse, and sublime touches of poetry.

THE

THE Two Noble Kinsmen, on the authority of the title-page to the first edition, has been looked on as the production of Shakespeare and Fletcher; but not being able to find any satisfactory proof (nor indeed presumptive, except that it contains many passages not unworthy of him) that the former was joint author of it, we acknowledge we doubt the tradition of his being at all concerned in the piece. Little stress can be laid on the title-page in question (the only shadow of authority), which bears evident marks of the craft of a publisher, and was not printed till nine years after the death of Fletcher, and sixteen after Shakespeare's. Seward, however, takes it for granted to be the production of the poets to whom it has been attributed; of which he does not mention a doubt, but says,

I. 'It will be an entertainment to the curious, to distinguish the hand of Shakespeare 'from that of Fletcher. The only external evidence that I ever heard of, is a tradition of 'the playhouse, that the first act only was wrote by Shakespeare, and this Mr. Warburton 'says in his Preface to that author. If it is true, it does great honour to Fletcher, for 'though there are many excellent things in that act, it is in every respect much inferior to 'the four others. Had it fallen within Mr. Warburton's province to have examin'd the in-'ternal evidence, I know no man so capable of striking light out of obscurity. I shall lay 'before the reader the reasons which make me doubt the authenticity of this tradition, and 'shall endeavour to prove that either Shakespeare had a very great hand in all the acts of 'this play, particularly in the whole charming character of the Jailor's Daughter, or else that 'Fletcher more closely imitated him in this than in any other part of his works.'

II. The prison scene between Palamon and Arcite 'is,' says Seward, 'more worthy of 'Shakespeare than any long one in the first act. It is in Shakespeare's SECOND-BEST man-'ner, or in Fletcher's BEST, and these are not easily distinguishable. If the reader will con-'sult the first scene of the two brothers, with their supposed father coming out of the cave, 'in Cymbeline, and the description of the Spartan hounds by Theseus, in Midsummer-Night's 'Dream, he will find a great similitude of sentiment, stile, and spirit: add to these, the 'following lines in Richard II. Mowbray being banish'd, thus complains of his want of 'foreign languages:

"Within my mouth you have engoal'd my tongue,
"Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips,
"And dull unfeeling barren ignorance
"Must be the jailor to attend on me.'

'All but the second of these are noble lines, though so great a man as Mr. Pope discarded 'them from the text. The end of Arcite's former speech, (which Milton very closely fol-'lows, bewailing his blindness, in his Hymn to Light) and the lines referr'd to in the 'emendation above, have the sublimity of these lines of Mowbray, without the quaintness of 'thought that disgraces one of them, notwithstanding its similitude to the ερκος οδοντων 'of Homer. These reasons may induce one to place this scene to Shakespeare.' Here, however, arise DOUBTS: 'On the other hand, the simile of a wild boar in chase to the 'Parthian archer (who by a bold poetic liberty is called the Parthian quiver), the bristles 'and darts sticking on his back to the arrows on the archer's shoulder, and the frequent and 'furious turnings of the boar to the Parthian's turning to shoot as he flies. This noble 'simile is a favourite of Fletcher's, and he uses it in another play that seems to have been 'wrote before this. And I believe it no where occurs in Shakespeare. As to the ana-'chronism of making Parthian archers talk'd of in Theseus's time, it is an impropriety that 'both Shakespeare and Fletcher are equally guilty of.'

III. Speaking of the Jailor's Daughter, 'The Aurora of Guido has not more strokes of 'the same hand which drew his Bacchus and Ariadne, than the sweet description of this 'pretty maiden's love-distraction has to the like distraction of Ophelia in Hamlet: that of 'Ophelia ending in her death, is like the Ariadne more moving, but the images here, like 'those in Aurora, are more numerous, and equally exquisite in grace and beauty. May we 'not then pronounce, that either this is Shakespeare's, or that Fletcher has here equall'd 'him in his very BEST manner?'

IV. In p. 431, the reader will find Mr. Seward propose a mode of justification for *Palamon's* anger; after which he adds, 'This seems the whole that is wanting (which might be 'added in three lines) to render this play equal to Cymbeline, Measure for Measure, Twelfth-'Night, As You Like it, and all the plays of the SECOND-CLASS of Shakespeare; and to The 'Maid's Tragedy, The False One, The Bloody Brother, A King and No King, Philaster, The 'Double Marriage, and the rest of the FIRST-RATE plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.'

V. The description of female friendship, p. 394, *& seq.* he says, 'was probably Shake-'speare's, and in his SECOND, if not in his very BEST manner, which will evidently appear by 'its preference, which it may justly claim to the like description in Midsummer-Night's 'Dream, act iii. scene 8.

"We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
"Created with our needles both one flower,
"Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;

" Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
" As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
" Had been incorporate; so we grew together,
" Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
" But yet an union in partition,
" Two lovely berries molded in one stem;
" Or with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
" Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
" Due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

VI. Relative to the madness of the Jailor's Daughter, 'There are, says Seward, such cha-'racterising strokes, and such strong features of both Ophelia and Lear in their phrensies, 'that one cannot but believe that the same pencil drew them all.'

VII. We will now mention a DOUBT or two more. 'If the reader will please to consult 'the soliloquy of Richard II. in prison, he will find several strokes much resembling some in 'this scene, [the prison scene between *Palamon* and *Arcite*], and whilst he compares them, 'may be apt to ascribe them both to the same hand; but the following lines out of Fletcher's 'Lovers' Progress, may again stagger our opinion, and make us as apt to ascribe the whole 'scene to Fletcher. *Lidian*, a young lover, in a fit of despair turns hermit, and thus de-'scribes the happiness of solitude:

" —— These wild fields are my gardens;
" The crystal rivers they afford their waters,
" And grudge not their sweet streams to quench afflictions,
" The hollow rocks their beds, which tho' they're hard
" (The emblems of a doting lover's fortune)
" Yet they are quiet, and the weary slumbers
" The eyes catch there, softer than beds of down;
" The birds my bell to call me to devotions;
" My book the story of my wand'ring life,
" In which I find more hours due to repentance
" Than time hath told me yet.'

'See the whole dialogue, act iv. scene 3.'

VIII. Again, 'What was said of the difficulty of judging whether Shakespeare or Fletcher 'had the greatest hand in the scene of the Two Kinsmen in prison, is applicable to this, '[the temple scene] and indeed to all the scenes in which they appear. Fletcher frequently 'writes as well, and Shakespeare perhaps alone of all our dramatick poets can be said ever 'to have wrote better.'

IX. Again, 'This Schoolmaster and his fellow-comedians seem very like the farcical 'clowns in Midsummer-Night's Dream, and other plays of Shakespeare; yet it seems pro-'bable that Fletcher had the greatest share of this, as the quotation from Tully's Oration 'against Catiline, and all the Latinisms of the Schoolmaster seem wrote by one who was 'more ready in Latin quotations than Shakespeare; who, notwithstanding all the pains 'which learned men have taken to prove the contrary, seems to have had no more Latin 'than falls to the share of a very young school-boy, the Grammar and a little of Ovid. At 'the same time, I allow him an excellent scholar in English, French, and Italian, which 'comprehend a vast extent of literature.'

X. Shakespeare's supposed want of erudition, Mr. Seward considers as an argument for some other particular parts being attributed to Fletcher: thus, after observing that the me-thod of concealing combats was an art well known to the Greek tragedians, he says, 'I don't 'remember either in Shakespeare or Fletcher, any instance of this kind before this combat. 'As Fletcher was a scholar, and Shakespeare not one in Greek, the former was probably the 'author here.'

XI. Again, speaking of *Theseus*'s address to the *First Queen*, wherein he mentions *Juno*'s mantle, Seward says, 'As there is more display of learning in this speech than is usually seen 'in Shakespeare's, may we not probably suppose this scene to have been Fletcher's, contrary 'to the receiv'd opinion?'

XII. The modesty of the expression, 'Weak as we are,' in the prologue, makes Seward think it 'probable, that the play was acted before the death of Shakespeare, and that it 'was wrote in conjunction as much as those which Beaumont joined in.' And the modesty of promising, in the epilogue, 'many a better play,' says he, 'strengthens the probability of 'the two great authors having nearly an equal share of the play. Had Fletcher finished a 'work of Shakespeare's, he would probably have spoke in a different stile.'

I. Seward is rather unfortunate in his beginning; for Warburton does not even mention The Two Noble Kinsmen in the Preface.—Pope speaks of it in his Preface, in the following manner: '—— if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was, (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been 'received as genuine):' An assertion which that great man would not have made, had he ever read

read Fletcher with attention.—Mr. Steevens ranks this play in the same list with Locrine, London Prodigal, Sir John Oldcastle, and the other plays ascribed to Shakespeare by catalogues and editions, whose authority has not been sufficient to gain the several pieces there mentioned a place among the dramas at present received as Shakespeare's; and except the posthumous title-page of 1634, there is indeed no kind of authority.

II. III. IV. Seward is very fond of the idea of Fletcher's BEST manner resembling Shakespeare's SECOND-BEST; but we cannot help thinking it childish to account the poetry of those scenes which he cites, Shakespeare's SECOND-BEST. Whether they were his work or Fletcher's, they are most excellent; and might have been produced by either, or by Beaumont. That Shakespeare is, taken altogether, superior to our authors, is certain; but there often occur passages in their plays far beyond the promise of the subject, and equal to the pen of any writer ancient or modern; as may be evinced by numberless passages in Philaster, the Maid's Tragedy, King and no King, Bonduca, Wife for a Month, Cupid's Revenge, &c. &c. &c. notwithstanding what is above quoted from the Preface of that great man, Mr. Pope.

V. In our opinion, there is more ease, spirit, and nature, in the description in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, than in that of the Two Noble Kinsmen. However, if it be otherwise, Fletcher has confessedly so much poetical merit, that to attribute his most exquisite beauties to Shakespeare, is doing him an injury. And in this injury we are sorry to find Dr. Farmer has taken part, who, speaking of *Emilia*'s fine comparison of a maid to a rose, which he highly praises, says, 'I have no doubt those lines were written by Shakespeare.' And because the speech of *Theseus*, p. 396, is particularly beautiful, Seward thinks that it 'looks 'extremely like the hand of Shakespeare.'

VI. Though there is much poetical fancy in the phrensy of the *Jailor's Daughter*, we cannot with Mr. Seward think it equal to the *natural* madness painted by Shakespeare. Like the assumed distraction of Hamlet and Edgar,

'Tho' this be madness, yet there's method in't;'

more *apparent* method than in the drawing of Ophelia and Lear.

VII. VIII. IX. Nothing need be said of the DOUBTS.

X. XI. What is here said, tending to invalidate Shakespeare's claim, is apart from the argument; but we may, however, just remark, that there are many speeches in Shakespeare, as much abounding with learned allusions as any part of *Theseus*'s address.

XII. That the play was 'wrote in conjunction,' we will readily suppose; but no kind of information can be derived from either prologue or epilogue, *who* the associate was.

We have now gone through all that Mr. Seward had said on this subject; wherein we cannot find one plausible argument for ascribing to Shakespeare any part of the Two Noble Kinsmen; which certainly abounds with the peculiar beauties and defects that distinguish the rest of this collection, and should, in our opinion, (if a joint work) be attributed to the same authors. There are too, many particular passages and expressions in this play, which bear a striking similarity to others wrote between them: of this sort are TRACE, *and turn boys!* p. 410: on the same mob-occasion, the same expression occurs in Philaster. In that play too, the *Prince* talks of discoursing from *a pyramid, to all the under-world*: So here, p. 419, *Emilia* says, in one of the most beautiful passages of the play,

'——— Fame and Honour,
'Methinks, from hence, as from *a promontary*
'Pointed in Heav'n, should clap their wings, and sing
'*To all the under-world*———.'

And various others might be quoted. Writers often unknowingly copy themselves, as well as other authors; and tho' it might here be answer'd, that Fletcher is allowed to have wrote in both, and the similar passages may be his; yet Beaumont (who had a great share in Philaster) is *as likely* to have produced them *in both* as his associate. And (what is rather remarkable) it will appear to my attentive reader, that the chief similarities are to pieces in which Beaumont is universally allowed to have been connected, not where his assistance is doubted.—Had Shakespeare been considered as one of the joint authors, is it not natural to suppose, that a play of so much excellence would have found a place in the collection of his Dramas published by Hemings and Condell? But they have neither admitted the piece, nor taken the least notice of Shakespeare's being at all concerned in it. We must not, indeed, rest too much upon this, as it is certain they omitted Troilus and Cressida, a play, however, of much less eminence: on the whole, we think that there ought to be more authority than an uncertain tradition, to take the credit of this play from Beaumont and Fletcher, the joint authors of so many other excellent dramas, written very much in the stile and spirit of the play before us. Place Shakespeare's name before several other of these dramas, how many criticks, like Seward, would labour to ascertain the particular passages that came from his hand!

Severn
Given me by Keats Jan.y 4th 20 (1821)

Joseph Severn

Signed by Mr Joseph Severn at Rome
the 27th day of May 1879 before me

Alex. Macdonald

British Vice Consul
Rome

Charles b. Dilke

Wednesday 6 April

1881.